

SURVIVING CRIMEAN NURSES. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. Illustrated.

July, 1908.

6d.

THE QUIVER



CASSELL & CO. LTD.
LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK,
TORONTO & MELBOURNE.

SUCCESSFUL HYMNS. By CHAS. M. ALEXANDER.

513

ISSUED MONTHLY
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EIGHT FINE STORIES.



*Let me tell
you about
Benger's Food
for Babies.*

In cases where artificial rearing has to be resorted to, Doctors agree that milk, usually fresh cow's milk, is essential. Mothers should particularly remember that it is of the highest importance that this milk should always be the purest and freshest obtainable.

But no matter how pure and fresh the milk is, it does not suit the stomach and the constitutions of the vast majority of babies. It contains too much curd, too little sugar, and generally too little fat. The curd, also, so far differs from that of human milk, that, apart from its quantity, it is difficult for a baby to digest.

When Benger's Food is added to diluted milk, according to directions on the tin, the natural sugars are increased, and the curd rendered easy of digestion. Cream is added, or milk specially rich in cream is used, to make up the deficiency in fat.

For these reasons Benger's Food will be found valuable in cases of weak digestion in babies and during the weaning period. In cases of malnutrition in young growing children, it will be found of great service in supplying a well balanced diet containing all necessary food elements in suitable proportions.

Mothers are invited to send for Benger's new booklet—"A Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants." In this little work, an effort has been made to deal with many of the most common doubts and difficulties which occur in connection with the rearing of babies. It is written by competent authorities, and contains important chapters on the choice of milk, modification of milk, hours of feeding, how to give food, the quantity at each meal, overfeeding, temperature, constipation, and weaning, etc. Post free on application to:

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

Benger's Food is sold by Chemists, etc., everywhere.



Ludcord Squares The Health Carpet

It has taken years of costly experiment to perfect the "Ludcord"—strongest and most durable Carpet on the market. The "Ludcord" is **seamless**. It is **reversible**.—note that. It is **low in price**, because woven on a special loom. There are numerous imitations—**Why?** See that you get the **real thing**—Treloar's "Ludcord." Many exquisite colours and designs. 3 yds. by 2 yds., 10/6; 3 yds. by 3 yds., 15/6; 4 yds. by 3 yds., 21/-; 4 yds. by 3½ yds., 24/6. Can be supplied in Stair Carpets and Rugs. Particulars sent on application.

SEND FOR PATTERNS AND PRICE LISTS.

TRELOAR & SONS, Dept. 38, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.



REVERSIBLE!

The Best Way Out of Sickness

If a census of public opinion were taken on the subject of family remedial preparations, it is more than probable that BEECHAM'S PILLS would occupy the premier position as a curative factor in the matter of ailments connected with the Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, and digestive organs generally. Thousands can testify to the wonderful efficacy of these pills. Many sufferers have been cured by a simple course of them. Many again find that in order to keep well it is only necessary to

TAKE

an occasional dose. In short, the best way to avoid sickness—or, being sick, to ensure a cure—is a judicious use of this medicine. There are few cases of dyspeptic troubles so far advanced that BEECHAM'S PILLS will not greatly benefit, and indeed it is rare that perfect recovery does not follow their use, if taken according to instructions. No occasion for despondency or hopelessness need exist. Brighter and happier days are in store for all ailing ones who will take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).



The Ingersoll
5/- Watch
keeps good
time all the

time. The reliability
and high standard of
long continued

The
Ingersoll
5/- Watch

Sold under our
binding guar-
antee by 10,000
dealers.

the "Ingersoll" is amply proved by the
and ever increasing demand for it.

Regular men's size, open face, real lever, lantern pinion,
keyless action—stem-winding and stem-setting; non-
magnetic; cases in nickel, gun-metal or gold plate finish.

For sale by leading shopkeepers, but if your dealer cannot supply you,
send us 5/- and we will send watch to you by return post. Booklet Free.

Other "Ingersoll" Watches—Eclipse, 6/-; Triumph, 7/6; and the Ladies' Midget Watch, 8/6.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 410, Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

By Special Appointment to



H.M. THE KING.

By Special Appointment to

THE GERMAN EMPEROR,
KING OF PRUSSIA.

DAIMLER

By Special Appointment to



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Marlborough House,
Pall Mall,
London, S.W.

Daimler Motor Co., Ltd.,
229, Shaftesbury Avenue.

Dear Sirs,

I am pleased to be able to report that His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales is thoroughly satisfied with the latest 58 H.P. Daimler recently supplied by you.

The car has given His Royal Highness the greatest satisfaction, especially with regard to its hill climbing.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) C. FITZWILLIAM.

THE DAIMLER MOTOR CO. (1904) Ltd.

COVENTRY—Daimler Works. LONDON—219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
MANCHESTER—60, Deansgate. NOTTINGHAM—96-98, Derby Road. BRISTOL—18, Victoria Street.
BRIGHTON—Palmeira Works, Hove.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

KODAKS

Everything necessary for Kodak picture-making finds ample room in a corner of your Gladstone. A Kodak makes splendid records of your holiday rambles and excursions. It requires no technical knowledge on your part and no darkroom at any stage. You load in daylight. You develop in daylight. You can carry film for dozens of pictures in your pocket.

Kodaks from 5/- Complete Outfits from 13/-

KODAK, LTD., 57-61, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
Branches: 96, Fild St., Liverpool; 72-74, Buchanan St., Glasgow; 52, Brompton Rd., S.W.; 90, Chancery, E.C.; 112, Oxford St., W.; 171-173, Regent St., W.; 48, Strand, London, W.C.; and all Dealers.

An Illustrated Booklet telling all about Kodak Picture-Making, post free.



WINCARNIS

THE WINE TONIC
For Health and Strength

To Rectify Anæmia. Nine-tenths of the sickness and general weakness in young girls arises from a poor condition of the blood and is best corrected by "Wincarnis."

To Relieve Exhaustion. If you find your strength unaccountably ebbing away until you feel almost fit to drop, take "Wincarnis" daily with your meals, and you'll soon be fit.

To Prevent Influenza. You can avoid any kind of infectious disease by keeping up your strength at its maximum. Perhaps you can't do it yourself, but "Wincarnis" can do it effectually for you.

SAMPLE BOTTLE GRATIS

SIGN THIS COUPON

To obtain "WINCARNIS" free of charge.

Name.....

Address.....

Fill in the Coupon and send with three penny stamps to pay cost of carriage. No charge for the bottle of "Wincarnis."

COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.



LADIES

Should Give

PET DOGS

DOGINE—the great Tonic for Dogs. It keeps the blood pure, prevents disease, and gives a smooth, healthy appearance to their coats. Your Dog will look better and feel better after you have given it **DOGINE** regularly. It prevents and cures Distemper. Can be obtained at all Chemists' and Stores, or direct from W. Wilson & Co., 24, Hart Street, Oxford Street, London, W.C. Price 2/6, or six times the quantity, 10/6.



In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

Turog Bread

On your breakfast table TUROG, the brown bread that is light in crumb, is always welcome. Tasty and nourishing, light and digestible—it is food that really does supply strength to fit you for a strenuous day. Do not ask for brown bread. Ask for TUROG. At all bakers.

Millers of Turog Flour.—SPILLERS & BAKERS, LTD., CARDIFF.

"THE QUEEN" RECOMMENDS
JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE"
WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER
KIND IS PREFERRED. **MARKING INK**
Assupplied to the Royal Households, and Awarded 11 Gold Medals for Superiority.
 FREE with enlarged 1s. size, a LINEN STRETCHER.
SOLD BY STATIONERS, CHEMISTS & STORES; or post free, 6 or 12 stamps, from E. BOWLING & CO., LTD., LONDON, N.

BRITANNIA
 UNDERWEAR
 NEVER SHRINKS

See that you and every member of your family wear it. It protects against chills, is all wool, never shrinks, and is highly recommended.

NOTE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements in Provincial Newspapers.

Full particulars as to this class of publicity, by means of a large number of the above, circulating in England, Scotland, and Ireland, may be had on application to the Manager, Advertisement Department, CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

All inquiries for samples and all letter orders to be sent to Belfast.
IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS
 Collars. Ladies', from 3/11 per dozen.
 Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per dozen.
 Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per dozen.
 Shirts, with 4-fold Fronts & Cuffs & Bodies of Fine Long Cloth, 35c per 4 doz. (no measure, 2/- extra).
 Sample and illustrated Price Lists post free.
 N.B.—OLD SHIRTS made as good as new for 1s. the half dozen. By Appointment to the King and Princess of Wales.
 ROBINSON & CLEARER, Ltd., BELFAST; and at 156 to 170, Regent St., London.

IT IS CHILD'S PLAY
CLEANING BOOTS WITH
THE 'DUCHESS'
BOOT POLISH



A shine of magnificent brilliancy—Does not injure the leather, cake on the boots, or soil the clothes.

Sole Proprietors:
STEPHENSON BROS., LTD.,
BRADFORD.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

WHY LIMP
 with CORNS,

Bunions, or Swollen Joints when a packet of Thompson's Original Corn Plaster will cure you? It is thin as silk and takes up no room in the foot. No pain, sure cure. Packets, post free, 1s. 2d., from

M. F. THOMPSON,
 Homœopathic Chemist,

17, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

Sole Proprietor of the great Scotch Cure **NERVETONINE**, for all Nerve Complaints. Ask for Thompson's Guide to Health, free.



NO LANCING OR CUTTING

Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT**. It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The Best Remedy for WOUNDS and ALL SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, &c. Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts. Sold by all Chemists, 7½d., 1/1½, &c. per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.



A GOLD Medal, the first of its kind, is held by Mr. W. A. Yearsley, for his success in the treatment of stammering school-children in Darwen. Mr. Yearsley suffered agonies from stammering for more than twenty-five years, but he resolutely decided to seek out every means of relief, and the result was the Auto-Phonic Method—his own invention—by which he cured himself and has since cured many others. With the school-children of Lancashire Mr. Yearsley has been remarkably successful, even in the most difficult cases. We may add that his system has been recognised by the Board of Education at Whitehall.



When you order Ginger Ale—look for the Cantrell & Cochrane label on the bottle. It is your guarantee of quality—that the makers have used the best natural water and the finest ingredients obtainable. The best is good enough for you—and nothing else. Therefore order

CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S

BELFAST GINGER ALE

Made by CANTRELL & COCHRANE, Ltd. (Est. 1852.)
 Works: DUBLIN and BELFAST. Depots: LONDON, LIVERPOOL and GLASGOW.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

FIRST CLASS FARE 6^D



TWO GREAT SUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBERS.

Pearson's Magazine.

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(On Sale through June.)

JULY NUMBER.

(On Sale July 1st.)

SPECIAL FEATURES.

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| By BARRY PAIN. | By G. A. SEKON. |
| The Ghost Kings. | Uninvited. |
| By RIDER HAGGARD. | By BARRY PAIN. |
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| By J. A. MIDDLETON. | By MARCUS WOODWARD. |
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| By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW. | By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW. |
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FIRST OF EVERY MONTH.

6d.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

PORTABLE BUILDINGS.

Good sound Material and Workmanship Guaranteed.

15 per cent. to 50 per cent. below other Houses. Lights, Forcing Houses, Propagators, Hand Lights, Foster Mothers, Incubators, Egg Testers, Grit Crushers, Nest Boxes, Studios, Cycle Houses, Motor-Car Houses, Shelters, Chapel, School, and Billiard Rooms, Corn Bins, Hurdles, Workshops, Dwellings, Stores, Offices, Golf, Cricket, and Tennis Pavilions, Cottages, Bungalows, Loose Boxes, Boat Houses, etc.



Portable Iron Cottages. £40.



Greenhouses, from 37 6.



Portable Buildings, from 32 6.



Garden Chair, 2 6.



Rustic Houses, from 27 6.



Poultry Houses, from 10 6.



Pigeon Cotes, 18 6.



Sports Pavilion. £11 10s.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free. Hundreds of Illustrations.

W. COOPER, 751, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

ON YOUR HOLIDAYS

You will have to write letters, send off picture post cards, take notes, or perhaps do some sketching. Don't scratch along with your ancient steel pen or the wretched things found as a rule in public places. Get a "SWAN" of your own—fitted with your favourite nib—and with the exception of an occasional bottle of ink and paper, your writing outfit is complete for a lifetime.

Requires no adjustment before starting—no shaking down of ink—just writing.

"SWAN" PENS are guaranteed.

Prices 10/6 upwards, post free.

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

Write for Catalogue.

Mable, Todd & Co.,
79 & 80, High Holborn,
London, W.C.

Branches—93, Cheapside, E.C.;
15a, Regent St., W.; 3, Exchange
St., Manchester; and at PARIS,
BRUSSELS, and NEW YORK.



The Allenburys' Foods

A PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING
AND MANAGEMENT (48 pages) FREE.

MOTHER & CHILD. Baby, 6 1/2 months old. Fed from birth on the Allenburys' Foods.

The "Allenburys" Milk Foods closely resemble human milk in composition and they are as easily digested. They promote vigorous and healthy development, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet. A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding, FREE.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, LONDON.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

The Summer Cream

Contains no Grease.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is the only really safe face-cream. It contains no grease, and is delightfully cooling and refreshing before and after all forms of outdoor exercise. Most welcome for keeping the skin free from tan, roughness or redness, and for curing insect bites. No other cream is so cleansing, so beneficial, or so harmless.



Icilma Fluor Cream

is deliciously fragrant and simply imparts the wonderful cleansing and toning virtues of ICILMA NATURAL WATER. It *can't* grow hair, needs no powder to hide it, and has none of the dangerous after-effects of greasy creams. It is, too, the most economical of all creams.

WARNING. Never use a face-cream without first rubbing it on thin white paper to see if it gives a grease spot.

Icilma Fluor Cream is sold by Chemists everywhere. Price 1/-, 1/9.

SAMPLES. Send 3d. stamps for dainty samples of Cream and Icilma Natural Water Soap, together with Art-Card on "Skin Tone," full particulars for care of skin, and "How to Tell a Good Cream."

ICILMA CO., LTD.,

(Dept. 73, 14a, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

.. AT THE ..

Fresh Air Homes

OF

THE CHURCH ARMY

At ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, and OLD WINDSOR, mothers are welcomed with their little ones; thus enabling many a sick and overworked woman to take a much-needed CHANGE from which she would otherwise be delarded. The mothers pay what they can. Will you supplement their small payments?

FUNDS. old clothes, books, toys, furniture, pictures, &c., are sorely needed.

DISPENSARY AND MEDICAL MISSION

for women and children, Salisbury Mews, Great Quebec Street, W. 6,700 visits in 12 months. Letters for FREE ADMISSION furnished to subscribers.

CHEQUES, crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army," payable: Prebendary CARLILE, Hon. Chief Secretary, to be sent to Hon. Secretary, Fresh Air and Dispensary Department, Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.



IRON versus RUBBER.

A GOOD TESTIMONIAL.

A wearer of

WOOD-MILNE REVOLVING HEEL PADS writes:

"Dear Sirs,

"As a wearer of your HEEL PADS I think you may like to hear of my experience.

"I had a pair of pads fixed to my boots several months ago. They are not half worn down, but the iron screws have THREE TIMES worn through, showing how much better your rubber lasts than does iron itself. The rubber is as good as ever. THIS PAIR OF HEELS HAS SAVED ME A GUINEA."

ONLY WOOD-MILNE WILL DO THIS.

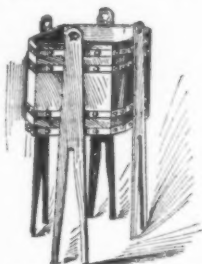
In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

ALEX. LEFEVER,

Established
over
60 Years.

Complete House and Office Furnisher, **226, OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.**
(Opposite Old St. Electric Rly. Station, C.S.L.R. and C. and G.N. Rlys.)

New Premises now open. Acres of Showrooms. £30,000 Stock to select from. Intending Purchasers should call and inspect before deciding.

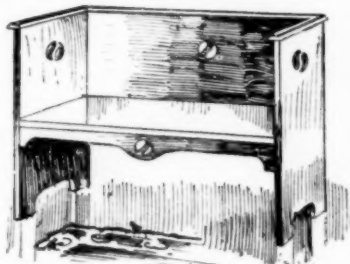


Antique Palm Stand, with
Brass or Copper Bands,
15/6

HOW TO FURNISH ARTISTICALLY.

Three-roomed flat for	25 gns.
Four	45 ..
Six .. house for	65 ..
Eight	90 ..

See our Compact Guide
to Furnishing.



Solid Oak Hall Bench, 3 ft.,
15/6

New Season's Catalogue 166 and
Compact Guide post free on
application.

Country Orders over £2 Carriage
Paid.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP 6^d PER BALL
is the best carpet cleaner in the world. It removes ink, grease and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabrics. A damp cloth—a little Chivers' Soap—a carpet like new without taking it up. Sample ball sent post free 6d. stamps. F. CHIVERS & CO. SOAP WORKS BATH

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.

The well-known London Manufacturing Dentists, Messrs. BROWNING, give the very best value; if forwarded by post utmost value per return, or offer made. 63, Oxford Street (opposite Rathbone Place), London, W. Est. 100 Years.

The Queen's Hospital for Children

(Late "North Eastern" Hospital).

HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN.

Patron—H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

X 130 BEDS IN USE. X
Help Urgently Needed.

T. GLENTON-KERR, Secretary.

Bankers: Barclays, Lombard Street.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

SYMINGTON'S Edinburgh

Acupora Gallon of Coffee can be
MADE IN ONE MINUTE

COFFEE ESSENCE

RETAINS THE FLAVOUR OF FRESHLY ROASTED COFFEE.

LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE & REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.

This Mission of Mercy appeals to the sympathy and help of every Christian man and woman.

Founded 1855.
Jubilee, 1905.

£15 required daily.
Dependent upon
Voluntary Con-
tributions.

FRIENDLESS AND FALLEN.

Supports
Five
Homes
and an Open-all-
Night Refuge, and
maintains 150 In-
mates.

Over 45,800 young women and girls have been assisted.

The Committee very earnestly appeal for help.

Secretary: WILLIAM J. TAYLOR, 205, Finsbury Road, London, E.C.2.
Bankers: London & Westminster Bank, 5, Abchurch Lane, E.C.4.

BIRTHDAY CARDS

6 DAINTY, assorted, with Envelopes, for 1/- P.O. Worth double. DUNSHALE, PRINTER, New Station St., Leeds. Est. 1885.

THE SPANISH JADE

MAURICE HEWLETT'S NEW NOVEL.

Four Full-page Illustrations in Colour and Beautiful End Papers by William Hyde. 6s.

The Standard says: "A thoroughly typical Maurice Hewlett with plenty of subtlety, irony, atmosphere, and, above all, wayward and whimsical charm."

THE HOUSE OF CASSELL.

Now Ready. The July Number of

The STORY-TELLER

Public opinion carries great weight, and public opinion has declared in favour of "The Story-Teller." When it was first published it was at once declared to be the premier all-fiction magazine, and this reputation it has kept. The present number is an excellent one, containing a wealth of capital stories by the best-known authors of fiction.

There are stories by

Richard Marsh
Headon Hill
Walter Grogan
C. C. Andrews

Rafael Sabatini
Lillias C. Davidson
Phillips Oppenheim
Capt. Frank Shaw

and many other writers. While there is, of course, the usual long complete novel which forms such a popular feature of this popular magazine. This month the novel is entitled "On the Heels of the Past," and is by

Blanche Eardley

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
net

The July "Story-Teller"
Now Ready

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
net

THE HOUSE OF CASSELL.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

Disinfection protects your Health.

Izal means home protection against disease. It is the one disinfectant you can rely upon to kill germs at their inception and completely remove bad smells. In times of sickness and epidemic diseases its value is beyond calculation. Izal is more efficacious than even corrosive sublimate or carbolic acid, yet the dangers attending the use of these substances are absent in Izal.

You can use Izal as safely in drawing-room as in stable or yard. It is harmless to animals and human beings, non-destructive of clothes, but positive death to all germs. A shilling bottle makes 20 gallons.

IZAL

THE PERFECT DISINFECTANT.

Sold everywhere, 6d. 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6 a bottle.

A MOST USEFUL
BOOK FREE.

"The Rules of Health," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., is a veritable mine of information on the uses of disinfectant and the preservation of health. We are giving copies of this book away free. Write for one to-day to Newton, Chambers & Co., Ltd., Dept. 37, Thorncliffe, nr. Sheffield.



Thirsty still?

Although you have had a long drink of — something! Get some Mason's Extract of Herbs and make some Herb Beer. A draught is so delicious when you're gardening — and that will quench your thirst. It's health-giving, too, and only costs 2d. a gallon.

For a 1d. stamp we will send Hints on Brewing. A sample bottle sent for eight stamps. For address of nearest agent send a postcard.

NEWBELL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

GOOD!

IT'S
MASON'S



"VOWEL" WASHING, WRINGING, & MANGLING MACHINES.

"Simplest and Best."

These celebrated Machines save time, money, and labour. Do not injure the linen. Will wash all kinds of articles.

Month's Free Trial.
Illustrated Catalogue (30) Free.
LIBERAL CASH TERMS.

THOMAS BRADFORD & CO.,

LONDON . . . 141 & 142, High Holborn, W.C.
LIVERPOOL . . . 130, Bold Street.
MANCHESTER . . . Victoria Avenue.
SALFORD . . . Crescent Iron Works.

BAYLISS

JONES
& BAYLISS, LTD

MANUFACTURERS OF

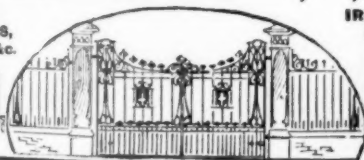


IRON
RAILING.



LOW PRICES.

IRON
HURDLES,
GATES, &c.



WOLVERHAMPTON.

LONDON SHOW ROOMS:-

139 & 141 CANNON ST. E.C.

LISTS
FREE

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

RED GIANT
STYLO
PEN
3/6

Is the Best.
Always Ready.
Can be carried in any position. Will not leak or blot. Made in Best Red Vulcanite. Spiral Spring Needle.

Post Paid, 3/6.
JEWEL PEN CO. (Dept. A.B.),
102, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.
To be had of High-Class Stationers.

"A firm of world-wide fame."—THE QUEEN.

IRISH	Children's 13 per dozen.
	Ladies' 28 "
	Gentlemen's 36 "

HEM-STITCHED.
Ladies' 29 "
Gentlemen's 3 11 "

"Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Sylvia's Journal*.

Samples and Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

"Robinson & Cleaver's Linens, Damasks, and Handkerchiefs are most beautiful."—*Court Circular*.

Damask, Table, and House Linens, Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, and Ladies' Underclothing, at Makers' Prices.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd., Belfast

(By Appointment to the King and Princess of Wales,
And at 156 to 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON.)

N.B.—All Inquiries for Samples and all Letter Orders to be sent to Belfast.

"SANITAS"
SPRAYED ABOUT ROOMS
INSTANTLY
DESTROYS ALL DISEASE GERMS



Clean, Fragrant, Natural,
Non-Poisonous,
Non-Corrosive,
Oxygenates the Air.

"SANITAS" NOW ENJOYS GENERAL FAVOUR AS A DISINFECTANT "LANCET"

FLUIDS POWDER FUMIGATOR SOAPS &

THE "SANITAS" CO., LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.



FREE. We have told you already how Mellin's Food is starch-free, how it nourishes a baby from birth, how, when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for mother's milk. Now we will send you a free sample bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will cut out the top half of the print of bottle in this advertisement and forward same to us, mentioning this publication.

Mellin's Food



By means of Mellin's Food

the difficulty which infants generally find in digesting cow's milk alone is entirely overcome.

Either of the following:—

"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of infants from birth,

"HINTS ON WEANING," a work of 64 pages, treating of the care of infants during and after weaning, with recipes for simple diets,

will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young infants on application to **MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.**

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.
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The Quiver, July, 1908.

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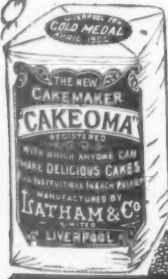
Some day they will ask in some mission field, "At what college were you trained?" and the answer will be, "At Brecon Congregational College." "What famous man had you among your professors?" will be asked, and the missionary will say, "The most remarkable of our professors was the son of a Welsh collier, who, left fatherless at twelve years of age, endured great hardship and privation, but finally emerged from Mansfield College, Oxford, with the B.A.

and B.D. (Wales) degrees added to his honest name of Joseph Jones." That poor boy of twenty years ago is now Professor of Greek at the college mentioned.

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Quiver, July, 1908.

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"SWEET SEVENTEEN."

(From the Drawing by E. Taylor.)

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Surviving Crimean Nurses.

By MARY FRANCES BILLINGTON.

THE historic assemblage at the Royal Albert Hall, at which the survivors—women as well as men—of the Indian Mutiny met in solemn commemoration of 1857, was something even more than a great ceremony. It roused the spirit of the nation to a sense of its duty to all who had served it in dark hours of need, and it brought to a focus the previously vague sentiments that those

"Keepers of the house of old,
Or ever we were born,"

deserved better of this generation than poor-law relief and a pauper's grave. And in that awakening to the claims of the veterans it was realised, too, that women who had faced hardships and privations to minister to them, when wounds or sickness had laid them low, were no less worthy to be remembered. The King, with his unflinching interpretation of the national sentiment, recognised it, and conferred the Order of Merit on Miss Florence Nightingale, to whom, of course, all thoughts would first be directed in such a connection. Her work, however, could not have been achieved without her humbler followers, and, though so late in the day, one would fain hope that the few—alas! very few—who remain with us may receive some proof that their devoted services are not forgotten.

Miss Nightingale's Helpers.

At the outset, it is well to remember that the nurses who served in the Crimea fall into three groups. In the one are those who served with Miss Nightingale, and went with her in one party. In the second are those who joined her a few months later under Miss Stanley, a sister of Dean Stanley. And in the third are those wives of soldiers who, classed as "washerwomen," were permitted to go with their husbands to Varna and other camps, and who indeed did some exceedingly useful work in nursing, though their past has been somewhat eclipsed and overlooked in the greater attention that has always been given to those of professional status.

Happily, representatives of each section are with us, and it is not necessary here to give any particulars as to Miss Nightingale

herself, whose life's work has been so repeatedly told. Her eyesight now is not good, but her mental activity is as keen as ever, and in the loving care of the circle around her she is passing the peaceful evening of her days.

The Pioneers.

The original party who started with Miss Nightingale numbered thirty-eight. There were no slight difficulties in 1854 in bringing together a band of women who had had some nursing training at least, and every Protestant and Catholic institution was called upon to provide volunteers. Advertisements, too, were inserted in various newspapers, and through these came applications from all sorts and conditions of women. England was stirred to its depths by the knowledge of the misery of the sick and wounded in the Crimea, and every one, whether suitable or not, wanted to do something for the men who were dying in such unutterable wretchedness.

Ultimately a party was made up, consisting of fourteen Church of England sisters from St. John's Home and a Home founded by Miss Skelton, ten Catholic sisters of mercy, three nurses chosen by Lady Maria Forrester, who was even before Mr. Sydney Herbert in recognising the need for nurses at the front, and the remaining eleven were selected from various sources.

It is with shame that one writes it, but at this moment one of this pioneer band who did so much towards laying the foundation of nursing is passing her declining days dependent on poor-law relief.

Nurse Fagg.

Nurse Emma Fagg for several years past has been an inmate of the Thanet Union Workhouse, and though nothing can exceed the kindness of the matron, or the just and humane attitude of the guardians towards her, the point is that the nation should not allow any who have rendered it service in its need to wear a pauper's dress. Nurse Fagg was one of those chosen from St. John's Home, and of them Miss Stanley placed it on record that "they were at all events well trained and respectable."

Her memories of the journey across France to Marseilles are perfectly clear, but of the

often-recounted contests among the Boulogne fisherwomen for the privilege of carrying their baggage she has no recollection. The party had a stormy and protracted voyage in the *Vectis*, and it was not until November 4 that Constantinople and Scutari were reached.

Upon this band devolved the task of



MISS EMMA FAGG.

bringing order and cleanliness into the literal miles of close-ranged beds, with their patients in such a state of indescribable neglect, misery and filth. It was not long before the surgical and medical cases were at least separated and classified, not long before some method was instituted and tolerable food prepared; and Nurse Fagg bore her part in it. Perhaps temperamentally she was not altogether suited to the work, but she never shrank from her share in it. When it was decided to open a hospital at Balaklava, to which two nurses were to be sent, she volunteered to go, though her offer was made just too late. As further nurses arrived from home, some of those who first went out, and who had had the most arduous labours, could be sent home. Nurse Fagg returned in the late spring of 1855, and letters are yet in existence testifying to her good personal character during the time she was thus engaged.

She left St. John's Home a year or so after her return, and was for several years engaged in nursing work independently, before going to live with relatives in Cheshire. But in the later 'eighties adversities came, and the struggle was too much for the brave old woman to continue any longer. She has various friends, among them Lady Bancroft, who are always pleased to listen to her vivid reminiscences of those days, and to hear her speak with whole-hearted admiration of Miss Nightingale, whom she describes as the most wonderful lady she had ever known, and quite unlike anyone else.

Mr. Sydney Herbert was delighted with the success achieved by Miss Nightingale, and thought he could not do better than to send her a reinforcing party. In Lord Stanmore's recent biography of the then Secretary of State for War may be read, however, her extreme dissatisfaction at this step, expressed in very vigorous terms. Meantime he had asked Miss Stanley, who had helped Miss Nightingale in her task of selection, to find others, and she had gathered around her a band of nearly fifty ladies, and had started for the seat of war before the letters of protest were received.

Included in it were fifteen Catholic Sisters—ten Irish and five English—and of this group Sister Mary Aloysius alone remains, living in the peaceful seclusion of the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy in County Galway. The



NURSE LONGLEY (NOW MRS. E. A. RIDGESS)

sister entered the Convent of Carlow soon after the terrible famine of 1848 had caused such widespread poverty and distress in Ireland, and she recalls how the Superioress received a letter telling her that more help was required for nursing. The whole community at once volunteered, and Sister Mary Aloysius and Sister Mary Stanislaus,

where, in official reports, the sisters won high praise for their conscientiousness and zeal. Here she remained until April, 1856, returning with other sisters, and at Malta all enjoyed a tremendous reception. At Carlow, also, cheers greeted her and special services of thanksgiving were held. She resumed her quiet work, first at Carlow and subsequently at Gort, where she is now living and taking keen interest still in anything relating to those stirring days. But in her seclusion she was not forgotten, and in February, 1897, Queen Victoria conferred on her the decoration of the Royal Red Cross.

One of the most interesting and remarkable personalities among this little band is Mrs. E. A. Ridges, or Nurse Longley, as she is more generally called in the eastern counties, where she lives. She has enjoyed more recognition than most of those with whom she worked, for Queen Victoria commanded her to attend at Buckingham Palace.



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

MRS. ELIZABETH EVANS.

both of them young, active, and devoted, were accepted from it.

Cork, Charleville and Kinsale also sent contingents. They came to London, where Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Manning gave them a final exhortation, addressing them collectively, also a touching letter. The voyage from Marseilles was a wretched one, as they were sent in an overcrowded old ship, and encountered very bad weather before Gallipoli was reached.

At Scutari, greatly to their surprise, they found that Miss Nightingale had no place for them. Later, however, Sister Mary Aloysius was among five whom she summoned, and in the General Hospital there she saw some of the very worst cases brought in, and shared in the hardest work, especially in the terrible visitation of cholera that raged for so many weeks. Subsequently she went to the hospital that was opened at Balaklava, where all was excellently organised, and



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

MRS. CHILTON AND HER GREAT-GRANDSON.

and herself presented and pinned on a medal for nursing in the Crimea; as well as granting her permission to wear the medals of her husband. In December, 1904, when the King and Queen visited Bury St. Edmunds, Nurse Longley was presented to their Majesties, who shook hands with her,

noticed her medal, and conversed with her, the Queen being especially solicitous that she should keep her shawl closely wrapped round her.

Nurse Longley's Experiences.

Few women have had such exciting and varied experiences as were hers. The wife of a sergeant in the 17th Lancers, she wanted greatly to go to the front with him, but the order was that all the women must remain at home. She, however, appealed to Lord John Russell, in whose household she had held a much-respected position as lady's-maid, and he intervened on her behalf, obtaining permission for her to accompany the regiment. It was at the Alma that she first realised what a battle was, and at its conclusion her husband called on her to come and help tend the wounded, which she did with womanly gentleness. Probably she is the only woman who witnessed the famous Charge of the Light Brigade, and she relates how she saw the Heavy Brigade go forward from a position near Windmill Hill, where Lord Cardigan was standing. The Light Brigade, with her husband among them, were stationed near, and shots from the Russian lines were falling close by. She saw Captain Nolan ride up and convey the message to Lord Cardigan to charge the Russian guns, and she can tell how the Light Brigade dashed forward on that deed of undaunted recklessness. She knew the position of her husband with his troop, and to her came the awful experience of seeing him fall. When the remnant came back, she went down direct to the valley of death to look for him. To this day she recalls the horrors of the wounded horses screaming in their agonies. So soon was she upon the ground that a late and nearly spent bullet struck her wrist, leaving a scar she has carried through life.

After the Charge of the Light Brigade.

She found her husband among the dead, alas! and was able to have his body removed. But she determined that he should have a coffin for the poor shattered remains, and she knew where there was a stack of wood, though it was actually upon ground in Russian occupation. She dared thrice to go for it, and brought back enough for a kindly comrade to make a rough receptacle in which the gallant sergeant, wrapped in his heavy overcoat, is sleeping his long sleep.

At Inkerman she met two other soldiers' wives, and together they rescued five guards-

men. Again, she was the daring spirit who waded a stream and captured a bottle of brandy from some commissariat stores for her invalids, with whom, however, she could not remain long, as she was summoned to nurse the Duke of Cambridge until he could be removed home. He was a somewhat intractable patient, but he never forgot her ministrations, and she possesses many proofs of his kindness and gratitude. For two years and nine months she remained in the Crimea, seeing the worst horrors of fever and privation, and herself suffering much from the hardships.

On her return she became a nurse at King's College Hospital, and was the first nurse to volunteer for service in India on the outbreak of the Mutiny. She saw fighting at Delhi, and was in Lucknow itself during those terrible weeks of beleaguement. Subsequently she remained for three years in India, doing good work, and when she came back to England she married again, this time to Mr. E. A. Ridges, with whom she spent many quiet and happy years until death called him away.

In the much-respected evening of her days she has the love and care of a most devoted nephew and niece, but to them the country has left her, and none have ever bestirred themselves to secure her some little proof, in pension or gratuity, that the nation is not ungrateful to those who serve it faithfully and well as she did.

Mrs. Evans's Recollections.

In two notable instances there are soldiers' widows who are enjoying modest pensions from the Royal Patriotic Fund, and who rendered useful service in nursing. One of these is Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, now living at Richmond, who was one of only three women permitted to go with the 4th (King's Own) Regiment (the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment of to-day), and by an odd coincidence they represented England in herself and Scotland and Ireland in the others. The regiment was one of the first to be ordered to the front, and went out, hardly expecting that war would be declared, to the big camp at Varna. Mrs. Evans's husband was servant to Major-General Eccles, as he subsequently rose to be, and Lord Raglan himself had a kindly word for her soon after her arrival. She accompanied the regiment on the march to the Alma, and saw from near where the General Staff were posted the whole disposition of the troops for the coming fight.

"Look well at that, Mrs. Evans," said one of the majors as he rode by, "for the Queen of England would give a great deal to see it," she relates.

She rendered all the help she could to the wounded afterwards, but approached any man having blue facings to his tunic in an agony of fear lest it should be her own husband.

A Terrible Winter.

She can give a very vivid account of the events before Inkerman. She was aroused that morning by the sound of firing. Hastily she cried out—she knew something was wrong—and then the "alarm" was sounded. During the eventful day she remained in camp with the sick. It would seem that she hesitated to risk her life. She would creep out when her husband was on outlying piquet duty, to be with him, when firing was going on, and at Bulgarnia when Lieutenant Eccles was hit she was the first to come forward and help him to rise.

The account she gives of the sufferings of that awful winter of 1854-55 is appalling. The want of shelter and fuel, the mud, and the pest of insects, and the utter absence of bandages or comforts for the sick, can hardly be realised to-day. She had a terrible attack of fever, and there was one kindly young recruit who did his humble best to make a little broth for her with any scraps of meat he could get hold of. This young man rose in the service, but she never saw him again until the beginning of the present year, when he heard she was alive, and came and had a long talk over the old days. Sadly enough, the next thing she heard of him was that he had caught cold and passed away.

After spending some months at Sebastopol, the regiment was sent to Mauritius, and had hardly arrived there before it had to proceed to India, where the Mutiny had broken out. It was impossible for her to go, useful as she could have been with the sick, and she remained behind till order had been restored. Happily she had many years of home life with her husband, who had earned his pension, and who died about nine years ago. She retains all her interest in the service, and says, on the strength of her exceptional experiences, "the English soldier is a true gentleman."

Mrs. Chilton.

Another of the same regiment, Mrs. Chilton, now living at Chiswick, is also helped by the Patriotic Fund. Her first husband

volunteered to go to the front, but she was not among the women who were permitted to go with the regiment. However, she was determined that where he was she would be also, and she actually paid her own passage out to join him. The commanding officer, though vexed with her for her disregard of home orders, at first said she should not remain, but subsequently relaxed and allowed her to do so. She also shared in the terrible hardships of that winter, doing what lay in her power for the stricken men.

Her experience was very similar to that of Mrs. Evans, as she accompanied the regiment to Mauritius, rejoining her husband and proceeding to Aden in 1858, where he died two years later. In due course she was married again, this time to Corporal Chilton of the 95th Regiment, but in her old age poverty befell her, and the aid of the Royal Patriotic Fund was both timely and valuable, as her health is now very feeble.

Mrs. Death's Story.

In a tiny room in Poplar lives Mrs. Death, whose services deserve far more than the poor-law relief allowed her, for she volunteered to go to the Crimea as soon as it became known at home how splendidly useful was the work of the nurses already arrived. She felt that she could be of service there, for at King's College Hospital, under Sir James Fergusson, she had had as good a training as it was possible to get in London over half a century ago. On arrival she was placed in the British hospital at the Dardanelles, where she remained for many months. Among others under whom she worked there was Mr. (afterwards Sir) Spencer Wells, and she has still the excellent testimonial which he gave her on relinquishing her nursing labours.

Back again in England, she took up her profession, and was well known to many of the leading medical men in London. Unhappily family troubles befell her in the death of her children (for she married some little time after her return), and a very severe illness, as well as advancing years, incapacitated her for the strain of conscientious nursing. She is greatly respected by the ladies of a neighbouring settlement, who visit her, as well as by the relieving officers, who all know well that in her old age she is worthy of a kindlier lot.

It is a rapidly dwindling band, is this of the women who nursed in the Crimea, and since the beginning of the year even that small number has been reduced by two—

one at Portsmouth and one in Ireland. But one would pay tribute of grateful respect for their past services, which even yet, it is not too late to hope, may, in the movement on behalf of the veterans, be recognised in a form more substantial than words. It is a comparatively small matter for a nation like our own, with its vast wealth and resources, and, above all, its reputation for humanitarian work, to ensure that the declining years of these heroines of the Crimea should be made as full of ease and comfort as possible. They stood by the bedside of many a gallant soldier in the horrible war of fifty years ago, cheering his last

hours, and assuaging his pain with what those that remain a ever appliances—alas! too few—lay to their hand, and it is ill of the country that to-day their services are un-honoured and un-sung. No one will grudge the splendid tribute paid to their venerable leader, Miss Florence Nightingale, when she was presented with the freedom of the City of London; but Miss Nightingale herself would probably be the first to acknowledge that the nation's gratitude should go further, until it has embraced the gallant band of nurses without whose aid her own plans for the relief of the gallant sons of Britain had been doomed to failure



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

MRS. DEATH.

We may draw attention, appropriately to the theme of the foregoing article, to the delightful "Life of Florence Nightingale," by Mrs. S. A. Tooley, which is published by Messrs. Cassell and Company. The biography is in its sixth edition, showing the appreciation which it has met. Its price is 5s., and it has several charming illustrations.



The Coming of the Dove.

A Complete Story.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

SYBIL VENNING had what most people would have considered a very sad life as companion to old Mrs. Clitheroe of the Glebe, who was blind and very feeble. Mrs. Clitheroe had an old dog, blind like herself, and three old servants, who were very much attached to their mistress but snapped incessantly at each other—they were very deaf, very obstinate, and rather infirm.

And not so long ago Sybil had been an heiress, courted and praised on every side as became her youth and beauty and prospective fortune. She had also a warm and generous heart, and at that time one would have thought her as safely set above the vicissitudes of fortune as anyone can be in this shifting world.

Moreover, she had been engaged to be married, but the engagement had been broken off before the crash came which left Sybil a penniless orphan. There was a mystery about the affair which baffled Sybil's world. She had refused to speak of it, and Hugh Garstin had merely said to those of his friends who might be trusted to put the statement about that Miss Venning herself had broken off the engagement, in circumstances that did her nothing but honour.

For all that, people said that she had hit Garstin cruelly, for he had lost his bonny youth when the engagement had been broken, and although in time he had come to look less haggard, yet he bore—and would always bear—the traces of suffering. Unsuspected lines came in his face and a powdering of grey on his hair. He had left the gaiety of youth behind him and had become devoted to matters of serious interest. He looked closely after the affairs of the big woollen mills from which he derived his handsome fortune, and he became interested in many philanthropic projects, especially for the bettering of the condition of his own "hands." The other mill-owners at Waterton were apt to grumble at him, saying that he would make the workers discontented, to which he would reply that it was just the thing he wanted to do, since without discontent one could not hope for reform.

For nearly three years now Sybil had lived within a few miles of Waterton and had only encountered Hugh Garstin once or twice, and

then by accident. Once he was motoring with others when they met; the next time they came face to face in a narrow green lane. Garstin had made a movement as though to stop, but Sybil had passed him with a quiet, cold inclination of her head.

Now and again she heard of him—nothing but praises. Mrs. Clitheroe's doctor, Dr. Bennett, came out from Waterton a couple of times a week to see her, bringing an air of the outside world. He was a cheerful little man with a confident manner, and there were times when Sybil found his visits a great relief. The old parson and his wife, Mrs. Clitheroe's grandson, Sir Joseph Clitheroe, the soap-boiler, and his wife, were the only other visitors at the Glebe, and they were neither lively nor interesting. Sybil liked the vicar and his homely wife. She could not endure the Clitheroes. Sir Joseph would sit and stare at her solemnly when he paid his duty visits. Lady Clitheroe had once impressed on Sybil that she must not expect a legacy in Mrs. Clitheroe's will.

"It has been made long ago," she said, "and every penny comes to us. Martha and Jane must, by this time, have feathered their nests, and so must Tompkins. Gran has always been too liberal with her dependants."

She had glanced sharply, as she said it, at a beautiful antique pearl brooch which Sybil happened to be wearing, as though she suspected it of coming out of one of Mrs. Clitheroe's many boxes of trinkets.

"I wonder why you stay here?" Dr. Bennett had said one day to Sybil. "Not one girl in a thousand would do it."

He knew something of Miss Venning's broken engagement. He also knew Hugh Garstin, whom he had thought one of the best fellows in the world since together they had fought an outbreak of scarlet fever among the children of the operatives. It was a matter of concern to him that the splendid fellow, as he called him in his own mind, should wear that subtle look of unhappiness year after year.

Dr. Bennett had looked sharply at Sybil Venning the first time they met. He had not been at Waterton very long, and he was curious about the girl who, as he said in his

own mind, had broken Hugh Garstin's heart; but, looking at her, he forgave her. For whatever reason she had done it, she had suffered in the doing. In repose, her lips drooped. The shadow of tiredness lay over the face that ought to have been brilliantly beautiful.

"Why do you stay?" he asked. "It is not good for your health, with all these old people, this old house, everything in which needs renewing. Damp, too—this room smells like a churchyard."

They were in the dining-room, and Dr. Bennett had just written a prescription for Mrs. Clitheroe's neuralgia. It was true that the room, despite a roaring fire, had a cold and clay-like odour.

"You don't know, doctor," Miss Venning said, "that there is a way between here and the church. One of these panels is a door. The passage ends in the church, just by the tower. This used to be the old vicarage. I don't know why the passage was made, nor does anyone else, I think."

She went to a corner by the fireplace, turned a key in what he had taken to be a cupboard in the panelling, threw open a door, with a creaking sound, and a black chasm yawned beyond. It seemed to the doctor that a wind blew into the room.

"The passage is clear, apparently," he said.

"I believe so. It is cemented above and below. I should have it filled up if it were my house, but Mrs. Clitheroe says it has always been there and she is used to it."

She locked the door, and turned to him again with a quiet smile.

"You asked me why I stayed," she said. "Well, would you be surprised to hear that I stay because I like it?"

"Not a bit. I have seen you with Mrs. Clitheroe."

"Have you seen how she looks when I come into the room?"

"My dear young lady, I have. I have also seen her tremble—positively tremble—as her old dog does when a stranger touches it—when her grandson and his wife come in with their noisy, important voices and their creaking air of wealth. It is very sad to be old and in the dark."

"Yes, I know," Sybil Venning assented. "That is why I stay."

"Like all good women," said Dr. Bennett heartily, "you love the helpless thing that depends on you. I am very glad the poor old lady has such a solace. But there are one or two things you must promise me.

One is to keep open windows as much as possible, another is never in any circumstances to neglect your daily walk. For her sake, as well as your own, you must not neglect your health. I will speak to Mrs. Clitheroe about it."

He did speak to his patient. The result was a new rule by which at a certain hour every day Martha relieved Miss Venning from her attendance on Mrs. Clitheroe, and the young lady went out for a walk of five or six miles.

The Glebe stood in the midst of lonely country surrounded on three sides by hills. High up at the head of the valley was the reservoir that supplied Waterton. The water-tower beyond it was a landmark. A little river wound through the valley and fell into the greater river at Waterton.

The church was on the river-bank, with the Glebe some little distance behind it. There were times when the river was in flood, and the spate, roaring and whirling by, spread over the fields and climbed to the wall of the churchyard. When the river was in flood Sybil had to make a detour when she took her walks, and, instead of crossing by the foot-bridge below the church, she had to follow the road till she reached a stone bridge built high above the stream.

One afternoon in winter the floods were out, neither very far-reaching nor very threatening, but likely to be greater, since the rain had been falling heavily for several days, and the water was rushing down from the hills and draining into the Spoor. Sybil was still able to use the footbridge, and it gave her an exhilaration to feel it tremble under her feet like a live thing as the grey, roaring waters rushed beneath.

After she had crossed the meadows she turned sharply to the left, by a field-path which after a mile or so brought her on to the road. It wound by woods and she knew every inch of it. She was not in the least afraid, for she had with her Sikes, her bulldog, who had been hers in the old days—in fact, a gift from Hugh Garstin. He usually lived in the Glebe stables. He was the most amiable creature alive, but his smile struck terror into the hearts of those who did not know him. Tramps had a way of passing Sikes on the other side. She had taken the same walk every afternoon for nearly three years, but she never wearied of it.

She was descending a sharp incline towards another bridge over the Spoor. The hollows in the road were filled in with dead leaves. Between the thinned branches of the wood

the sunset showed itself—a clear sunset that gave promise of a frosty night. The black branches showed against the sky of lemon and lavender and rose. There was a little sickle of a moon to the eastward. Soon the darkness would be upon her. Before her she could hear the river making a great noise as it poured under the little brown bridge, the stones of which were covered with lichens—between them the hearts and darts of many generations of rustic lovers.

In the quietness she heard a horse's hoofs coming behind her, fast, as though the rider were in a great hurry. She stepped to one side of the grassy road to let him pass, wondering on what errand of life or death he might be going so rapidly. The horse pulled up by her suddenly.

"Come," said a voice she had not heard for more than three years. It was imperious, and there was a sound of terrible anxiety in it.

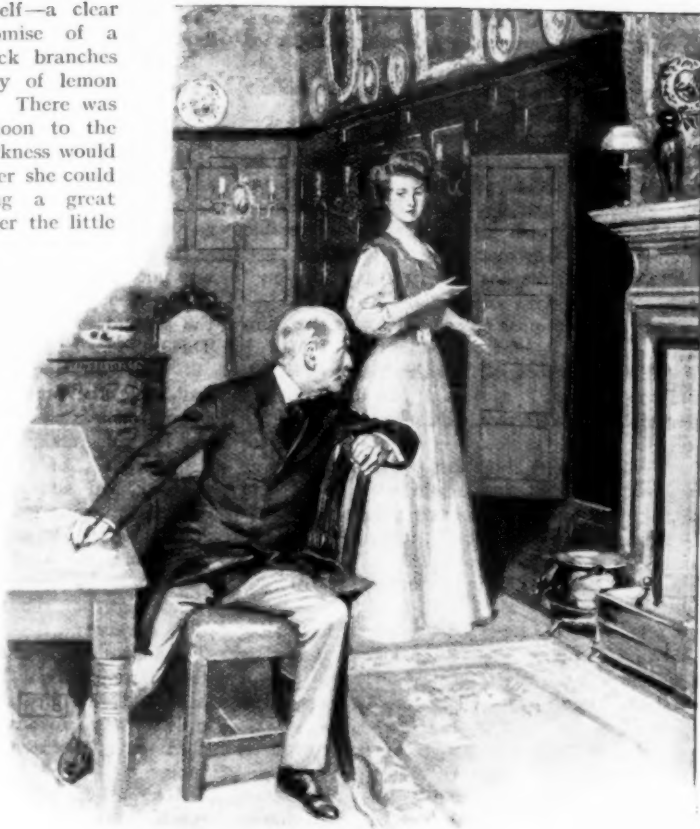
"Come, I shall have to take you in front of me. Don't ask me why. I'll tell you as we go along."

"I have the dog," she said quietly.

"Ah! we can't leave him. He is too heavy to swim. Pick him up."

She lifted the bull-dog as he had bidden her, and, stooping, he caught her about the body and swung her on to the pommel of saddle. When she was there he steadied her with one arm while he gathered the reins in his other hand.

The horse felt the additional weight. He plunged down the incline towards the little bridge. The dusk had fallen suddenly, and the river showed itself as a white, turbulent mass between the green banks. They crossed the bridge and ascended an incline on the other side, the rider pressing his horse to make him take it quickly. At the head of the



"'The passage is clear, apparently,' he said."

incline they turned to the left. The road was level now on the slope of the hill. Below it the little river was spreading in the twilight.

Sybil turned about on the horse and looked into Hugh Garstin's face. He had an air of listening. He smiled at her, but in the wan light his face was pale.

"You are a woman in ten thousand," he said, his lips against her ear. His arm seemed to press her closer to him. "A woman in ten thousand. Why don't you ask questions?"

"What are you doing it for?" she said.

"If you were another woman I should ask you to trust me. Being Sybil"—his voice was wonderfully tender—"I will tell you. The reservoir wall is giving way. They are doing all they can, but if it goes this valley will be drowned. Luckily I was there when it was discovered. I rode like mad. I remembered

that you walked this way every afternoon. I was like a madman till I caught sight of you. Sybil, you are not afraid?"

She seemed to settle herself into the hollow of his arm.

"Not with you," she whispered.

Sikes slipped in his place and had to be dragged up again. He was profoundly uncomfortable, but he gave Sybil's hand a slobbery lick which said as plainly as possible that he knew her motives were good.

"I'm afraid the dog is very heavy for you," the man said with anxious solicitude.

Her cheek almost touched his, making him tremble with delight.

"You were so good to take him," she said. "Poor Centaur! I wish I had been lighter for his sake, and that Sikes had been a lap-dog."

"We have not much farther to go. Centaur understands that I want him to do it. He has grown used now to extra passengers."

Again he had the air of listening.

"Will the flood drown all in its path?" she asked. "There is a number of cottages and——"

"They have telephoned down the valley to warn the people. We must hope that they will have been warned in time."

"You know—the Glebe is straight in its path."

"I know. I am going to leave you in safety and then warn them."

"I am going with you."

"The house may stand," he said half-doubtfully. "In any case there is the church. It is built strongly, and the tower would be safe. Ah, I see the lights! We are almost there."

He did not dispute her decision to stay with him. He knew her of old; but his arm pressed her to him the more closely.

"If we drown, we drown together," he said; "and if the wall gives way the flood will be irresistible. Before we know whether we are to live or die let me tell you I never loved anyone but you. The rest was a young man's folly. I have paid dearly for it."

"You are mine now," she said, and her voice was clear and triumphant above the noise of many waters.

For a second their lips were together, and Sikes, held uncomfortably tight, growled a protest. Again they turned to the left, descending towards the river. And suddenly there was water under the horse's feet. He flung up his head, scenting the water, and reared and backed. They were only a few yards now from the timbered house-front of the

Glebe. The tower of the church stood up dark before them.

The horse answered his master's encouragement. The water was up to his hocks, but he struggled along bravely. And now they were at the iron gates of the Glebe.

Hugh Garstin flung himself from the saddle. "Come," he said. "We are safe so far. Only a part of the wall must have given way as yet. Presently we shall be in the sea."

He lifted her down in his arms. The water was about their feet, swirling in little currents and eddies. Around the Glebe and the church the ground fell away sharply on every side. The builders had set them on a knoll.

"What will you do with him?" she asked, indicating the horse, who was quivering in a vague terror.

"He must make his own way to dry land; I dare not take the responsibility of him."

He lashed sharply as he spoke, and the creature, turning from the fast-filling valley as though wild to be off, went back the way they had come, the way to the high ground and safety.

The light of the hall-lamp shone out into the darkness. Several windows along the house-front were also lit. It was plain that the alarm had not been given at the Glebe, and that the life inside pursued its drowsy, orderly way, unconscious of the mighty flood that was threatening greater peril every moment.

Martha opened the door, grumbling, as usual, that the mistress had wanted Miss Venning, had been asking for her this hour past. She stared when she saw the strange gentleman.

Sybil closed the door sharply, shutting out the noise that was momentarily becoming louder. There was no time to be lost.

"There has been an accident, Martha," she said. "There is danger of a big flood. Get some blankets and whatever food you have in the house, and lights. Water, too; we may want water. Let Jane and Tompkins know. Wait for us in the dining-room."

"For heaven's sake, miss——"

"Do what I tell you, quickly. This gentleman and I will see to Mrs. Clitheroe."

"What are you thinking of, dear?" he asked, as he followed her up the stairs. At the same moment something struck the house, and it quivered like a living thing. "Are you thinking that it will not hold, and that we must make for the church? But the walls are down now, and the water will be running like a millrace between us and the church."

The old blind face was turned on Sybil

with a joyous trustfulness as she entered the room.

"There is a big flood, dear," Sybil said—and it was as though a mother comforted her little child. "We think it will be safer in the church, though perhaps we should be quite safe here. It will be only for a few hours. Trust us. There is a gentleman here who will carry you. He is——"

"I am Miss Venning's happy lover," Hugh Garstin's deep voice put in. "I will carry you easily."

He was remembering now what Dr. Bennett had told him of the passage between the Glebe and the church. It was not very long, and could hardly be foul, if it was still open. Anyhow, at the worst, they would only have to return and to hope the house would withstand the water which was coming against it now with a tremendous impact, like a battering-ram of giants. They could hardly hear themselves speak for the noise. It seemed as though the winds had joined the waters in a steady, persistent roar.

Sybil wrapped an eiderdown about Mrs. Clitheroe, who was as light as a child. When Hugh Garstin had gone on downstairs with his frail burden she took the basket in which little Beau lay whimpering and shivering, and followed him quickly to the dining-room, where the old servants were waiting with their bundles. There was food, water, light, and blankets.

"I'm afraid a fire will not be possible," Sybil said regretfully. "But at least we need not watch in darkness."

While they stood there a second the water began to pour into the room. There was a long, snake-like welter of it on the floor. At the same time there was a noise of heavy things knocking together in the kitchens under their feet. The chairs and tables were afloat.

The panel was opened, and Hugh Garstin passed through first, the women servants, carrying lights, pressing on his heels. The



"And now they were at the iron gates of the Glebe."

water was over Sybil's feet when she followed the others.

The passage ascended to the church. It was damp and clammy and the air was exhausted, but the cement had not given way. The key in the door that led into the church was rusty from long disuse, and turned in the lock with difficulty, but it turned.

Even while they were in the passage—it was no more than fifty yards in length—the water crept after them, pressing on them at every step. It was in the church before them. The

candles shone strangely on the moving grey floor.

But in the belfry they were well out of reach of it. If necessary they could go higher to the chamber of the bells, but here, for the present, they were safe, and the squat tower of grey-stone was as likely to withstand the flood as anything made by hands.

The chamber was heaped with dead leaves, that crackled to dust under their feet. Through the slit of a window in the thick wall they could see that they were in the midst of a great mass of grey water hurrying on irresistibly, carrying trees and other things they could not discern as it went. The bed of the little river had disappeared. There was a white light of stars now, and, as far as eye could reach, the flood spread over all.

"How long will it last?" Sybil asked, her hand in her lover's. The others sat uncomfortably wrapped in their blankets, and now and again nodded. Mrs. Clitheroe was asleep. Sikes, lying on Sybil's skirt, snored loudly, and little Beau moaned and whimpered more than ever in his uneasy slumber. The air was sweet with the smell of the waters, and the candles flickered in the wet wind that blew from them.

"It will take some time to go down," Hugh said. "You see there is no very steep incline, and the channel of the Spoor will not do much yet. But gradually it will go. We shall be free some time to-morrow morning, I expect. Not sooner than that. The water is spreading rather than running down. You are not afraid?"

"Not with you."

A gust of wind blew out the candles, and they made no effort to relight them. Something thudded against the tower, thudded once or twice, and it trembled—then all was quiet.

"Ah," he said, half under his breath, "it has passed now, whatever it was. Thank God! You are not afraid, dear? We are in the hands of God."

"And the way to Heaven is as short by water as by land," she quoted.

They crept into each other's arms.

"You know now," he whispered, "that there has always been only you."

"If I had known it before," she whispered back, "I might have fought for my own. I thought you loved her better than me; she said she would die if I did not give you up to her. I thought how it had all been wasted when I heard of her marriage. She was quick to console herself."

"I never kissed her but once," he said. "It was a moment's folly. I went near paying too great a price for it."

"And I," she whispered back.

Then she had another thought.

"I cannot leave her while she lives," she said, indicating with her pretty head the corner where Mrs. Clitheroe slept quietly. "She is as dependent on me as little Beau. If Beau were left with strangers he would die."

"I shall never ask you to leave her," he returned. "Wherever we are she shall be."

They whispered with long pauses between, till towards morning she slept on his shoulder, her pale face glimmering in the darkness. He was cold and stiff, being so long in the same position, but he would not have stirred for worlds.

Perhaps he had dozed himself. He was awakened by the whirring of the wheels of the church clock, which struck six with an immense din close by him. It had struck at intervals during the night, but they had hardly noticed it because of the noise of the flood.

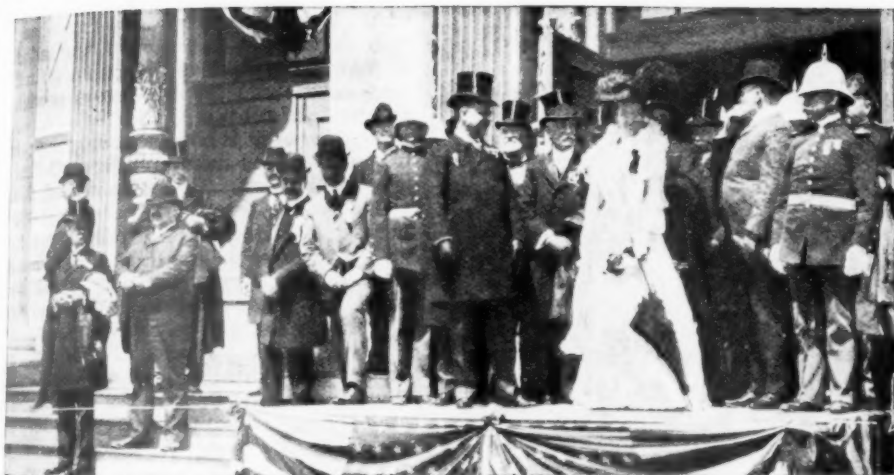
As he stirred, Sybil wakened too. There was a strange, restful silence in the air.

"Something has happened, sweet," he said. "I believe the waters have gone down."

They looked together through the window-slit. While they slept the danger had passed them by. There were miles and miles of mud and pools and débris showing in the chilly dawn. The danger had gone by, and they were once more lovers and life was sweet.

It was as though the dove with the olive-leaf rested in the embrasure of the narrow window. The rainbow of promise was in their sky.





PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT REVIEWING A PARADE OF SPANISH WAR VETERANS.

President Roosevelt: a Character Sketch.

By FREDERICK MOORE.

NOW and again we hear people say that religion has lost its effect in the world, or that public life is no longer controlled by the principles of integrity, purity, and honour. But such people have not taken into account the career of one of the most successful men of our time, President Roosevelt.

This man is anything other than a sentimentalist or a dogmatist or even a hero, and yet he has passed through political ordeals where the most incredible temptations to corruption, bribery, and blackmail have never interfered with his standards, and have not even checked his worldly success. It is often said that his career has been meteoric; that, without any very unusual ability, he has taken advantage of opportunities, and lived in the limelight, and laid his nets for popular applause. It is perfectly true that he is not an original man, an original thinker, a great orator or writer, or even a man of great personal charm; but the fact is that he is a perfectly logical product of a certain course of conduct, planned at the outset of his career and faithfully adhered to all through life. This career is the result of a consistent and intense ambition always to do the right thing. It is worth while to con-

sider what that course has been, and how he came by it.

The Roosevelts are an old family of Knickerbocker New York, and, like most of this Dutch stock, honourable and enthusiastic citizens. The President's father was a merchant who found time not only to amass a large fortune, but to take an intelligent interest in politics and in the direction of his household. His principle at home was that all the children should have as good a time as they possibly could, that they must be strenuous even at play, and that they must understand as well as obey their parents.

Years afterwards, on April 10th, 1899, at a public banquet given in Chicago, Mr. Roosevelt said: "I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labour and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of those wins the splendid ultimate triumph."

Now that is a doctrine which would have been quite false at some moments of history, which seems to contradict some of the



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT SEA.

more peaceable doctrines of Christianity, and which is yet the very essence of Chris-

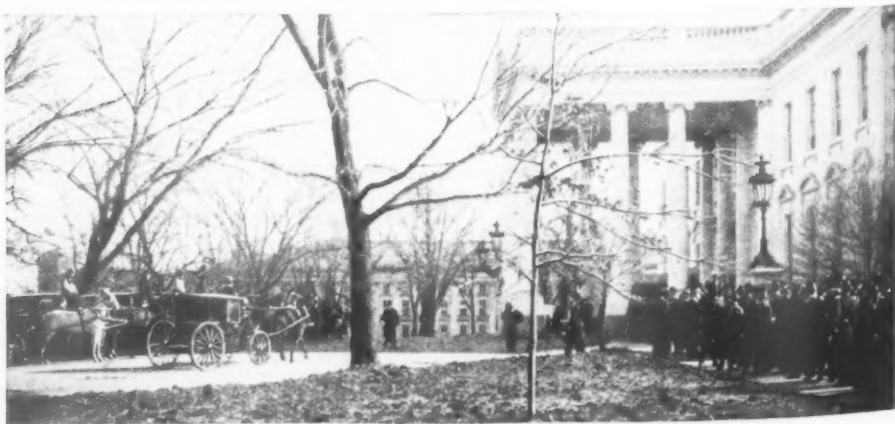
tianity adapted to this aggressive age of ours. For there never was a time when a man determined to do right has had so to take the warlike and aggressive attitude—as anyone can say who knows anything of American politics.

Mr. Roosevelt is not a man of genius; he has never said or done anything particularly new and striking. The really striking thing about him has been that, at a moment when honesty in New York City politics was forgotten, he was honest himself—so honest that other politicians gasped for breath, and could not guess what the world and the Republican Party were coming to.

As an undergraduate at Harvard he taught in a mission Sunday school, and there is a story told of him there which might easily have occurred yesterday, so little has his point of view changed in twenty-eight years. One of the boys in his class came to the school with a black eye, and after a cross-examination the boy confessed that he had got it in a fight with a boy who had been pinching the girl who sat next to him in school. Roosevelt told him that he had done quite right, that his black eye was nothing to be ashamed of, and gave him a dollar. Now this is what anyone with a sense of fairness would have done, but it did not seem so to the authorities of the Sunday school, who looked into the matter and suggested that Roosevelt might be more useful elsewhere.

When he left college his friends told him that if he went into politics he would meet the groom and the "saloon-keeper."

"Then," said he, "the groom and the



NEW YEAR'S DAY RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE: WAITING TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THE PRESIDENT.

saloon-keeper are the governing class, and you confess weakness."

At twenty-four he was nominated for the State Legislature. He began canvassing for votes in the most enthusiastic way; he stirred up the reputable classes, who had lost all interest in politics, and out came the "brown-stone" vote—so-called because thousands of well-to-do New York families live in brown stone houses. Men worth millions solicited their coachmen's votes; men suddenly became neighbours who had never before spoken to each other, and pulled together for the public good. And Roosevelt, who had simply worked with enthusiasm for honest principles, became the youngest member of the State Legislature, as he was afterwards to become the youngest American President.

In a few months came the turning-point of his career. His own party, the Republicans, controlled the Legislature. Roosevelt discovered that there were charges of the most serious kind against a Republican judge, smothered unheard in the interests of the party. On April 6th, 1882, he took the floor of the Assembly and demanded that Judge Westbrook, of Newbury, be impeached.

It was not an eloquent speech, but it was full of fearless candour. The whole House laughed and sneered at the effrontery of this young man of twenty-four, and presently the veteran leader of the Republicans rose where he sat, and with gentle contempt asked that the resolution to take up the charges be voted down, adding that he "wished young Mr. Roosevelt time to think about the wisdom of his course." The resolution was almost unanimously voted down amid the greatest amusement.

That night his friends called him "senseless," bade him "have regard to his future

usefulness" and to "cease injuring his party." He did not change his mind. The next day, and for seven days, he brought up the charges; he thundered against the disgraceful corruption that would hide such a thing for party interests. It got out in the newspapers; in a day his name was known from one end of the State to the other, and millions of people were watching and applauding him. The politicians did not dare any longer to oppose the popular



THE PRESIDENT'S SON ARCHIE ABOUT TO START FOR HIS DAILY RIDE.

will. On the eighth day Roosevelt once more demanded that the resolution be voted. It was passed by a majority of 104 to 6.

At the next election Roosevelt became leader of his party in the House, and was proposed for Speaker. He was a very young man, and he admits frankly to-day that his head was turned. He would not listen to anybody; he could only see that his "own idea of right was right, and that anybody else's idea of right was wrong." He was stubborn, and his supporters began to drop away; and then he began to find out a very practical thing: that to do right effectively, one must work with other

men, and gain their sympathies rather than their opposition, and that compromising stubbornness is not always the same as compromising ideals, but is, on the other hand, often substituting broad ideals for narrow ones.

His health was not good, and he went West, where he lived a strenuous life indeed, hunting "grizzlies" and big game, and gaining sympathy with the vigorous men of the prairie and mountain. In the "mush-room" villages of the Far West the public-houses in those days were often the social centres where men came together and discussed politics over a bottle of whisky. One day a big bully came into a saloon where Roosevelt was, and, flourishing two pistols in a dangerous way, ordered the "tender-foot" to "treat" all round. Roosevelt very slowly rose from his chair, as if to give in to the inevitable, mentally practising the old boxing tricks he had learned at college. Suddenly his left hand went out and caught the cowboy on the chin, and swept his whole six feet ignominiously into the corner and on the floor, both pistols going off into the ceiling. From that moment Roosevelt had an honourable place among the cowboys. Tales of such doings travel far on the plains.

Very soon after his return to New York he became President of the Police Board of the city. He found the police system almost incredibly corrupt. The State Legislature had passed a law closing saloons on Sunday, but the saloon-keepers paid the police regularly to be allowed to keep open. There were fixed rates of blackmail for saloons, gambling dens, and every other kind of disreputable resort, which were running under police protection—so much for "initiation" every time a new captain came to the precinct, and so much per month for permission to run. The most powerful saloon-keeper controlled the politicians and the police, while the latter in turn terrorised and blackmailed the weaker saloon-keepers. On one occasion the editor of *The Wine and Spirit Gazette*, the organ of the saloon-keepers, stated officially that "an agreement was made between the leaders of Tammany Hall and the liquor-dealers, according to which the monthly blackmail paid to the police should be discontinued in return for political support." At this announcement Roosevelt immediately dismissed the Chief of Police, and forbade the annual police parade. "We will parade," he said, "when we need not be ashamed to

show ourselves." He degraded the notorious policemen, and promoted others for merit and courage; and, to test "the force," he decided to enforce the Sunday Closing Law. It was wild idealism, everybody said; and, indeed, it is almost impossible to form a conception of the difficulties of enforcing a law which the State had passed, but which the city had plainly shown that it would not support.

Nevertheless, after very severe measures, New York had a "dry" Sunday at last, in June, 1895, for the first time within the memory of living man. There was ridicule and opposition on all sides; his party and his friends besought him to use discretion, for this course was dangerous to them. And when, after many weeks of it, the smoke cleared away; when the saloon-keepers owned in court that they were beaten; when the warden of Bellevue Hospital reported that for the first time in its existence there had not been a "case," due to a drunken brawl, in the hospital on Monday; when the police courts gave their testimony, while savings banks recorded increased deposits and pawnshops hard times; when poor mothers flocked to the charitable institutions to get their children whom they had placed there for safe keeping in the "wide-open" days—then it was seen what his victory meant.

Roosevelt resigned this position to become Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, and it was he who chose Commodore Dewey to command the American ships in the East. Then came the Spanish War, and with it Roosevelt's Rough Riders; and then the Governorship of the State of New York, and in the midst of that the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Within one year President McKinley was assassinated, and Roosevelt succeeded him as President.

Many were the doubts and fears of the people when Roosevelt came to the Presidency; for, in spite of his honesty and vigour, he was known as a man who jumped at conclusions, and would be a dangerous leader in the international complications which followed the war with Spain. But what seemed to be mere impulse most people came to look on as quick decision; and when the term of office ended he was elected to serve again by an overwhelming popular majority.

The Sunday before he became President, while he was in church, he was invited into the pulpit. He took as his text, "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only,"

and in that sermon he expressed his attitude alike towards religion and public life. He said:

"The man who observes all the ceremonials of the church, but who does not carry them out in his daily life, is not a true Christian. To be doers of the word it is first necessary to be hearers of the word. Yet attendance at church is not enough; we must learn the lessons; then we must apply the Bible to active life."

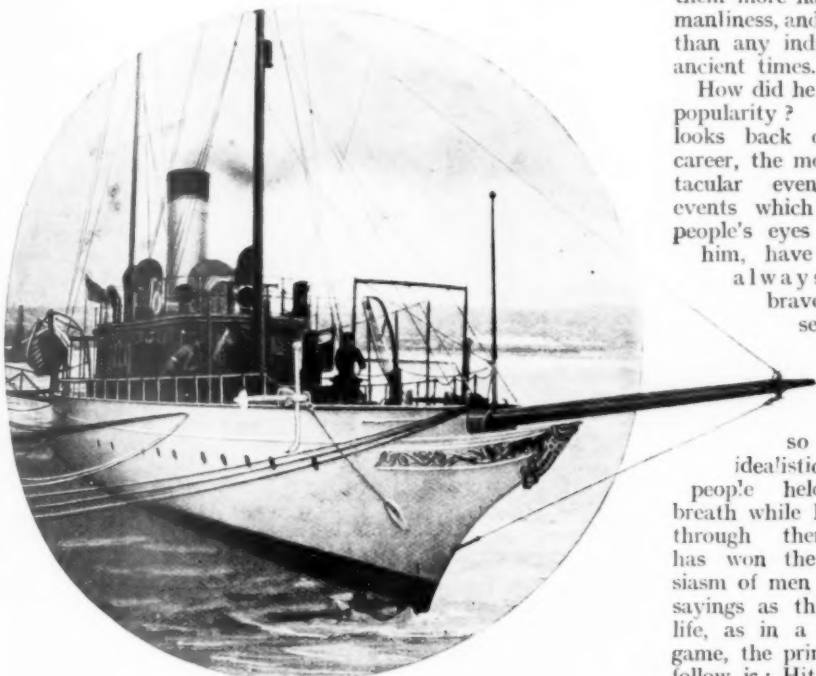
Now, although there does not seem to be

tianity has always been of the militant sort, and for the most part has been a persistent effort to allow no evil and to do what is right. His gospel is the eminently practical gospel of will. "It is only through labour and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things." And again he says of religion: "While there is in modern times a decrease in emotional religion, there is an immense increase in practical morality. There are great branches of industry which call forth

in those that follow them more hardihood, manliness, and courage than any industry of ancient times."

How did he gain his popularity? As one looks back over his career, the most spectacular events, the events which turned people's eyes towards him, have almost always been brave or unselfish, or, even more often, things so wildly idealistic that people held their breath while he went through them. He has won the enthusiasm of men by such sayings as this: "In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard." He is al-

most the only man I ever heard of who talked a great deal about "grim energy" and "rugged toil" and who really went through them. Indeed, he is the kind of man who would go through, even if there were nothing to gain, for the sake of the exhilaration of being aggressive. Every breath he draws, every motion he makes, is aggressive, and he has a way of thundering out quotations from the Bible, or fiery dicta of his own, like an Elijah, sometimes with so little humour—however much good-nature—that it arouses humour in his friends.



THE OFFICIAL YACHT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

anything startlingly new in that idea, it has had a very startling effect on American politics. For when Roosevelt went to Albany as Governor of New York State it was a thoroughly established doctrine that the Bible and the Bill of Rights were to be left in the ante-room, and corruption was considered a necessary factor in obtaining any legislation.

President Roosevelt, like his father and grandfather before him, is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, which he joined in 1874 at the age of sixteen. His Chris-

"If there is one thing more than another for which I admire you, Theodore," said Senator Reed once, "it is your original discovery of the Ten Commandments."

This, of course, was aimed at his impressive way of stating well-settled and familiar truths in argument.

It is well to consider whether the President is not really a far greater man for having, out of ordinary human material, ordinary physical strength, and ordinary brains, developed a commanding personality and position than if he were the hero, the saint, the genius, which the long words of many of his biographers have represented

been a President since Washington so idolised by the great mass of the people of his own day as Roosevelt—not even Lincoln. He caught the people's fancy by his fearless honesty, and he has kept it because he has "ruled by the Ten Commandments."

What will be Roosevelt's future? The youngest President of the United States will be in the prime of his life when he leaves the White House, after having risen through each successive degree of responsibility to the highest the country has to offer. Many things are suggested. He has been spoken of as the next President of Harvard University, for instance, and as Mayor of New



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING A POLITICAL CONVENTION

him to be. He is a perfectly simple, straightforward, honourable man, and his wonderful career is the work of sheer will-power, and the result of his resolution at the outset, as he once said in a speech before the Long Island Bible Society, "to try to make things better in this world, even a little better, because he had lived in it."

March 4th, 1909, will see another President in his place, for he has given his definite refusal of a third term. There are some men and women who believe that unless he changes his mind the country will be ruined, for he has struck at the roots of the greatest evils of American society, and he is strong enough—as no one else apparently is—to carry on his campaign against capital and political corruption. There has not

York City; and neither would make an anti-climax to the Presidency. New York is the political kernel of the United States, and one of the centres of political corruption. It would be a splendid service to the whole country to have for once a strong and honest hand at work there. Some men say that by a *coup d'état* Roosevelt is going to proclaim himself a new Napoleon; while others, less imaginative, suggest that he is going to tour the world and strengthen the international relations of America by visiting all the civilised nations. But while this is by no means unlikely, it is not a permanent occupation. In fact, his future is an extremely interesting problem, for the most vigorous American of our day is practically left with no new worlds to conquer. When



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FAVOURITE SUNDAY AFTERNOON WALK THROUGH THE WOODS.

someone asked him once how so many things happened for him to take a prominent place in, he replied: "I put myself in the way of things happening, and they happen."

Now that the ingenuity of the people in finding new ways of usefulness for him is almost exhausted, one wonders if he will once more prove equal to the occasion.

The Dutch Reformed Church, to which Mr. Roosevelt belongs, is one of the oldest ecclesiastical institutions in the United States. His own family has been associated with it for more than eight generations, and it is interesting to note that he is not the first American President who has claimed membership of the communion, for

President Buchanan was a member also. The Dutch Church can claim more than 125,000 communicants, of whom more than half live in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Roosevelt is a member of the Episcopal Church, but accompanies her husband occasionally to his own place of worship. But his outlook on life is so broad, his sympathy with the poor, the afflicted, the suffering, and the downtrodden is so acute that he cannot be said to be bound by the tenets and formularies of any particular sect. "I am very much attached to my old Dutch Reformed Church," he said on one occasion, "and at the same time I belong to the Church Universal." And it is in the application of its world-wide principles of doing good that his future life is likely to be spent.

As statesmen go, he is comparatively young. He does not celebrate his fiftieth year until October next, so that many years probably remain for the pursuit of that arduous toil in which his soul rejoices.



PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT RECEIVING CITIZENS ON BOARD THEIR YACHT.

Adversity.

By A. B. COOPER.

IT has often been a thought with me that the word "adversity" should be expunged from the Christian's dictionary. What does the word signify? Its root meaning is "Something which turns against us"—something inimical to our well-being—a factor in life which does not work for good.

But surely there is something wrong here, if St. Paul is right when he says, "All things work together for good to them that love God." The meaning of the word adversity and the apostle's great generalisation are mutually destructive. Which is to go by the board?

In the magnificent eighth chapter of Romans St. Paul brings us to his great dictum by a series of arguments which, to the Christian, are the higher mathematics of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He works out the equation, and the result is: All things = Good.

Then, as though the apostle feared that even a mathematical syllogism might fail to carry conviction, when the resulting generalisation was so vast, far-reaching, all-inclusive, and subversive of every common, shallow conclusion of the world's whole philosophy, he flashes out the magnificently answerless question: "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Ah! that is the secret: "God—for us." God in the balance against the world, the flesh, and the devil; against tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril, sword; against death, principalities, powers, things present and things to come. God, the "more than conqueror"; you and I, in Him, "more than conquerors" also, through Him that hath loved us.

If we have but one will, and that be God's; if we have but one purpose, and that be the purpose of our soul's perfecting, then nothing is adverse.

"As blows from sculptor's mallet on
The marble's dawning face,
Such are God's *Yea* and *Nay* unto
The Spirit's growing grace;
So work His making hands with what
Does and does not take place."

"All things"! There are no exceptions. Naught can separate us from the love of Christ. That is, nothing

can render this love inoperative in the transmutation of all the things we dully count adverse into the pure gold of eternal profit, of unmixed good.

Do you believe it? If you do, has this conviction gone down to the roots of your being? If it has, such things as worry and care and foreboding and fear, and even disappointment, will vanish from life and cease to have any real significance, and, as a great German has said, "The whole force of the Rhine river may rush at you, and yet will not disturb you or interrupt your peace."

This, then, is the true Christian Science. This is the extinction of ill. This is the *summum bonum* which the sages have sought as the philosopher's stone in the realm of mind and spirit. This is the true and divine alchemy which will turn all the carking care and fret of life into the bright gold of serenity and peace of soul.

Methinks, when we reach the hilltop of heaven, and look back upon the vale of life along which we have toiled, the places which were darkest to us, where the clouds hung heaviest, shall appear the fairest spots in all the wide prospect, for the light of heaven will be upon them. We shall recall how out of the cloud the voice spoke—the still, small voice of divine inspiration and uplifting which made us better meet for this inheritance of saints in light.

And the root of the mystery is love. God is love. Love knows no adversity, for God knows none.

"His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light."

So, if naught can separate us from the love of Christ, life is—must be—unmixed blessing to the Christian. Adversity is a chimera, care a phantom, worry a wile of the devil, foreboding a failure of trust; but, as Christina Rossetti says:—

"Patience must dwell with Love, for Love and Sorrow

Have pitched their tent together here;
Love all alone will build a house to-morrow,
And Sorrow not be near;
To-day, for Love's sake hope, still hope in sorrow;
Rest in her shade and hold her dear;
To-day she nurses thee, and lo, to-morrow
Love only will be near."

Gweny's Conquest.

A Complete Story.

By F. J. CROSS.

"TWO thousand seven hundred and forty-six pounds, fifteen——" Mr. Sharpe was adding up the amount of the cheques he had received that first of July for interest on his various investments. He was reading to himself with great satisfaction the excellent total, mentally calculating that he was now worth more than ten thousand pounds a year. But he never finished the full statement of the amount, owing to a singular interruption.

There was a sharp knock at the door, and in answer to his querulous "Come in" his old housekeeper, Martha, advanced into the room, holding by the hand a little girl with large, wondering blue eyes, and a tangle of golden hair which escaped in profusion from a tattered sun-bonnet.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Mr. Sharpe angrily.

There was the ghost of a smile on the grim woman's face as she replied, "The little girl has been left by the carrier for you, sir, with this letter," handing a rather crumpled envelope to her master.

Meantime, the little girl had caught sight of Daniel, Mr. Sharpe's bulldog, which was lying just outside on the verandah, and a moment later was cuddling him in her tiny arms.

"Martha, stop that silly child!" cried Mr. Sharpe in alarm. "That dog bites, you know."

But though Daniel did bite on occasions, as Mr. Sharpe knew to his cost from several visits to the police court, yet now, so far from showing any inclination to do so, he was licking the little visitor's tiny hand with every sign of satisfaction.

"What on earth——" he began furiously. Then he glanced at the letter, and his face fell.

"Leave us, Martha."

"Shall I take the child, sir?"

"Yes, certainly; take her away at once." Then he hesitated. "Well, leave her for a few minutes, and I'll ring for you."

He looked at the handwriting on the envelope, and a tumult of thoughts surged through his brain. That was his daughter's handwriting, for certain, but how strangely altered—how uncertain and feeble! His daughter—yes; but had she not forsaken him for the sake of a worthless vagabond who had married her, expecting to be kept in idleness—the

rascal, the wretched loafer, who had at last forged his signature when he refused further help, and eventually died in prison? Was he not justified in cutting off all communication with a daughter who preferred such a scamp to her own father?

With such thoughts he sought to justify himself, but it was with a sinking heart that he looked again at the letter. His better self was accusing him of heartlessness, and he was oppressed by an apprehension which became agony. At last, with a trembling hand, he opened the letter and read:—

"DEAREST FATHER,

"The doctor tells me I have but a short time to live. I accept the verdict without fear. I am thinking now of you, and praying that God's blessing may be with you always. Take care of little Gweny for the sake of the daughter you loved tenderly long ago. I know how great a mistake my marriage was, but I have suffered—oh, so much! I am comforted now in the thought that you will care for Gweny, and make her path in life smooth, and that some day we shall meet in perfect peace.

"Your ever loving daughter,

"GWENDOLEN."

He closed his eyes, sick at heart, an overwhelming flood of remorse sweeping over him; bitter self-reproach tore him, and tears of shame and anguish rose in his eyes. Then he became conscious of the approach of pattering footsteps, and he saw a little girl looking into his face with eyes wide open with astonishment and sympathy.

"Are you my very own dear grandpapa?" said a sweet little voice, timidly.

"Yes," he answered brokenly.

"But why are you mis'able?" she asked.

"I was thinking of your mother, child."

"But Mummy told me she would meet you and me later on, and would be quite well and happy."

"Yes," he said slowly. "But——"

"Don't you want to see dear, dear Mummy?" she asked. "She is the sweetest, and best, and dearest of mummies; and oh, I do wish she was here!"

"Why?" he asked haltingly.

"This is such a lovely, lovely house and a booful garden, and such sunshine! My Mummy and me have lived in a dark little street where we couldn't see the sun, and such a tiny room, and only one flower in the window."

"What was that?" he murmured, fearing lest the conversation should come to an end.

"A ge-ranium," she answered; "and Mummy grew it because she said it reminded her of the time when she was your own little girl, and kept your window full of ge-raniums."

How well he remembered it! And now—With a strong effort the man drove back his tears, and, anxious to keep the conversation going, asked:

"How did you and mother spend your time, little one?"

"Oh, she just worked all day long, so hard, washing, mangling, ironing—washing, mangling, ironing. It has been such hot work sometimes. I was Mummy's little help," she said confidentially.

"How?" he asked.

"Well, I used to stand on a chair when Mummy was ironing, and when her face got so hot that all the water came out in drops I had a handkerchief wet with cold water and wiped it all away. Then sometimes she would take me on her knee, and tell me how you nursed her when she had fever, and how good you was, and how she loved you ever so."

"Did she tell you that?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. She was always talking about you, and said some day I would see you, and find out how loving you was."

Every sentence of the child pierced him, yet, strangely, he longed to hear more.

"Tell me," he asked, "did you and mother have plenty to eat?"

"Oh, yes; we had lots of bread and milk, and p'raps butter—at least I had; but Mummy sometimes said she was too tired to eat, and made me have nearly all her share."

"And you had meat, and eggs, and—and all kinds of things, of course?" he said tremulously.

"Oh, no. Mummy said it was so 'spensive, and that we didn't really need it."

"Oh! I mustn't forget my message," said the child presently. "'Mummy's love to her dear, dear father, and she would be sure to meet him again, and she would never forget his kindness to her.'"

"And when did you last see mother?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"Oh, 'bout free days ago. She was in bed and looking very pale, and there was a man dressed in black. They called him 'Doctor,'

and oh——" Her lips quivered and tears filled her eyes. Then she brushed away her tears, and said: "But Mummy told me we should all meet again, and sent her fond love to you, and I know anything Mummy said must be true. But I wish she was here!"

Then Mr. Sharpe could stand no more, and in answer to the bell Martha came and took little Gwendy away.

And the man, now left alone, seemed to have become old within an hour. An overmastering feeling of anger and contempt for himself seized him.

His eye fell on the pile of cheques before him. Only this morning the sight had given him intense satisfaction; now, it brought him only self-reproach.

He had lived idly and in luxury, whilst his daughter had fought starvation day by day with her life-blood; he had thought hardly of her, and she had blessed him every day. He had lived adding thousand to thousand, and she had been worked and starved to—

The thought was insupportable!

"Oh, God," he cried, "have mercy! Give me but one chance to remedy this great wrong, to change my useless, selfish life. Give me my daughter!"

And the vision of that daughter, wan and cold and lifeless, came as the first answer to his prayer.

The day wore away, but still no comfort came.

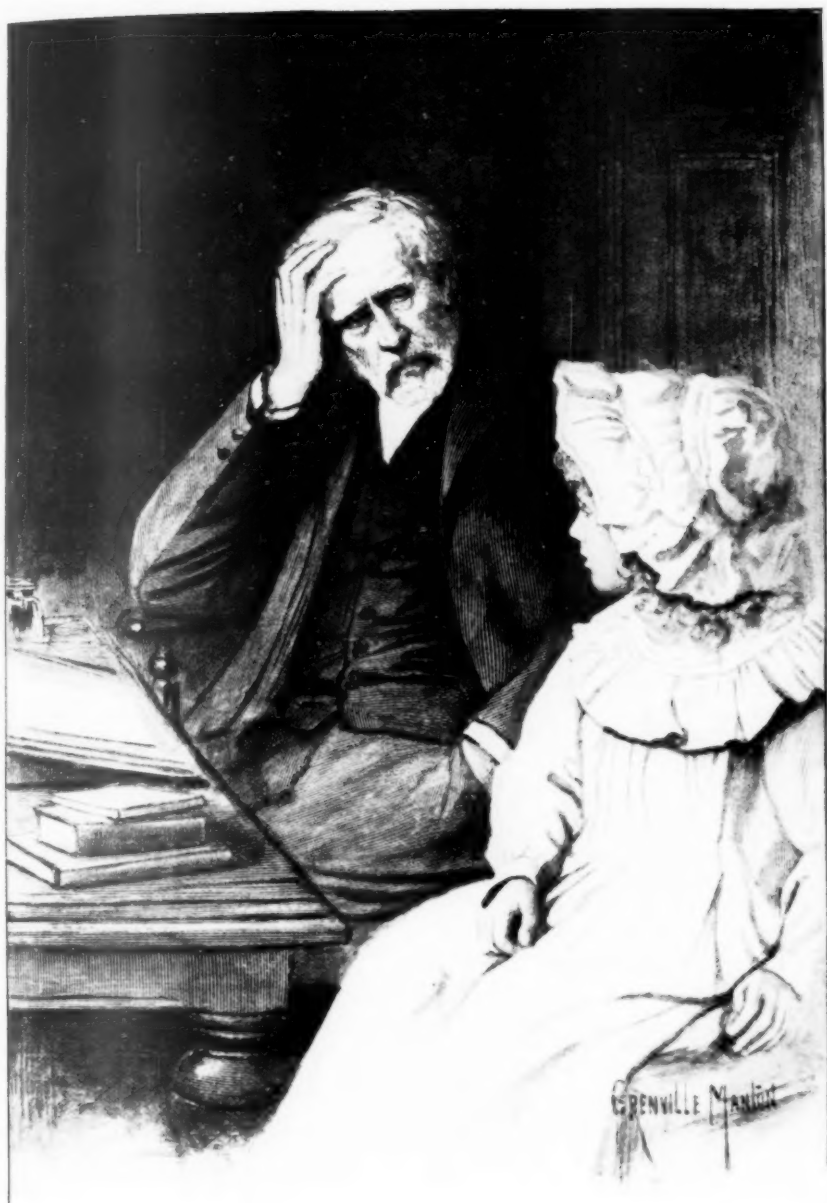
"Too late—too late!" came the thought with increasing conviction. "She is dead. I have slain her by my neglect."

He paced the room, afflicted, tormented. He reviewed his past life—his desire to live aright in the time of his beloved wife, her sudden and unexpected death, his delight in Gwendolen, their only child, the gradual hardening with increasing riches, his refusal to see her in her trouble or to help her in her hour of need. And now retribution had come and remorse unavailing.

* * * * *

"And you are going to see my darling Mummy, and bring her to this booful house, and we shall have this lovely garden all to ourselves, and Mummy will never have to work, or get tired, or cry any more; and we shall live here for ever and ever! Oh, that will be glorious—glorious!"

So said little Gwendy to her grandfather on the eve of his journey to London. Mr. Sharpe had determined he would see his daughter's burial-place, at least. He would erect a monument; nothing more could be done.



"'And when did you last see mother?' he asked in a trembling voice"

But, unwilling to destroy the child's pleasure, he said :

" Yes, I'm going to seek your Mummy, and if God wills we shall live together for ever."

The time following the advent of Gwenny had been the most wretched in his life. Intense suffering and self-reproach had been his portion, and prayer had brought but little relief. He was not surprised at this ; he was not disappointed. Years of misery, he felt, could not atone for the past.

By dint of unremitting search he had discovered the woman who had taken charge of Gwenny, and through her he had received that morning the address where his daughter had worked for bare subsistence.

Now he was starting, with Gwenny's words ringing in his ears, and hopeless yearnings beating at the door of his heart.

As he turned into the mean street where his daughter had lived, he looked with a feeling of terror at its squalor—the bits of vegetable refuse, tattered pieces of newspaper, windows cracked and grimy. He went through the misery of years in a few minutes. Ah ! that must be the house. There was Gwenny's loved geranium at the top—it was not dead. It brought him comfort and hope of the life beyond.

" Can I see the room my daughter, Mrs. Paston, occupied ? " he asked of the woman who opened the door.

" Well, I don't know. Who may you be ? " asked the woman curiously.

" Her father."

" Her father ! " The woman scrutinised him closely. " Well, you've taken your time to come," she muttered.

The reproach fell unheeded. He had suffered all nature was capable of, feeling.

The house was clean—that was a comfort to the stricken man. Through the open door he saw the heavy mangle at which his daughter had worked.

He stumbled up the dark stairs after the woman, who softly opened a door at the top. The room where Gwendolen had spent her last days was before him—the blinds were down, and for a moment he could see nothing. His head swam, he closed his eyes and leaned against the wall, while the woman, closing the door, descended.

" My burden is more than I can bear," he murmured. " I have deserved it all."

Then a slight sound caused him to open his eyes, and there stood before him a wan figure. For a moment he believed himself in a dream, and the figure an apparition from the spirit world.

" Father ! "

" Gwendolen ! "

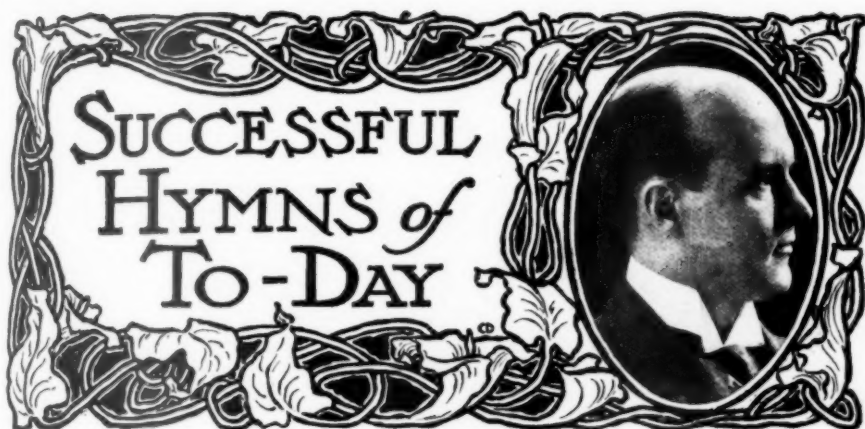
After the first transports of joy had passed, they chatted hand in hand, Heaven pervading that mean upper room.

" A fortnight ago, when I wrote to you, the doctor told me it was but the matter of a few days. I could eat nothing, and I was so weak I could not lift myself in bed. Believing my case to be hopeless, I wished not to distress you unnecessarily, and sent Gwen to a woman with whom I had formed a friendship, asking her to send her to you after three days. Strange to say, the third day brought a change which surprised both the doctor and myself. I could take the nourishment they brought me then, for the first time, without discomfort. A beautiful hope arose in my mind, and—"

" And now beloved little Gwenny's wish will be fulfilled, and undeserved happiness in this life will be mine through the great goodness of the All-Merciful. Oh, Gwendolen ! I have sinned greatly, but God has forgiven me. Can you ? "

" My own dear father, I erred, and I, too, have suffered greatly, but between us there is no need of the word forgiveness, but only LOVE."





By CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

FOR fourteen years I have had the joy of singing the Gospel, and leading thousands in singing praises to God. During this time I have made many discoveries in the realm of sacred song. It has been a fascinating study to watch what songs appeal most quickly to the people, and meet their need. From experience I have found that the first quality needed in a Gospel song to reach all classes is pathos. The hymn that lacks this soon dies. This is the heart of the secret of the two songs that have been popular all over the world: "The Glory Song" and "Tell Mother I'll Be There." In a short space of time they have travelled to the remotest corners of the earth. "The Glory Song" has been translated into seventeen different languages, and "Tell Mother I'll Be There" into almost as many.

The "Glory Song" in China.

During my recent tour of the world I was visiting the Mountain Peak in Hong-Kong, in a native chair, when I met a man who was whistling "The Glory Song." A few days later I went across to an orphanage at Kowloon, and heard the Chinese orphans there sing "The Glory Song" most sweetly in their own language. On the Sunday night we had a Gospel meeting in the largest theatre in the city. Those who arranged the meeting were fearful that we should not have a large crowd to such a gathering. They had never secured the building full of white people for such a meeting in the history of the city. I went down half an hour before the advertised time, and they were turning people away by the hundred

because of the crowd inside. They piloted me up a back way to the stage. To my surprise the audience were singing "The Glory Song" of their own accord, and just before I went on the platform they started "Tell Mother I'll Be There," led by some bluejackets, who had been in our meetings at Plymouth and other English towns.

How "Tell Mother I'll Be There" began its Travels.

One of the greatest surprises I have ever had in my work has been in connection with the song "Tell Mother I'll Be There." A friend of mine who is a Christian worker, and a very wise one, cut the song out of a little magazine, and sent it on to me with the suggestion that I should try it at my meetings.

For a year I carried it round, and never once sang it. One night at the close of a sermon I was called on to sing a solo. I looked at the great audience, and saw that the majority were men, and many of them railway men. With a longing to help, but with some doubt as to which song to use, I sang "Tell Mother I'll Be There." Many men confessed Christ. One big hearty engine-driver said to me at the close of the meeting:

"The sermon never reached me; their talks did not touch me, but when you sang 'Tell Mother I'll Be There,' the thought of my dear old mother on her death-bed two years before broke my heart. I had made her a promise that I should meet her in heaven, and prepare for it. Instead of that, after her funeral I sank deeper and deeper into all kinds of sin until to-night. Now I

have taken her Saviour, and am ready, when God calls, to go to my mother in heaven. Sing that song every night. I will bring the



"TENNESSEE," THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER AT BIRMINGHAM.

men in, and if you will sing that song we will get them."

Every night after that he would call out for "Tell Mother I'll Be There," and many were brought in through the song.

An Albert Hall Incident.

I have been using it ever since, and have seen as many as 160 men at a single meeting rise and confess Christ during the singing of the hymn, before the sermon had been preached. Everywhere it has been the same. It reaches all classes because everybody has had a mother. It has been criticised from a musical standpoint, and from a literary standpoint; but no song has ever been written to take the place of it. Those who criticise are unable to replace it with a better.

One night during our Mission in the Royal Albert Hall, London, I sang that song, and a day or two later received a touching letter which ran as follows:

"DEAR MR. ALEXANDER,

"I feel that I cannot let this day pass without in some measure thanking you for the rendering of that beautiful solo, 'Tell Mother I'll Be There.' I listened with great interest

to Dr. Torrey's address on 'What shall it profit a man?' and in some degree was convinced that I was not going straight; but when you sang the hymn I was struck at once, and immediately you had finished I went home to my apartments. I could not sleep at all, but just as the dawn was breaking this morning I returned to the Good Shepherd's fold. I have been away from home some time now, and had determined to go home to-morrow (Saturday), and see my mother, and tell her the good news. I received the enclosed this morning, and my heart is almost breaking—for I am too late."

The card which was enclosed contained simply these words:—

"DEAR JOHN,

"Mother died this morning at eight o'clock."

The prayers of that godly mother were doubtless answered before she passed through the pearly gates.

The Need of New Hymns.

New hymns are as much needed as new clothes. Many people in religious work fail to discover the power of a bright new Gospel song. Properly introduced, it will



NEGLECTED CHINESE CHILDREN AT KOWLOON.

transform a poor Sunday school into a good one, or a dull audience into a bright one. When I choose a hymn, the first test I put

upon it in my own mind is—Will it win men and women to Christ? I seldom use a hymn that does not have a picture in every line of the poetry, but even when we have good words, and a picture in every line, if the tune does not flow properly and in good range for the average voice, it is a failure.

A Gospel hymn must have some deep, strong touch that will reach people in their everyday life. The words must follow each other in rhythmic succession. I have often seen a good hymn spoiled by a few

In my Christian work during my recent tour of the world, I have been constantly on the look-out for new hymns. In the most unexpected places, and from the most unexpected sources, one often secures a hymn which springs into instant popularity if properly given to the people, and wins abundant converts to Christ.

One night, standing in front of a building in New York City, the author of "The Glory Song" and I were in conversation. He told me that he had written words and



MR. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER CONDUCTING HIS HOUR OF GOSPEL SONG AT THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCE.

ill-chosen words. The chorus must have at least one line that clings persistently to the mind, and at the same time carries help for the hard places in life. I have never discovered any kind of songs that touch the hearts of people, change their lives, and brighten their homes like the hymns popularly known as Gospel songs. They have such a wonderful way of reaching everybody because they touch the soul. Nothing will so bind and weld an audience together, and make them forget their differences, as a good Gospel hymn. I recently heard the Rev. J. H. Jowett say in a speech how quickly our differences would vanish if we were compelled to get up one by one and sing them.

music of a song which he thought would make a good one. He did not sing it, but at my suggestion he repeated a verse or two of it. He had not gone far when I felt the tears come to my eyes, and I told him I was sure that it would be a success. "My Saviour's Love" was the title, and the verse he quoted I pass on to you:

"For me it was in the Garden
He prayed—'Not My will, but Thine';
He had no tears for His own griefs,
But sweat drops of blood for mine.

Chorus:

"How marvellous! How wonderful! And my song
shall ever be:
How marvellous! How wonderful is my Saviour's
love for me!"

Although it has been written only a short time, this song has become one of the strongest and most popular Gospel hymns in use to-day.

One morning during our mission in Philadelphia I was opening my letters, when I came across the manuscript of a short hymn, and with it a letter saying that the writer had noticed in reading the reports of our meetings that we spoke so constantly about prayer, that she ventured to send a hymn she had written entitled "Don't Stop Praying," which had been refused by other publishers. She said that if I thought it would be useful I might have it and welcome. In a few days I began to use it, and wherever it has been sung it has proved most helpful.

In a conversation with the composer, I asked her what had suggested the thought for the song. She told me that she had had a great deal of trouble, and was so overwhelmed by it she felt that no human power could bring relief. After days of prayer, one morning at breakfast she opened a letter which completely removed her trouble. As she finished reading the good news, the thought came to her which is the title of the hymn, "Don't Stop Praying," and before she left the table, both words and music of the song were running through her mind, and she sat down and wrote it out that day. The song appeals at once to people who are perplexed and in trouble; and I might say in passing that the majority of people come under one of these heads.

"Pray Through."

Wherever I use this song I have printed along with it this story from my own experience. I was standing at a bank counter in Liverpool, waiting for a clerk to come. I picked up a pen and began to print on a blotter, in large letters, two words which had gripped me like a vice: "PRAY THROUGH." I kept on talking to a friend, and printing until I had the big blotter filled from top to bottom with a column of the words. I transacted my business and went away. The next day my friend came to see me, and said he had a striking story to tell me. A business man came into the bank soon after we had gone. He had grown discouraged with business troubles. He started to transact some business with the same clerk over that blotter, when his eye caught the long column of "PRAY THROUGH." He asked who wrote those words, and when he was told, exclaimed: "That is the very message I needed. I will pray through. I have

tried to worry through in my own strength, and have merely mentioned my troubles to God. Now I am going to pray the situation through until I get light."

There is only one other instance I recall in which I came in touch with a good Gospel song writer by correspondence. During our mission in Plymouth a young woman sent me a rather timid letter with a hymn enclosed, wondering if it would be good enough for our use. I saw at once that the song had merit, and wrote asking if she would not write another, for I was going to use this one. This she did, and has been writing for me ever since. The best song of hers that has gone into print is one we have used in our missions the last two years—"What Will You Do With Jesus?" It is one of the strongest invitation songs we have ever used in our meetings. It was written by Miss M. L. Stocks.

"Oh! what a Change!"

Among the many people whom I have met in mission work in the last five years, one of the most interesting was Miss Ada R. Habershon, of London. She was an earnest worker, and helped largely in our meetings whenever her health would permit. One day, in conversation with her, I asked her if she would not try to write the words for a Gospel hymn. She said she would make the attempt if I wished it. As the result of suggestions and conversation, she wrote "Oh! what a Change!" which became one of the most popular hymns of our London campaign. Since then, although frequently suffering great pain, she has developed into one of the greatest living composers of Gospel hymns. Some of her songs which have been received with enthusiasm in America, England, and Australia during the past year are: "He Will Hold Me Fast," "The Pilot Song," and "No Burdens Yonder."

Mr. Robert Harkness.

These and many others of Miss Habershon's hymns have been set to music by my friend and pianist, Robert Harkness. He is still a young man, but is, in my opinion, the best pianist for evangelistic meetings now living. Since he is constantly in the heart of mission work, his melodies are practical, warm, strong, and flowing. He is writing some of the best Gospel songs now in use. He accompanied me during my recent visit to Australia, and a great audience of ten thousand people in Melbourne

eagerly caught up one of his songs entitled "Shadows," of which he wrote not only the music but the words. The pathetic words and melody diffused through the audience like a rare perfume which clings insistently. Everywhere it has since been issued, in America as well as Australia, it has become an immediate favourite. At the Christian Workers' Conference held at Northfield last summer it was called for constantly. Mr. Harkness gave me the following account of how he came to write it:—

"I was driving with a friend along the banks of a quiet river on the outskirts of Philadelphia on a delightful April afternoon. The sun was setting, and as we rode along I looked into the placid stream, and saw reflected some magnificent shadow effects. I stopped and drank in the beautiful scene. The outlines of the trees bursting forth with new foliage; the tints of gold and red and blue and green combined to make a picture of rare beauty. As I peered into the water, Psalm xxiii. 4 came into my mind: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' 'Yes,' I thought, 'there are shadows in the water, but for the Christian the shadows and the gloom are dispersed.' 'In Him is no darkness at all.' On returning to my friend's home I remarked, 'I want to write a song which came to me while I was admiring the beautiful shadow effects in the river.' Asking the Holy Spirit for guidance, I wrote the words of the first two verses, and the chorus, and also the music of the song. The third verse was written several weeks later."

I recently spent a few days visiting meetings conducted by Gipsy Smith. When I

showed him the new song by Mr. Harkness, entitled "Who Could It Be?" we sang it together several times, and he was charmed with its beauty. A few days afterwards I saw him, and he said the song had been in his mind the last thing at night before he went to sleep, and the first thing in the morning, and it was following him wherever he went. It was a treat to hear him sing it as a solo in his meetings. The words of this song are by Fred. P. Morris, of Bendigo, Australia, Mr. Harkness's native town.

One of the best of the hymns I have mentioned is "He Will Hold Me Fast," the words of which were written by Miss Habershon, and the music by Mr. Harkness. It is especially a favourite with men of all classes. A friend of mine said he was coming across from Australia on the boat, and no song was called for so much as "He Will Hold Me Fast." But it touches the cultured as well as the ignorant. At the Conference at Northfield last summer no song was sung so much as this. It is especially helpful in the daily round of home and business life.

A man who was addicted to drink and swearing heard "He Will Hold Me Fast" sung in a meeting one night, and decided to hand over his life to Jesus Christ. He went away with the name of the song, "He Will Hold Me Fast," burned into his mind and heart. He said that at the times when he was tempted most to drink he would begin to whistle "He Will Hold Me Fast," and think of the words, and in this way he was victorious. He was an engine-driver, and when tempted to swear the most in the midst of his work he whistled the hardest. Ever since he has been kept from both swearing and drinking.





LITTLE NELL AMONG THE TOMBS.

A SCENE FROM "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

"Here were effigies of warriors stretched upon their beds of stone with folded hands—cross-legged those who had fought in the Holy Wars—girded with their swords, and cased in armour as they had lived."



"I am going to be married!"—p. 770.

Pip's Black Sheep.

A Complete Story.

By MARY HAMPDEN.

"If it had only been Miss Enid!"

Nurse sat down, smiling, and drying her eyes, overcome by a strange mixture of feelings. She had just "got straight" in the tiny cottage, provided and furnished for her in her old age on the Bellinvar estate, South Orwold, by one of her grown up babies.

"Dear Miss Marg'ret," she mused, "she always would have her own way about everything, or else she'd get just desperate—like the time when she shut Mr. Ronald out in the snow because he'd not promise to run away to find the sunset—and there he might have been now maybe, if I hadn't crept down the back stairs and let him in, poor lamb! Ah! she was ever that contrary, bless her."

Glancing round again at the spindle-legged chairs, noting the absence of any kind of side-board cupboard, observing how the art blue casement curtains were already fading in the June sunshine, and shaking her head over the vain attempt to read, even through her

glasses, the face of the skeleton framework clock, Nurse sighed, and in thought repeated—

"Now, if it had only been Miss Enid's choosing! But poor dear Miss Marg'ret always has a warm heart, under all her vexatiousness. It's me have stood up for her many's the time; and how she used to stamp her feet and shout, 'Pip, you don't care a scrap about me. I'm sick of hearing of your precious Miss Enid's perfections.' Ah, and only to think as Master and Mistress be both gone, and only Miss Marg'ret left in the old house!"

The little silver-haired Welshwoman took out her handkerchief again, and her expressive mouth fell at the corners. It was luxury to sit there, though clad in her second-best, or travelling dress, the bugle-trimmed black wool poplin with shoulder puffs that rather frightened her by their fashionableness, yet marked so well the distinctive superiority of the gown, a gift from Miss Margaret's aunt and chaperon.

Pip had worked with utter loyalty for more

years than she cared to reckon; indeed, her brave, loving heart had prevented her ever shirking duties, even while she had lived as nurse to eight, in a broken-down gentleman's family, where food had been scarce, servants usually absent, wages merely promised, and the mistress had occasionally to be protected from the violence of an intemperate, passionate master. The way Pip had poured out the vials of her best Welsh rage in indignant reproaches to that ne'er-do-weel had been magnificent, and in his sober moments he had almost shared his babies' love of her.

This, her last experience but one, had nearly cost Pip her life. After a prolonged illness she had taken another situation, only to find herself unable to keep on.

Really, she had never been so happy as when the small but determined prop of that large and impoverished family; now she was too frail to nurse children, and a two years' holiday had been spent in short visits to her innumerable relatives and friends. It was once reckoned that Pip had over a hundred cousins alone. Wherever she had lived she had found "such nice creatures" among her neighbours, and people all loved Pip, as she deserved.

Life, on the whole, was very beautiful to Nurse. She saw the tragedies, but only as the shadows to great glories, "the silver lining to every cloud," as she frequently quoted. Many and many a death had saddened her, it is true; yet, though she wept still when memory recalled those passings, her faith, so simply strong, foresaw a time of sweet reunion.

Miss Margaret had made a show cottage, whereas Miss Enid would only have tried to create a cosy little home; but then Miss Margaret was owner of Bellinvar, while Miss Enid was the eldest of another impoverished large family to whom Pip had been guardian angel many years earlier.

Nurse made herself a cup of tea, in a pale blue china pot with so quaintly twisted a spout that the beverage was long in coming.

"'Tis only fit for an ornament shelf, but, there, it's dear Miss Marg'ret's fancy; she always did just dote on them queer fangled dragons and creatures."

When she had washed up in the kitchen, and was bringing the copper tray back to the parlour, there was a sudden rush of fresh air and sunshine through the wee corridor, and a tall handsome girl, clad in grey, ran in.

"Miss Marg'ret! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

Nurse stood still, tears trickling down both cheeks.

"Now, Pip, you know I don't like you weep-

ing. Cheer up at once, and tell me how you fancy your new abode."

"It's—bea—utiful, Miss," was the true answer. "Only, though, to think as I should be here again, and the Mistress gone, and Mr. Ronald laid to rest before her! It seems only yesterday as you an' your dear Ma were quarrelling, an' me not knowing which side to take."

Miss Bellinvar laughed.

"You always blamed me yourself, Pip, but you didn't let anyone else do it; that was your rule, wasn't it?" she asked, throwing both arms round the little old lady's neck and kissing her. "I've a tremendous piece of news to tell you. Come into the parlour, and let us perch on the window-seat. I am going to be married—soon, Pip; you see, I am dead tired of being chaperoned."

"To Mr. Willyer, of course, Miss! Well, I am glad. He's a beautiful character—though not quite so perfect as my dear Mr. Eustace; for nobody else could be that. He always reminded me so of 'The Heir of Redclyffe' and 'John Halifax, Gentleman.'"

Margaret coloured up and frowned.

"How tiresome of you to remember about Mr. Willyer! No, I should be a failure as a curate's wife; my money would be like a lost pearl in the dust heap of his slums. Besides, didn't I always tell you I must be partner to a Duke at least? I've come down sadly in my ambitions as it is. Still you ought to be pleased, Pip, for it will be a marriage between two of your own babies. Can't you guess?"

Pip's grey-blue eyes look distressed and bewildered; she shook her head.

"The perfect paragon, Sir Eustace himself, has asked me to wed him. We have met often in town since May; he speedily became my captive, and I took to him at once, on account of your favourable reports."

Pip gave a sob.

"You—you don't love him like you love the other one."

"Oh, I like him all right. It would be fatal to his character if I worshipped him as you do. Then hasn't he a fine old estate and family name? You couldn't expect such a worldly black sheep as I not to be influenced by those facts."

"Miss Enid she'd never give a thought to them! And poor Mr. Willyer, he's to break his heart?"

"His slums will comfort him, no doubt. You know how I hate London, except in the Season."

"But you told me you thought you cared for him, Miss Marg'ret."

The girl stamped her foot upon the ground.

"Yes, I was young and foolish once. You see, I might have grown up nicer if you hadn't always preached Miss Enid at me!"

Pip sprang to her feet, quivering all over with indignation.

"Mr. Eustace shall know all about it. I won't have him married just for his name and his lands, the dear lad! I'll tell him myself, an' prevent it. Miss, Miss, don't you try to be so wicked, or there'll be a judgment."

Margaret rose too, towering high above her pensioner.

"You can't interfere! You wouldn't dare. Why, I'd never forgive you. So I am too worthless for your perfect young man! I am sorry I told you my news; I might have known you'd be nasty about it. You never really cared for me!"

Then she flung herself out of the cottage.

Next morning very early Nurse packed up her own belongings again, and left Bellinvar by the carrier's cart. The carrier was an old friend, and tried hard to find out why she was leaving so soon, but all he could gather was that she was going to stay with a cousin at Islington. Now old Saunders knew that Miss Hipkins' cousins were so very numerous that some of them were always desiring her presence; yet he saw, by the shaking of the black oats and rosebuds in her bonnet, that she was "upset about something."

The journey over, cousinly sympathy and a cup of tea proved soothing for a while, and Pip heard of three families of relatives who were quarreling over the precedence of the visits she owed them. Still it was with a heavy heart that she went to the City, and trotted along briskly to "Mr. Eustace's" chambers. At the Islington Post Office, helped by a relation, she had sent him a telephone message, and heard him reply that he would certainly be able to receive her—at tea-time.

A pretty little tray-meal was laid out on the young solicitor's table; Nurse noticed, tearfully, that a big lump of her favourite richiced cake was in readiness, and reflected on the dear lad's thoughtfulness.

"Oh, Mr. Eustace——" she began.

Then words failed her.

The tall, laughing young man caught hold of both her elbows, playfully shook her, lifted her off her feet, and kissed her.

"There now, how you fluster one!" she exclaimed. "Ah, ever the same! Do you mind the day when you hid up in the cherry-tree, an' me an' your poor mother searching high an' low, while——"

"Of a certainty I do, Pip; you were going to scold me, I believe, for the first time in your

career, but mother called me a wicked boy, and that turned you into my champion. Now come along, make the tea, then you can drink several healths—for I am going to marry the loveliest girl on earth!"

"Oh, I hope you *never* will——"

"Don't believe in beauty, eh? Ah, but you brought this particular one up for me. Good Pip! I owe you an extra debt of gratitude for that."

Nurse, pushed into a chair near the tea-table, held down by two big hands on her shoulders, looked up into the face she loved best on earth—yes, far above even the dearest of the hundred cousins. There were the deep blue laughing eyes that had been her joy in so many hours; they were full of triumph, tenderness, and bliss. Had she not watched him through illnesses, welcomed him back to life just as she had welcomed him into it, listened to all his boyish secrets, shared even some of his young manhood's hopes and ideals too? Was there so much as an hour in which he had not been her darling, and was she now to blight his happiness? At the thought of this the tears began to steal down her cheeks.

"Hullo, Pip! don't you want your best boy to get married?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Eustace, it isn't that——"

"Dear old lady, why she always did weep when she was pleased! I simply can't tell you what a seventh heaven I'm in, Pip; but you'll find out by degrees. You shall come to live with us at the old house—you'll like that, I know—and occupy your cottage in state when we are at Bellinvar. You shall do all Margaret's mendings for her, let no one else touch my socks, bustle about all the maids, keep the men in order, and some day, if God wills, perhaps there may be other work for you. Say you like the prospect?"

And Pip, throwing doubts to the winds, whispered meekly, between sobs, "Yes, Mr. Eustace—ever the same dear lad!"

Back in her cousin's house at Islington, Nurse felt ashamed of herself, yet strangely relieved; it was something tangible to exult in that her boy was supremely joyous, although she was terribly afraid that disillusionment must come.

"I'd have gone to the ends of the world to see his dear face, always that smiling, and hear his beautiful voice, ever that hearty," she told herself.

Then had he not taken her out to see some shops, chaffed her about the stiff silk frocks she should wear every afternoon in his and Margaret's home, and finally sent her off by train, provided with a substantial railway fare?

"Not a bit altered—always so thoughtful," she told her cousins. In her mind she added, "That curate—don't I just wish he'd never been born!"

Yes, so ferocious had Pip's regret become that she was sure both "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "John Halifax, Gentleman," could better have been lost to earth than that Sir Eustace should marry a bride who loved him not.

"I *ought* to have spoken," decided Nurse. "But there, we're guided. Perhaps I'd have made matters worse."

Upstairs in the guest chamber Pip wrote a letter. She was a capital correspondent, always able to express her thoughts and successful in showing her own kindly personality in every sentence. Her pen flowed on, even while she wept:—

"MY DEAR MISS MARGARET,

"I come off here this morning—so sunny and close, thundery—because I had meant to have told Mr. Eustace he *Must Not* marry you—no one who loves *Another*. I do hope as no harm will come. The dear lad's smiling face put me off. I dared not speak one word after all.

"I had not seen him since the Royal opening of the hospital three and a half years, when our King was passing and we stood under the nice trees in St. James's Park.

"I do *wish* that curate was dead and buried, he's that good he would be happy. Now I have seen Mr. Eustace again I don't think you can help but love him some day.

"Dear Miss Margaret, as I meant to speak, and came away to do it, I don't feel I can come back to all you done for me. So good of you to think of everything beautiful. But you always did have a kind heart, like your dear mother.

"My cousins at Guildford want me to go there, and Jane Finch, our old cook, as married the postman, would like me with her over July; then there's my Manchester cousins quarrelling who shall have me first. Still I would like to come back to the cottage if you do not feel I *must not*.

"Mr. Eustace, his eyes just as blue as ever, he *did* look nice.

"I ever remain,

"Yours most respectfully,

"E. HIPKINS."

Perhaps Nurse was not greatly surprised when she received a telegram next noon.

"Come home at once. I especially want you.—MARGARET."

Once or twice she had fancied that her grown

up and most wilful of all babies might have taken real offence, but the fears had been passing ones. Pip's friends could never bear to lose her. There was lamentation in Islington when the cousins, old, middle-aged and young, returned from King's Cross, having seen the train steam off carrying Pip towards Bellinvar. The carrier expressed joy at her return, and did not grumble one word at the heaviness of the many boxes; albums of photographs weigh heavy, and Pip had a library of them. She decided that the cottage looked very lovely, as, after shutting the door behind the man, she walked through the hall to the parlour. Why, there was tea laid—and Miss Margaret herself ran forward!

"You naughty, wicked, obstinate, meddling old runaway! Well, I am going to forgive you, because you didn't carry out your horrid purpose. Not that Eustace would have believed a word against me."

Nurse's trembling fingers pushed up her veil, and the girl kissed her—with peculiar tenderness, surely?

"No, I am not good enough for your prize baby. I know that, Pip; only I *did* feel mad with you for saying so. I *may* improve. You know I've got a warm heart, haven't I?"

"Oh, yes, Miss dear—I'm sure."

"Stop, stop those tears! There, I've been a wretch to you again. Pip, you'll have to believe in me if I make a model wife, you know."

"But there's the other gentleman, as you ought to marry rather than Mr. Eustace. If it wasn't for him, why——"

"Nursie, I am going to confess something."

Margaret knelt down by the sofa, upon which she had installed Pip, and laid both hands on her knee, as she had done on so many evenings when whispering childish prayers.

"I was a naughty, deceitful girl yesterday, and went to bed without being sorry. I came here to look for you at nine o'clock this morning, but you had gone; so I lay down here on this couch and cried my eyes red and ugly for want of you."

"Oh, my dear, what is the trouble?"

"The heartache I gave you, Pip, was visited trebly on me as punishment."

There was a troubled perplexity in the little old lady's eyes, so Margaret left off her half bantering manner.

"A year ago I did think I loved Mr. Willyer, but it was just my light-headedness. I was dreadfully sorry to refuse him. Still I did, for I felt I wasn't worthy of him—not *really* in earnest."

"But Mr. Eustace, he's better nor—anyone."

"I know he is; only I hope he will put up with my naughtiness, and you shall tell me how to be better—for I love him, Pip, I love him even more than you do!"

This statement could not be believed; still Nurse was satisfied. "It's as beautiful an ending as in a book," she whispered, through happy tears. "But, ah, Miss, how *could* you take on so?"

Margaret pondered.

"Out of jealousy of Miss Enid, I guess; that always puts me in a big rage. Couldn't you say truthfully, just for *once*, Pip, that you're fonder of me than of her?"

After a pause, a beaming face looked up from under the bonnet.

"I can't pretend you're such a beautiful character—you're that deceiving, and your temper's something cruel; but then, you know, it's the Black Sheep as is *always* dearest."



THE TEN VIRGINS.

(From the Drawing by A. P. James.)

Conversation Corner.

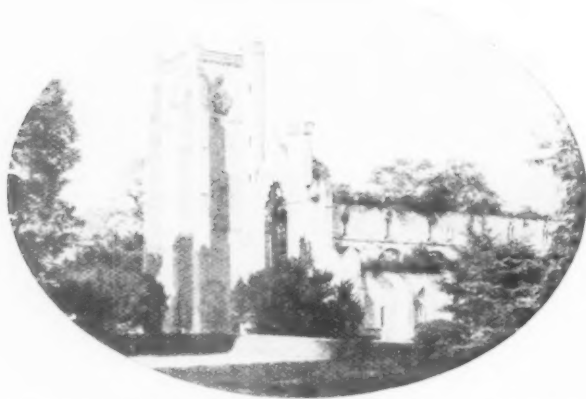
Conducted by THE EDITOR.

Restoring a Cathedral.

THE public mind is gradually waking up to a sense of architectural beauty, and to the need of preserving the magnificent pictures in stone—cathedrals, churches, castles, and the like—which help to tell our rough island story. Dunkeld Cathedral is one of these. One hundred years ago the Duke of Atholl spent £6,000 in roofing and repairing the choir to make it fit for occupation as the parish church. Now the place is again

Bells that never Ring.

JOHN KNOX and his followers did their best to demolish the Cathedral, but there must have been powerful protectors to check their zeal, for an order issued at the time of the Reformation respecting Dunkeld says, "Faill not, bot ye tak guid heyd that neither the dasks, windocks, nor duires be ony ways hurt or broken—eyther in glass wark or iron wark." The tower at the west end is remarkable for its ele-



DUNKELD CATHEDRAL, WHICH IS TO BE RESTORED BY SIR DONALD CURRIE.

falling into decay, and Sir Donald Currie has generously stepped forward and offered, entirely at his own cost, not to repair the choir, but to restore it as much as possible after the ideas of the original builders. It is a giant undertaking, but modern architects and builders have had bigger tasks than this, and with Dunkeld they are sure to succeed. The Cathedral has many claims to our care. It contains many memorials of the past, but the beauty of the design and the glorious proportions of the whole work have seldom been equalled, while few buildings can boast of such long descent. In 729 a Pictish king established a Culdee monastery on the site, and since the great Cathedral was built in the twelfth century Christian worship has never ceased within its walls.

gance, but it is so seriously cracked that the peal of bells it contains are never rung.

Bottles Returned.

DR. MABEL HANNINGTON sends home from Ning-Taik an interesting account of her work, showing the difficulties which medical missionaries have to encounter in heathen lands. "I have given up rushing home to prepare for the poor baby in convulsions who is never brought after all!" she says, "and can accept stoically the return of my bottle of medicine a day or two after a call! I had given it under a mistake, for the patient needed a hot

medicine, not a cooling one!" or, "Yes, the patient did rest better after a dose—but truly the taste was bitter somewhat, and of course they could not persuade her to take it again," or, "The medicine was doubtless excellent for curing the disease—how could it but be so when I was so wise?—but unfortunately it gave her a pain in her ear, and they regret that she won't be able to take it again!"

Called at the Last Moment.

"AND you may take it as a compliment or the reverse," Dr. Hannington continues, "that one is frequently called in at the last moment. I am afraid it is oftenest due to the cheerful conclusion that at least I can't do worse than hasten a sure thing! But there may be two sides to the picture, for while a lad but two minutes away bled to death from a trifling wound and I was not called at all, yet I was summoned to a young girl who had been drowned more than an hour before, in the confident assurance that, though the native doctors could do nothing, I certainly could!"

Lifeboat for Palestine.

OUR readers will learn with interest that a lifeboat, so far long, has recently been ordered for Palestine. This boat—the first provided for Palestine—is to be stationed at Jaffa, where a boathouse is being prepared for her. The boat is to fly the British flag and will be under British protection.

The Worst that could Happen.

IN translating the narrow vocabulary of a savage tongue into a civilised language, one always encounters many difficulties; and no one feels them so often as the missionary. When the Bible was translated for the Esquimaux, to whom sheep were unknown, it was found necessary to render the word "lamb" by "little seal." And when a missionary in New

Britain asked a native chief how to translate, "He swore by an oath that he would not do it," the chief replied that it must be rendered as "He said he would rather speak to his wife's mother than do it"!



Rescuing the Twins.

ALL those who are familiar with West African customs know of the horrible practice of twin-murders. Whenever in that country twins are born they are regarded as abominations, and are immediately thrust into old clay waterpots and thrown out into the bush to perish as unclean things. The Government is strenuously endeavouring to put down this evil practice. Towards this end the King of Onitsha has been persuaded to erect a large building near to the medical mission, to be used as a twin-rescue home. Whenever twins are born in Onitsha, mother and children are immediately taken to the home and are brought under the watchful supervision of the nurse in charge of the medical mission. By this means any malpractice can be quickly detected and those responsible for it punished.



Ministers Build their own Church.

THE ministers of Kansas certainly are firm believers in the gospel of self-help. Some time ago they discovered the need of a Gospel tabernacle in a certain part of the city. The site for the building had been given, but no money was available to begin the work. After much cogitation, the suggestion was adopted that the ministers should help themselves, each one bringing to the task the tools that he thought he could handle best. With the aid of one carpenter, and a layman who offered his services, the entire tabernacle was erected by the eleven stout-armed pastors. At the time appointed all hands were on the ground with saws, hammers, levels, and all other necessary equipment. The timber had been ordered in the meantime and was already there. Some neighbours, who did not know for what purpose the building was being erected, and who did not

suspect that the workmen were preachers, went to the site soon after the work had started to make inquiry about it. It is in a fine residential neighbourhood, and they thought it might be for a dancing saloon. Their fears, however, were soon allayed, and they wished the project all possible success. The women of the neighbourhood served dinner to the workers day by day, and when the tabernacle was otherwise completed, they washed the windows, cleaned the floors, and prepared it for the first service.



Day's Wage for a Bible.

THE native Korean Christian is zealous to study his Bible. Bibles are not given away in Korea, nor sold for a small fraction of their cost, but the native is willing to pay as much as a shilling for his New Testament, although the average daily wage is only about sevenpence-halfpenny. So great is the demand that, last year, when the Bible Committee had ordered a new edition of 20,000 copies of the New Testament, the whole edition was sold before a word had been printed. Koreans will endure great privations, and travel for days to attend a Bible class, and these classes, varying according to locality from 200 to 1,300 enrolled members, will continue from ten to fourteen days. Then the attendants upon these larger classes in their turn hold smaller classes, so that at one station in the north there were as many as 192 of these smaller classes, with an enrolment that exceeded 10,000.



Red Jersey and Drum.

IT is a mistake to suppose that the banjo is the favourite instrument of the West Indian negroes. They prefer the violin, flute, melodeon, or mouth-organ, and the drum has become very popular owing to the influence of the Salvation Army. The drum seemed to awaken the instincts of the old African tribal life in which the tom-tom was practically the only musical instrument to lead the dance and song. So the movement in Jamaica soon got beyond the control of responsible officers, and in the country districts a man needed

only to don a red jersey and to make a drum to find himself surrounded by a crowd eager to dance and sing themselves into frenzy.



Negro Chant and Dance.

THESE meetings were held at night, and sometimes continued until the early hours of morning. There was little attempt at religious service, as often those who conducted them could not read, and though the Bible was used, it was rather as a charm than as a guide; while the singing degenerated into the shouting of some chorus over and over again to the monotonous beat of the drum, while the singers swayed and danced round and round until they frequently fell down in fits of convulsion or through sheer exhaustion. These things occurred without the sanction of the Salvation Army, and were universally condemned by the Church at large. Still, such practices have a remarkable hold on the people, whose nature yet retains some elements of their ancestral origin in savagery and superstition.



Mandarins and Christianity.

WHEN Dr. Morrison landed in China, a hundred years ago, he never imagined that within a century high Chinese mandarins would be helping to distribute Christian literature. Yet such an apparent impossibility has come to pass. Dr. Timothy Richard, the secretary of the Christian Literature Society for China, states that on the occasion of a new series of the *Chinese Weekly*, a magazine of useful knowledge interspersed with Christian articles, he wrote to several viceroys and governors, asking them to order a goodly number and circulate them among their subordinate mandarins and magistrates. The governor of Manchuria ordered 200 copies; the governor of Shan-Si, 500; the provincial treasurer of Shan-Tung, 2,500; and the provincial treasurers of Fuh-Kien and Canton, 400 and 200 respectively. Dr. Richard mentions also that he forwarded a large case of educational and religious books to the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, and that he received

a gracious reply, saying that inasmuch as China was now going in for reform the volumes were most opportune, and would be used from time to time as they were required.



A Crippled Violinist.

MR. F. CHARLES PONTIN, whose portrait we give on this page, is a striking example of what determin-

that music might become a means of earning his livelihood. Helped by a benefit concert near his home, he was able to take a year's tuition at the Guildhall School of Music, and made such excellent progress that he won a scholarship there. Week by week he comes to the school, propelling himself in a little carriage given to him by a friend. Dr. W. H. Cummings has a high opinion of his skill, and predicts a



(Photo: Pictorial Agency.)

A CRIPPLED VIOLINIST ARRIVING AT GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

ation and hopefulness in the face of difficulties can do. At the age of two an attack of sunstroke deprived him of the use of his legs, and as he grew older he learned that he would be a cripple for life. To while away the tedium of his enforced leisure he took a few lessons in violin-playing. The practising amused him, but as he grew more proficient he realised

bright future for him in the musical profession.



A Lightning Calculator.

MISS BOLTON, of the Moroccan Mission Field, asked a Moorish friend how long a donkey lived as a rule in that country. She wanted to know if her donkey, "Lord

Nelson," was really old or not. So Ali answered, "Well, the life of a bamboo fence is three years, the life of a dog is three fences, the life of an animal (horse, donkey, or mule) is three dogs, and the life of a child of Adam is three animals!"



Magic-Lantern in the Jungle.

THE staff of the Oxford and Cambridge Hostel, Allahabad, have undertaken the evangelisation of a very large district stretching along both banks of the river Ganges, and are doing their best to work it by means of magic-lantern services. Selecting two suitable trees in a good position in the midst of the village, the sheet is hung up and sprinkled with water. In this way the lantern is put on one side of the sheet, while on the other side is the congregation. "If we did not do this," the Rev. Norman H. Tubbs says, "all eyes would be on the weird machine which produces such beautiful pictures."



Troubled by Acetylene.

ONE day he had great difficulty in getting water for the acetylene gas. The rope was taken from the well, and even if it had been there he would not have dared to use it. Water has in India an intimate connection with caste. It appeared that since his previous visit to the village, three days before, a man had fallen ill, and his wife insisted that he had been bewitched. The plague had started in the village, and it was obvious that the missionary party had caused it, for three reasons: (1) Mr. Holland had inquired the numbers in the village—evidently Government wished to thin down the number of likely mutineers; (2) They had charged no fee for the show—evidently there was no good in it; (3) They had deliberately thrown down poison; had they not seen the missionary throw out a lot of evil-smelling water from that devil's machine (when he threw away the water used in the gas generator)? "So you see it is not always easy work," says Mr. Tubbs. All praise to the men who carry it on!

Miss Fallowfield's Fortune.

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

(Author of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," Etc.)

SYNOPSIS.

At a watering-place on the Welsh coast Charlotte Fallowfield sits in her dingy lodgings and deplures her poverty, but her sister Phoebe insists on taking a more hopeful view of their prospects. Each girl is engaged, but the chance of marriage for them is remote. Hearing of St. Winifrede's Well, where one may pray and the prayer be granted, Charlotte goes forth to offer a petition, meeting on the way an aged clergyman, who counsels her to pray only for what accords with the Divine Will. Returning home, she learns that her lover has suddenly left for America to inherit the fortune of a rich uncle, and by the next mail she receives news that her lover himself is dead, and the whole of the money—a million pounds—has been bequeathed to her.

The story moves on for twenty-five years, and finds Miss Fallowfield at Dinglewood Hall in the enjoyment of her fortune, most of which is spent in charity. Phoebe and her husband are dead, and their child Dagmar, now grown into a pretty young lady, lives with her aunt, from whom she has expectations of one hundred thousand pounds. The problem at Dinglewood—discussed with much shrewd wisdom at the weekly Dorcas-meeting—is the appointment of a new vicar. Miss Fallowfield, who holds the patronage of the living, at first favours the Rev. Theophilus Spratt, but Dagmar declares for somebody "young and good-looking and nice." The Rev. Theophilus is the son of Mr. Timothy Spratt, head clerk to Messrs. Duncan and Somers, Miss Fallowfield's lawyers, and Timothy, inspired thereto by his pushful wife, puts in a good word with his employer on behalf of his son. But at a dinner at Dinglewood Hall the Rev. Theophilus shows such a spirit of narrow-minded intolerance that Miss Fallowfield dismisses him as a possible new vicar, and under the advice of the Bishop of Merchester appoints the Rev. Luke Forrester to the vacant living. The new incumbent, a widower of some fifty years, has the rare quality of unworldliness. With him comes his son Claude, a young man of twenty-three, architect by profession, and imbued to the finger-tips with the love of beauty and a truly religious instinct.

Between Dagmar and Claude a tender feeling grows up, much to the annoyance of Mr. Octavius Rainbrow, art critic of *The Morning Sun*. He proposes marriage to Dagmar, who treats him in playful fashion, and when pressed for her reason for refusal says that it is "the shape of your nose." Meanwhile the new vicar and Miss Fallowfield are attracted to one another, and to the wonder of their own relatives and the parish at large they become engaged.

After a short time they are married, and depart on a honeymoon tour to Australia. Octavius Rainbrow is on the same vessel, having gone out with the intention of visiting the Sydney Exhibition. Before her marriage Miss Fallowfield made a temporary will—setting £100,000 on her niece Dagmar and £50,000 on Mr. Forrester—intending on her return to go fully into the question of how the remainder of her huge fortune should be expended in the cause of charity. Suddenly the letters from the honeymoon couple cease and news comes through at last that their ship has been wrecked and both of them have been drowned. The question of the fortune then arises. If Mr. Forrester died before his wife, then the whole of the money passes on to Dagmar; if Mrs. Forrester (Miss Fallowfield) expired first, it passes to her husband and thence to his son Claude. Pending the decision of the Court, Dagmar and Claude speculate on what they will do when the destination of the money is settled. Dagmar, with her practical mind, is intent on building an orphanage for girls; Claude, spurred by his inherent mysticism, favours a twentieth-century monastery, where the brotherhood could devote themselves to mission work and train impecunious students for the taking of Holy Orders. The two discuss the matter in rather heated terms while walking on the highway, and Claude, whom Dagmar has called a "whited sepulchre," proves his manliness by rescuing a child from death by being run over by a motor-car. Immediately on that act of heroism Mr. Duncan comes along to announce that the Probate Court has decided that the Rev. Luke Forrester, as the stronger and more vigorous person of the two, probably survived his wife, and the fortune therefore descends to his son Claude.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MONASTERY.

AS the following winter was a mild one, with hardly any frost and snow, Claude was able to begin work upon his monastery at once; and by the time the spring came, not only were the foundations laid, but the walls were beginning to rise from the ground. No time was wasted in the designing of plans, as the young architect had devoted himself to collecting and embodying the dreams and sketches of former years and combining them with designs for a small but lovely abbey as soon as the bare possibility of his inheriting his stepmother's fortune was made known to him; so that by the time the Probate Court announced its decision he was able to put the matter at once into the hands of a first-class builder.

Of course, now that it had entered into the region of practical politics, the monastery lost

much of its mystical and imaginary perfection. Claude found it impossible to reproduce in actual fact the exquisite fabric of his dreams; but he succeeded in making plans for a monastic house, with a chapel and seminary attached, of small dimensions but considerable beauty, which bade fair to resemble, if not to rival, the sacred edifices of an earlier and more artistic age. Our realisations always fall short of our ideals; it is in the nature of things that they must do so; but if our ideals were not infinitely more beautiful than our realisations, our realisations would not be beautiful at all.

But though the reality fell short of its architect's imaginings, it nevertheless promised to be a most beautiful structure. If the ages of the strongest faith have been the ages of the highest architecture, then surely the living faith of an individual architect must have its effect upon the work of his hands and his brain; and the religious life of Claude For-

rester was so real and intense that it could not fail to express itself in his art. A great man once described architecture as "frozen music"; and Claude's heart was so filled with the music of the spheres and his existence so attuned to the eternal harmony that his psalm of life took material shape and was frozen into the form of a small but exquisite temple, glorious both within and without.

Like all true artists, he was utterly absorbed in his work. He forgot to sorrow for his father, he forgot to fall in love with Dagmar Silverthorne; for the time the miracle of creation obsessed him, and he had no room in his life or in his thoughts for anything else. The joy of the creator—like all other perfect joys—cannot be imagined by any but those who have experienced it, and to them it is an ecstasy not to be expressed in words. But every real artist—be he musician or painter, writer or builder—has tasted the nectar of the gods, and has slaked his thirst for once at the spring of perennial joy. For there is no happiness greater or more godlike than for a man to look at the thing which he has himself created, which he has formed out of chaos into an embodiment of truth and beauty, and to see that it is very good.

Therefore, for the time being, Claude Forrester was absolutely happy; but Dagmar Silverthorne was precisely the reverse.

The decision of the Court had been far less of a shock and a disappointment to her than it would have been to an older (and a so called wiser) woman; for with the divine unworldliness of youth she had no idea (or rather, perhaps, the true idea) of the value of money. The loss of nearly a million sterling left her unmoved. True, she mourned the destruction of her orphanage in the air, as we all mourn the demolition of our cloud-capped palaces; but the idea of it had never taken hold upon her as the idea of the monastery had taken hold upon Claude—she did not possess the artistic nature and temperament.

But though she was as yet child enough not to sorrow over the loss of a fortune, she was quite woman enough to sorrow over the loss of a lover; and it cut her to the heart to perceive how Claude was now so absorbed in the building of his monastery that he had no room in his life for her—she was quite crowded out.

During the months immediately following the wreck of the *Euroclydon*, the two young people had seen a great deal of each other, and had been drawn very close together by a common sorrow; with the consequence that Dagmar had quite fallen in love with Claude, and Claude had very nearly fallen in love with Dagmar. Had he been less of an artist he would have fallen in love with her entirely;

but, as it was, his art became her most formidable rival. She had ranged herself against the monastery, and Claude had gradually grown to regard her and it as antagonistic and opposing claims. She had sufficient beauty and wit to hold her own against any other woman, but she was powerless against that dream of embodied truth and enshrined loveliness which Claude had long cherished in his heart, and which he was now endeavouring to express in the form of an exquisite House of God, set in the midst of one of Mercia's fairest spots. His was a nature with whom the ideal would ever be more present than the real. As the mother, whom he hardly remembered, had been so endowed by his imagination with every grace and virtue that she had become the ruling influence of his life, so the temple, which as yet existed only in his dreams, was the centre and mainspring of his existence. Reality so often fell short of his expectations that he shrank from it as from something which bruised and hurt; but the things which existed only in his own dream-world were so glorified by the light of his beautiful if austere nature that they completely satisfied his longing for material and spiritual perfection. He was utterly unconscious of the fact that what he was really admiring and worshipping was but the image of his own pure and exalted character gilded by the glamour of his brilliant imagination.

He saw his own perfections reflected in other people, and loved and revered those other people accordingly. Because he himself was chivalrous and high-minded and reverent he took it for granted that they were chivalrous and high-minded and reverent also, but he was so simple-minded and single-hearted that it never dawned upon him that he was like a bird breaking its wings in order to reach its reflection in a mirror. Of those others, whom he thus unconsciously endowed with his own attributes, he thought all the world, but of himself he thought nothing at all.

Yet, on the other hand, if he had seen other people as they really were—if all their faults and follies and failings had been suddenly revealed to him—he would have had no pity for them at all. He simply would not have understood; and would have pardoned nothing because he would have comprehended nothing. His duty towards God he was ever ready to offer with every accessory of exquisite fabric and stately ceremonial; but of his duty towards his neighbour he had not as yet learnt even the rudiments. He was willing to give his goods to feed the poor, and his body to be burned for the truth's sake, if needs be; but of the charity which suffereth long and is kind he knew nothing whatsoever.

Such men are the raw material whereof great saints and great artists are manufactured; but woe betide the woman who falls in love with one of them! Instead of wandering in a garden of spices, she will have to stand in the outer courts of a temple; instead of sitting by a hearthstone, she will be called upon to kneel before an altar whereon fire from heaven shall descend to consume the burnt sacrifice.

Dagmar was still living at Dinglewood Hall with her old schoolmistress, Miss Perkins. With the rest of the estate the Dinglewood property had gone to Claude, but in his present bachelor condition he did not want to burden himself with a large establishment such as the Hall would require; so, with an absence of pride which would have been impossible in a man, Dagmar decided to rent it from him, leaving the park and the gardens in his hands. This she could well afford to do on the four thousand a year which her aunt had left her; for, though too big for Claude's present needs and desires, the house was by no means an enormous one. With the common-sense characteristic of a woman, as opposed to the proper pride distinctive of a man, Dagmar realised that half a loaf is a more satisfying diet than a total absence of bread; and that even if the man she loved had not sufficient good taste and right feeling to fall in love with her, she would rather meet him constantly as a friend than be cut off from his society altogether. This half-loaf policy rarely recommends itself to the masculine mind. As a rule, if a man loves a woman and cannot marry her, his next alternative is to try to forget her as speedily as possible; but a woman would rather be the friend of the man she loves than nothing at all. If she cannot marry him, she still enjoys meeting him out at tea occasionally, and passing with him—as country people put it—the time of day. Which shows that sometimes—though all tradition denies it—she has a stronger sense of proportion than he.

Public opinion in Dinglewood was dead against the decision of the Court. To her humbler neighbours it seemed a gross injustice that Dagmar should not have inherited her aunt's fortune; that this same fortune should have gone instead to her aunt's stepson, seemed even a more flagrant scandal; but that this stepson should propose to spend it upon the building of a monastery, was the most burning outrage of all!

So strong was the current of ultra-Protestant disapproval of this monastery that it even bore along those two historic enemies, Mrs. Sprott and Mrs. Peppercorn, side by side on its impetuous stream. For once they were one in opposition to a common foe.

"Well, of all the things I ever heard in my

life," exclaimed Mrs. Peppercorn, "the idea of spending poor Miss Fallowfield's fortune on a monastery beats everything. It's the very uptake of all!"

The two ladies had met accidentally in the village post-office, and—having concluded their respective business transactions—had plunged straightway into the subject which was occupying all the minds of Dinglewood.

"It is indeed terrible," replied Mrs. Sprott, "how terrible perhaps neither of us can as yet realise. When I see our dear Church of England beginning to be honeycombed with monasteries and nunneries and such like abominations, I feel it is time to fling down the gauntlet and make a stand." The good lady therefore squared her already too square shoulders and made herself ready for battle. This warlike attitude was, however, less impressive in the case of Mrs. Sprott than it would have been in that of a more peaceable spirit, as her gauntlet was so frequently being flung down that the ground, so to speak, had become to her as a glove-box; it was there that her gauntlet was usually kept.

"And it just shows what Miss Fallowfield herself thought of monasteries, her marrying a clergyman," added Mrs. Peppercorn. "If she'd have been one in favour of shutting up the clergy and making bachelors of them, as the Roman Catholics do, would she have gone and married one herself when she was nearly fifty years of age, I should like to know?"

"Certainly not, Mrs. Peppercorn. As you point out, she was old enough to know her own mind."

"Old enough to know it and to have forgotten it again!"

"It is a terrible thing," remarked Mrs. Sprott, "to see power placed in hands that are too young and too inexperienced to exercise it properly."

Here the postmistress put in a word. "It is a terrible thing to see power placed in any one pair of hands, to my thinking."

"That depends upon who is at the other end of the arms," retorted Mrs. Peppercorn; "but, for my part, I don't hold with the young having too much money to dispose of till they've lived long enough to learn not to make fools of themselves; and that's a lesson which Methuselah himself wouldn't have mastered if he'd been like some folks as I could mention."

"In such cases the only thing to be done is for the young to take counsel with older and wiser heads as to the spending of their superfluity," said Mrs. Sprott. "If only that misguided young man had consulted me, I could have directed the course of his beneficence into far more deserving and desirable channels."



" Had my Theophilus been in Claude Forrester's place," said Mrs. Sprott, "such an idea as a monastery would never have entered his head."

In fact, there was one particular charity in which I specially wished to enlist his sympathy and interest, if only he would have given me the chance."

"Then why didn't you ask him to drop in to dinner on a Sunday when you'd something specially tasty," asked Mrs. Peppercorn, "and mention the matter to him then? Nine times out of ten the shortest way to a man's pocket is through his stomach." And the worthy woman enunciated this strange physiological dogma with the convincing air of one who knew.

"A monastery seems a shocking sort of thing to me," remarked Miss Skinner; "so wicked and mysterious and Roman—almost like the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's" (she pronounced the last word to rhyme with *Maud*).

Mrs. Sprott fully agreed with her. "It does indeed, Miss Skinner. I feel sure that a really nice-minded young man would never have thought of such a thing!"

But Mrs. Peppercorn shook her head. "Don't be too sure of that, Mrs. Sprott. If you knew all the things that nice-minded young men think of, I fancy you'd be a bit surprised at times."

"No," continued Mrs. Sprott, ignoring this last remark, "no really God-fearing young man would have ever suggested building anything so Roman and idolatrous as a monastery. If he wanted anything in that line, surely the Y.M.C.A. supplies all that he could desire. Had my Theophilus been in Claude Forrester's place, such an idea as a monastery would never have entered his head. My son may have his faults, I admit."

"He has," agreed Mrs. Peppercorn with alacrity; "nobody ever denied that."

"But he would never waste money on anything so useless—and I think I may add so unchristian—as a monastery," continued Mrs. Sprott, again ignoring interruptions. "The Y.M.C.A. is good enough for him, I am thankful to say, and he has been a member of it for over ten years. Mark my words, there is something radically bad in that young Forrester, or else he would never even have allowed his thoughts to run on such a thing as a monastery. But what can you expect from the son of a man who actually took the bread out of my Theophilus's mouth?" Mr. Forrester's acceptance of the living of Dinglewood had gradually assumed this form in the mind's eye of Mrs. Sprott.

"You can't take something out that was never put in," retorted Mrs. Peppercorn. "As far as I know, Mr. Theophilus's mouth was quite empty with regard to the living of Dinglewood."

"But it ought not to have been," sternly replied the offended mother; "that is just what I complain of. And I can only mourn over the sad spectacle of a large fortune placed in the hands of such a sinful and ignorant and misguided young man as Claude Forrester."

"It almost makes one begin to doubt the wisdom of Providence," said the sceptical post-mistress.

But Mrs. Sprott could not speak evil of the Power which, according to her ideas, was just one step higher than the Archbishop of Canterbury. "No, Miss Skinner, nothing should tempt us to do that. Think of our dear Church of England, and all that we owe to her; and remember that it was by the wisdom of Providence that she sprang into life at the time of the Reformation."

"And by whose wisdom was it that the Roman Catholics sprang into life a good bit before then, and the Dissenters sprang into life a good bit afterwards?" demanded Mrs. Peppercorn.

"I would rather not say," replied Mrs. Sprott, pursing up her mouth as though it were with difficulty that she kept the secret. "But don't tell me that you have any sympathy with Roman Catholics on the one hand or with Dissenters on the other, Mrs. Peppercorn."

"I haven't any at all; but I'm not sure that Providence hasn't. And it was the wisdom of Providence that you were talking about, Mrs. Sprott, not mine. And if you'll pardon me saying so, it is a great mistake to take it for granted that because you disapprove of a thing the Almighty is bound to disapprove of it too; because that don't follow at all. If you tell me that you can regulate your husband's opinions, I believe you; but if you tell me that you regulate your Maker's opinions, I don't. And I fancy He often praises the folk as we blame, and t'other way about; which ain't particularly flattering to us, if we only knew it."

"Well, if you think that He approves of Claude Forrester and the monastery, I can only say I feel convinced that you are mistaken," replied Mrs. Sprott, picking up her umbrella from the counter, where it had reposed during the above conversation, and preparing to leave the shop; "and I shall go through the entire village from house to house telling the inmates my opinion of that sinful and ignorant young man, and warning them against him and his Popish ways, and I shall feel that I am thereby doing God service."

"Well, I very much doubt if He'll think the same, or thank you for your interference," Mrs. Peppercorn cried after the retreating figure. "It does not seem to me much the sort of job that Christian workers are expected to per-

form. But you, being a parson's mother, ought to know better than I do, and I'm sure I hope you'll be rewarded according to your work, which is the most that any of us can expect. But I wouldn't be mixed up in such doings for anything. I do my best by the Almighty, and He does His best by me in consequence, which is more than I could well expect if I went about speaking evil of my neighbours."

CHAPTER XV.

THE EXERCISE OF PATRONAGE.

THE conversation related in the foregoing chapter occurred shortly after the decision of the Probate Court was made known, and when it had only lately become public property that the bulk of the late Miss Fallowfield's fortune had gone to Claude Forrester, and that he intended to lay out the same on the erection and endowment of an Anglican monastery; and, as the weeks ran on, and the foundations of this monastery were actually laid, the bitter feeling in the village increased rather than diminished.

Mrs. Sprott was especially vituperative. As she had promised, she made it her duty to carry on a house to house visitation in Dinglewood parish, in order to set every inhabitant against Claude Forrester and his House of Prayer. And she verily and indeed believed that she was thereby showing her loyalty to that religion the hall-mark of which is the love that its disciples bear towards one another—a form of belief which is by no means uncommon. To a great extent she succeeded in her unholy mission, since evil is a weed which flourishes apace while good is a plant of but tardy growth; so that before long the innocent and high-minded young architect became an object of horror and hatred in his late father's parish. Possibly also the demon of envy was standing at the elbow of every parishioner, ready to second Mrs. Sprott's efforts; for it is never very hard to believe ill of those who are considerably more fortunate than ourselves. Had Claude not been suddenly uplifted to the dizzy heights of great wealth, his religious tenets would have been regarded as misfortunes rather than as faults, and he would have been pitied as insane rather than condemned as a criminal.

For his part he took little or no notice of the enmity against him. For one thing, he was to a great extent unconscious of it; for a man who is deprived of the privilege of intimate female companionship is also generally deprived of the advantage of hearing the disagreeable things that other people are saying

about him. But if he had heard, it would not have depressed him overmuch; for as yet he was too self-centred and too deeply absorbed in his own work to take much heed to the thoughts and words of other people. He strove to create things of beauty for the sake of the things themselves, and not of the persons who would look at them; he sought the self-approval of the satisfied artist rather than the praise of his fellow-men.

But the plans of his *magnum opus* were barely completed and its foundations scarcely laid, when he was awakened from his dream of architectural bliss by the calls of a duty which clamoured to be fulfilled. And as this call was echoed by the voice of episcopacy, Claude had no alternative but to listen and obey. Early in the winter the Bishop of Merchester called on Claude, and explained that the incumbency of Dinglewood had now been vacant ever since the death of the late vicar, his father, but that it had not been filled up again, as the presentation to the living was vested in the owner of the Dinglewood estate, and it had only lately been decided by the Probate Court who that owner was. Now, however, that the decision was made, and Claude had entered into his inheritance, the Bishop pointed out to him that it was high time for the young man to take up one of the most important duties of his position, and to appoint a spiritual pastor for the parish of Dinglewood in his late father's place.

It was characteristic of their respective ages that when Miss Fallowfield—with nearly half a century's experience behind her—had to fulfil the same duty, she shrank from relying on her own judgment, and referred the matter to the Bishop; but when Claude—with only a quarter of a century's wisdom to guide him—was similarly called upon, he had such perfect confidence in his own capacity for the exercise of power that he never consulted the Bishop at all.

The only person whom he did consult was Dagmar. That is to say, he told her what he intended to do, and then waited for her to approve his decision—the usual masculine way of asking feminine advice. And Dagmar knew what was expected of her, and did it.

The woman who is so stupid as to believe that when people ask for her advice they mean her advice and not her approbation will rarely achieve popularity. It is cruel to give a man a scorpion when he has asked for an egg, but it is also sometimes wise to give him an egg even if he has asked for a scorpion.

"I want to consult you about Dinglewood," Claude began. "The Bishop rode over from Merchester yesterday and told me that it was time for my poor father's successor to be ap-

pointed, so I have called in to ask your advice."

They were in the pretty morning-room where Charlotte Fallowfield had spent so much of her time, and where Mr. Duncan had first explained to them the intricacies of her last will and testament.

Dagmar knew that there is only one way in which a woman can make a man follow her advice, and that is to advise him to adopt the course which he had already decided upon before he consulted her. But first she had to discover what that course was.

"It seems a pity to turn you out of the vicarage just for the sake of having a regular clergyman at Dinglewood, when what I call the 'char-clergymen' seem to manage quite well."

Claude looked shocked. "Oh! Dagmar, there must be a proper parish priest appointed here in my poor father's place. The Bishop has been very good in seeing that somebody is sent over here every Sunday to take the services; but that does not include any pastoral work, and the village is crying out for a permanent and regular parson to look after it."

"It isn't doing anything of the kind. It is quite contented to go its own way without being bothered by any clerical interference at all."

"Then it ought not to be."

"And it quite enjoys listening to the char-clergymen," Dagmar continued, "especially when they happen to be Theophilus Sprott."

"I enjoy listening to Theophilus Sprott myself," said Claude; "he isn't half a bad preacher."

Dagmar was quick to take a cue. "He isn't; I should call him quite a good one if he didn't remind me so of his mother. But all the time he is in the pulpit I keep imagining him in a black bonnet trimmed with purple roses and yellow forget-me-nots; and there before my mind's eye stands Mrs. Sprott."

"A man is none the worse for being like his mother," argued Claude, who was always romantic over the maternal relationship.

"That depends a good deal on what sort of a mother he has. For my part I cannot see that a resemblance to Mrs. Sprott would prove an additional charm and attraction in anybody."

"I think that Mrs. Sprott is a good woman according to her lights," replied Claude, who did not know how fiercely those lights beat upon his own personality and blackened every blot.

"I can't bear her; I never could."

Claude's face expressed reproof. "Oh, Dagmar! you shouldn't take those violent prejudices against people, you really shouldn't. It is unworthy of you. One should always try

to discover the pure and sweet kernels which are hidden in the shells of unattractive and even repulsive appearances. I grant you that Mrs. Sprott has neither grace nor charm, but I believe that at heart she is a good Christian woman, and that you have no right to say the things against her that you do."

"Well, anyway, the last time I heard her speak of you she called you a fumbling young fool, so I don't believe that her kernel is so exceptionally pure and sweet."

Claude was nonplussed for a moment. Dagmar's arrow had gone home. Then he said: "Even if she does dislike me, she has a perfect right to do so. It doesn't prove that she herself is less worthy of respect."

"Oh! doesn't it? Well, if you want to enjoy the sweetness of Mrs. Sprott's kernel, enjoy it to your heart's content; I wouldn't rob you of it for worlds; only don't ask me to share it with you, for it sticks in my throat."

"It is not Mrs. Sprott's kernel, but her son's sermons, that I wish to speak about," continued Claude, changing the subject. "I am glad to hear that you agree with me that they are worth listening to."

"Oh, I couldn't have said that, because I don't know; I never did listen to one, so I can't tell whether it would have been worth it or not."

"Then I can assure you it would have been, and that you made a mistake not to listen. Sprott is, on the whole, an excellent preacher; a little gloomy and depressing, perhaps, but his gloom is always picturesque and his depression poetical."

"To look at, do you mean?" cried Dagmar aghast. "Oh, I don't agree with you! Theophilus may be good, but I really couldn't call him pretty."

Claude smiled indulgently. Slow persons always feel very kindly disposed towards quick ones when they imagine they have convicted the latter of stupidity. "Of course not, you foolish girl! It is only his language that sometimes strikes me as picturesque—never his appearance."

"Did you ever see his lodgings?" asked Dagmar. "His appearance may be bad, but for sheer hideousness it isn't a patch upon his lodgings."

"How did you come to see them?" demanded Claude rather sharply.

"I once went with Aunt Charlotte about some charity or other which he helped with; I fancy it was the distribution of coal and soup tickets, and that it was Theophilus's deal. Anyhow, though I've forgotten the charity, I haven't forgotten what the lodgings were like: squalor that smelt of onions, and poverty expressed in oilcloth. You know the sort."



"They were in the pretty morning-room where Charlotte Fallowfield had spent so much of her time"—p. 783.

"I do." And Claude smiled. He had a great opinion of Dagmar's cleverness when it in no way collided with his. She certainly had a neat way of putting things, he said to himself approvingly.

"Nevertheless, I like Theophilus," Dagmar added. "He admires me."

"Beastly cheek on his part!" exclaimed Claude, the man in him for an instant rising superior to the artist.

"Not at all," she retorted airily; "and if it is, it's the sort of cheek I like. Besides, I don't see any more harm in Theophilus admiring me than in you admiring his mother; and you said most flattering things about her kernel a few minutes ago, if you remember."

"That's entirely different."

"I don't see the difference a bit," replied Dagmar. (But she did.)

"What I am driving at is that it has occurred to me it would be the right and proper thing on my part to offer Theophilus Sprott the living of Dinglewood, and I want your advice upon the subject."

"Have you made up your mind?"

"Practically; but I should like to know what you think before I finally decide."

"I think it is a splendid idea," cried Dagmar, "and so good and generous of you! Because if you do, you'll have to turn out of the vicarage, you know, to make way for the onions and the olcloth."

"Of course I know that, you silly child! I shall have to do that anyway now. Whoever I appoint as vicar, I shall have to turn out of the vicarage; I cannot go on living there now that my father is dead."

"Then where shall you go?" For a second Dagmar's heart stood still. What would she do if he left? The village would indeed seem asleep or dead if Claude Forrester were away!

"Oh, you may depend upon it that I shan't be far afield until my monastery is finished. I shall probably adapt one of the farm houses on the estate to my own use."

Dagmar breathed freely again. He was not going away after all. But she could not stifle a pang at the thought that it was the monastery that kept him, and not she. And from that moment she began to hate the monastery ten times more bitterly than ever, female jealousy being now added to Protestant disapproval.

"Then if you really don't mind turning out of the vicarage, I don't see why poor Theophilus shouldn't have the living. He was frightfully disappointed that he didn't get it when your father came. Aunt Charlotte once did intend to give it to him, but then she changed her mind, and asked the Bishop to give it to Mr. Forrester because she didn't know whom to suggest."

"Why did she change her mind about Sprott?"

"Because he came to dinner and kept on saying the wrong things, and thoroughly roughed-up her and Mr. Duncan. I saw all the time what he was doing, and that he would never step into old Mr. Hanson's shoes if he kept putting his foot into it like that; but I couldn't stop him. I didn't know him well enough to kick him under the table, you see."

"Of course not. It would have been a most improper thing to do."

"It would have saved Theophilus a good deal of disappointment and heart-burning if I had. But, all the same, I'm very glad I didn't, as in that case you'd never have come to Dinglewood, and I should never have known you, but should have spent the rest of my life in regretting that we'd never met."

"It might have been a good thing for you and your aunt if we had never come to Dinglewood," said Claude rather sorrowfully.

"Oh, never say that! Whatever happens, I shall always be glad that you and I were once friends."

"We'll be friends always—not only once," replied Claude. And Dagmar had to be content with that, and to make the best of her half loaf.

"But before you finally decide to give Theophilus the living, I think it is right for you to know how his mother is working against you," she continued.

"Working against me! What on earth for?" asked Claude, with the surprise of a man who minded his own business and took it for granted that other people did the same.

"She so disapproves of the monastery."

"Well, so do you, if it comes to that; but that wouldn't prevent me from offering you the living, if you happened to be a man and in Holy Orders," replied Claude with a smile.

"Oh, mine is only passive resistance, but hers is of the violent and aggressive sort. She has actually been to every cottage in the village and told the people what a wicked young man you are, and what a dangerous and horrible place the monastery will be, till they are as furious with you as if you had suggested raising a convict prison or a leper settlement in their midst."

Claude's face darkened. To say a word against the monastery was indeed to touch the apple of his eye. "But surely the people have too much sense to believe such nonsense?" he argued.

"Not they! They believe every word the old woman utters as firmly as if she were the author of one of the four Gospels or the editor of a daily paper. People always do believe what an ugly woman says, if you will

notice. I don't know why hideousness is so convincing, but it is."

"It is very cruel and unjust of her," persisted Claude. "I wanted my monastery to be regarded as a sort of home of rest by the whole neighbourhood, where everybody could always go for spiritual help and refreshment."

"It never will be; old Mother Sprott has seen to that. She has made the villagers hate the very sight of it, even before it is there to be looked at, and the mere mention of it stinks in their nostrils already. I never meant to tell you this at all, because I don't see the good of hearing the nasty things that are said of you unless they happen to be nice ones; but I couldn't—I really couldn't—let you give the living to Theophilus without your knowing what a horrible mother he is descended from."

Claude was silent for a moment, while the passion to strike back—which is inherent in every one of us—stirred his whole nature. Then his still stronger passion for abstract justice predominated, and he said quietly, "I don't think it is fair to punish a man for what his mother does. It isn't his fault that Mrs. Sprott has such a mistaken idea of duty and such a bitter tongue."

"But she may have inherited them from him, don't you see? The mistaken sense of duty and the bitter tongue may be heirlooms in the Sprott family—in the Salic line, of course, for old Mr. Sprott hasn't a vestige of either."

"Theophilus is just as likely to resemble his father as his mother," persisted Claude the Just.

"Well, he doesn't outside, so I don't know why he should inside. He's got a high, corrugated forehead—like one of those perambulating iron churches—the same as she has, and I daresay it contains a very similar set of brains to hers."

"That doesn't follow at all. Very often the child who most resembles one parent in appearance most resembles the other in character." Claude could be very obstinate at times.

"Well, I'm thankful that Mrs. Sprott wasn't either of my parents, as I don't know whether it would have been worse to resemble her in appearance or in character," retorted Dagmar. "I can't say which I should have hated to have most—an evil heart or a corrugated-iron forehead; though in my case I should have hidden them with a flattering tongue and an amber *toupe*." And then the conversation ended.

Claude was so terribly afraid of allowing any personal feeling to interfere with or bias his judgment that his sense of justice was apt, like vaulting ambition, to o'er-leap itself, and fall on the other. He was so set against help-

ing a man because the latter was his friend that he was almost led to do so if the same happened to be his enemy. In avoiding the sensible, if somewhat doubtful, Scylla of being too partial a friend, he fell into the utterly insane Charybdis of being too indulgent a foe; and his justice tempered with mercy was far more comfortable and remunerative to its object than his affection diluted with justice.

Therefore, after the first wave of natural irritation, Dagmar's revelations concerning Mrs. Sprott only rooted him the more firmly in his decision to offer the living to Theophilus. This he accordingly did shortly before Christmas, and it is needless to add that the offer was straightway accepted.

"I always felt," exclaimed Mrs. Sprott, as she sat with her husband and her son and her beloved Higginsons round the convivial turkey on Christmas Day, "that, in spite of appearances, young Forrester had an excellent heart; and his treatment of Theophilus has proved that I was right."

"Still you didn't altogether truckle to the monastery idea, eh, Mrs. Sprott?" said Mr. Higginson, who would have winked if there had been anybody to wink at. But it is never good manners, or even good policy, to wink at her husband or her son when a lady is making a fool of herself; and as for winking at his own wife, Mr. Higginson had long ago learnt the futility of that action. It invariably resulted in Mrs. Higginson asking aloud what he was winking at, and then in condemning it as a vulgar habit.

"Perhaps not," replied the proud mother graciously; "but, on the other hand, I never actually disapproved of it. I admit, however, that until I rightly apprehended our dear young friend's ideas and intentions in raising this edifice I was not as enthusiastic over it as I have been since I thoroughly understood what a noble and beneficent institution it is going to be." For so stout a woman Mrs. Sprott was a marvellous acrobat in the art of climbing down.

"No; you weren't exactly what I should call enthusiastic," repeated Mr. Higginson, suppressing another wink.

"But she is now, aren't you, my dear?" added Mr. Sprott, who was sunning himself in the light of his Susanna's recently acquired amiability.

"Yes, Timothy, I am. To my mind it is both touching and beautiful to see a young man with great possessions making so admirable and praiseworthy a use of them. Most young men of that age would be spending the money on themselves, and thinking only of their own pleasures and luxuries; but, instead of that, we see Claude Forrester laying out almost his

entire fortune upon a home of rest and learning for poor but excellent young men, where they can be trained gratuitously to enter the Church."

"So different, as you say, from the ordinary run of rich young men," exclaimed Mrs. Higginson. "I remember that my dear papa's friend, Lord Undergrowth's eldest son, the Honourable Adolphus Groundrent, was most terribly extravagant, and yet never subscribed to a single local charity—not even the choir fund, though he played the banjo himself and was an adept at comic songs. But I always think there is something very dashing and dare-devil (if you will excuse the expression, Mrs. Sprott) about Honourables."

"You cannot expect them to be as well brought up as the sons of the clergy," replied Mrs. Sprott; "they have not had the same spiritual advantages. It is in the homes of the clergy that the seed of truth is most successfully sown, as we can see in the case of young Mr. Forrester. His father was a holy man and a good clergyman, and we see the result in his teaching of his son." And Mrs. Sprott sighed as profoundly as if the departed saint had never taken the bread out of the mouth of Theophilus.

The new vicar had been so absorbed in appreciation of the turkey that hitherto he had held his peace, but now he took his part in the conversation. "Then the laity should take example from the clergy, and try to bring up their children rather better than they do. Look at myself, for instance, and how my career has been sacrificed to a rotten system of education. If I had been sent to Cambridge, as I ought to have been, instead of to Oxford, do you think that I should have been content to spend the rest of my life in a wretched little village such as this? Not I! By this time I should have been one of the foremost men of light and leading of the day, and should have taken my proper place among my intellectual peers. But the perverse Fate which has always pursued me pursues me still, and condemns me to waste my time and my talents on the desert air of a benighted hamlet in the undiscovered heart of the Midlands, in the distasteful and unwelcome rôle of an obscure country clergyman."

If Mrs. Sprott had expected her son to be happy when his heart's desire was attained, she had reckoned without her host, and had underrated the almost sublime strength and power of human discontent.

"Come, come, Theophilus," cried his father encouragingly, "don't be downhearted! You couldn't find a prettier village in England than Dinglewood, nor one with a drier subsoil. For my part I think you are very lucky to have secured such a plum at your age!"

"At my age indeed!" repeated Theophilus. "You talk as if I were a youth of eighteen instead of a man of forty. Why, at my age I ought to have been in a very different position from my present one, and so I should be if only my talents had been given full scope, and the proper growth of my character had not been thwarted at every turn. To be buried alive in a country vicarage, with only rustics to preach to, is a sepulture from which there is no hope of resurrection."

"Really, Theophilus, I am surprised at you! I thought you would be so pleased at getting the living at last," remarked his mother, who ought to have known her Theophilus better.

He laughed bitterly. "Pleased indeed! Do you expect a man to dance merrily at his own funeral? Dinglewood is the grave of all my hopes and ambitions, and I suppose I must accept it as such and not complain; but it is hard for a man to be buried alive at forty! However, I ought to be used by now to misfortune and ill-luck, as I have never known anything else since I was born, and I will endeavour to endure them with fortitude and not murmur. But I confess it does strike me as a bit of cruel irony when a man's own mother executes a *pas seul* upon his grave, and expects him to do the same!"

Mrs. Sprott was somewhat taken aback at being accused of dancing a *pas seul*; it was a form of exercise so utterly out of her line. "Well, anyway, it will be a comfortable sitting-down for us all when your father is past work," she said.

But her son speedily disabused her mind of this comfortable idea. "It will be nothing of the kind, my dear mother. I shall probably marry before very long, as I do not approve of a celibate clergy; but even if I remain single, I shall never admit yourself and my father to the vicarage except as temporary guests, as I consider the patriarchal system singularly unadapted to the requirements of modern life. No; I may be condemned to a lot which is utterly uncongenial and distasteful to me—the lot of a country parson—but there is no need for me to make that lot even worse than it already is by burdening my life with domestic complications."

"I feel sure that you'll be happier here than you think, Theophilus. Dinglewood is such a very dry and bracing spot, and so salubrious," said Mr. Sprott, still clinging bravely to the subsoil in his efforts for peace.

"And there is such very good society," added Mrs. Higginson; "real county, and in places quite aristocratic; and to my mind there is no society so agreeable and at the same time so elevating as county society."

But the martyr turned on her like a lion at

bay. "And what is the use of good society, I should like to know, if by the circumstances of one's birth one is for ever doomed to remain outside it; if a man, through no fault of his own, but because he happens to be the son of humble and uncultured parents, is perpetually condemned to the existence of a miserable pariah?"

His mother, with true maternal solicitude, put her own lacerated feelings on one side, and strove to comfort him. "Clergymen of the Church of England are never pariahs, my dear Theophilus. The cloth always confers an assured social position upon its wearers; that is one of its most valuable characteristics, and one of the reasons why I always set my heart—like Hannah—upon giving up my first-born son to enter the ministry."

"That is so," added Mrs. Higginson. "I remember that dear papa's friend, Lord Oversight, always invited the vicar of the parish to dinner once a year, if not oftener; and it was generally to meet quite a nice collection of Honourables. And, as the doctor used to say, 'If a man asks you to lunch, he asks you to lunch; but if he asks you to dinner, he asks you to dinner!' And it is late dinner that I consider the hall-mark of respect, and I always shall; and I think a quarter before eight is so much more genteel than seven-thirty."

But Theophilus shook his head and refused comfort. "A man has no chance in the neighbourhood where all his antecedents are known. County society might have thrown open its arms to me had I gone into a new part of the country where nobody knew anything about my relations, and where I stood entirely upon my own merits and attainments. But I have made this for ever impossible by accepting the living of Dinglewood. It is all part and parcel of my ill-luck that the only living which has been offered to me is the one where my own people reside, and therefore where it will always be impossible for me to take the social position to which I am by nature and culture entitled."

From the foregoing conversation it will be seen that Claude Forrester's decision to give Theophilus Sprott the living of Dinglewood had not made for universal happiness. But of this the young Squire knew nothing, and cared less. At the bar of his own conscience Claude ever stood in fear and trembling; but to the opinions of his neighbours he paid no heed whatsoever. That Theophilus was still as miserable as ever was nothing to him; he made the appointment because he conceived it to be his duty to do so, and not in order to please Theophilus. That the village as a whole hated the appointment was nothing to

him either; he considered that the patron of a living was answerable to God, and not to the parishioners.

It was perhaps strange that, in the first instance, the idea of giving the living to the younger Sprott had ever entered Claude's head; but having once penetrated there in the disguise of a duty, it was not at all strange that Claude persisted in it through thick and thin. In the first place, he was obsessed by the notion—frequently dinned into his ears by Theophilus, and by Mrs. Sprott when she had the chance—that Miss Fallowfield had somehow behaved badly towards that young cleric in withholding from him the incumbency of Dinglewood and giving it to Mr. Forrester; and that, therefore, it was Claude's duty to repair this injustice when he had the opportunity. In the second place, Theophilus behaved very differently abroad from what he did at home; and Claude was still young enough to be unduly impressed by anyone who played the part of a martyr. The old find pleasure in the society of happy people, but the young have a far greater admiration for unhappy ones. In the third place, Theophilus really was an excellent preacher. He might fail in practising the Christian graces, but he had no difficulty at all in preaching them, and in preaching them most effectively; and at five-and-twenty—sometimes even later—it is not always easy to differentiate between what a man says and what a man is. So that Claude was not altogether without a method in his madness when he made Theophilus Sprott vicar of Dinglewood.

As the new year grew older and the days longer, Claude became more and more absorbed in the building of his monastery, while Dagmar became more and more convinced of the hopelessness of her love for Claude. The songs of the birds and the voices of the spring tugged at her heartstrings, and sometimes almost strained them to bursting-point, since it seemed hard that love and happiness were New Year's gifts designed for everybody except herself. But she bore her sorrow with a brave heart and a smiling face, and stifled her heart-hunger as well as she could with the half-loaf that seemed her only ration.

Then suddenly, at the beginning of March, a bomb-shell fell.

Mr. Duncan was sitting as usual in his office, expecting nothing particular to happen, when a cablegram from Australia was brought to him—a not uncommon occurrence. He leisurely opened it, and was transfixed to read these words:

"Alive and returning home immediately.—
OCTAVIUS RAINBOW."

[END OF CHAPTER FIFTEEN.]

Holidays.

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR.**

ONCE more the season of holidays has come round. With what delight do we look forward to quitting the hot dusty streets, and refreshing our weary minds and jaded bodies with exhilarating sea breezes and pure country air!

To the majority of people the annual holiday is the greatest treat of the whole year—not, of course, for those individuals whose lives are spent in seeking "fresh woods and pastures new," but to the ever increasing band of workers—the fathers and mothers who, in their different spheres, toil week in, week out, for the welfare of their children; to young people who are often called on to support themselves, and also, in many cases, to contribute to the maintenance of parents and home—to these the question of the yearly holiday is a matter of vital importance. And do they not, after all, comprise by far the largest portion of the population? Certainly they are the most contented, happy, and useful members of the community.

It is often said that "anticipation is better than realisation." Be this as it may, there is no doubt that a carefully mapped-out holiday is generally more successful than one taken at haphazard. And what more enjoyable way is there of spending the long winter evenings than in sitting round a cosy fire formulating plans for the ensuing summer vacation?

How Much shall it Cost?

The first question to be considered is that of finance, and whether the holiday is to take the form of a fortnight spent at the nearest seaside resort, or a couple of months' tour abroad, it is always satisfactory, particularly at the end of the trip, to know that a rich harvest of health has been reaped, and this *not* at the expense of an overdraft on one's banker. Taking into consideration that good health is the greatest of all blessings, it is surely true economy to devote an adequate proportion of one's income to laying up a store of strength with which to resist the inevitable wear and tear of mind and body, but it must not be forgotten that a reckless expenditure will only produce trouble and worry, and these will completely undo all the good derived from the change of air and scene. Looking

at the subject from a practical point of view, it will be seen that, in order to obtain a lasting result, a certain sum should be set aside for fares, board, and lodging, and on no account should this sum be exceeded. It is amazing how largely small items figure in holiday accounts, and a good margin should be allowed to meet the hundred-and-one contingencies that will inevitably arise.

This all-important question being disposed of, another subject may be broached, that of where the holiday shall be spent.

Get a Real Change.

Constitutions and tastes differ so much that it is often difficult, particularly in the case of a large family, to find a place that suits every one. The bracing air of the North has a salutary effect on some people, whilst others derive more benefit from the warm moist air of Devonshire. A fortnight spent in a coasting vessel is the acme of bliss to many a middle-aged man whose life, in the ordinary way, is passed in much travelling; and the young man, whose only recreations are tennis or cricket, finds his best enjoyment in mountain-climbing. Persons who lead a solitary humdrum existence naturally prefer a holiday spent at a gay watering place, this being their only chance of mingling and exchanging ideas with their fellow-creatures; on the other hand, the busy City man loves the solitude of the moors, and is content to pass the time at his disposal sauntering along the banks of the stream, rod in hand, luring the unwary trout from his home under the bushes, or wrestling for an hour at a stretch with a powerful salmon.

Such pleasures are, however, chiefly for those who have only themselves and their own desires to consult. But parents who, through force of circumstances, or because they prefer to do so, take their holidays with their children, have only two courses open to them—the seaside or the country—for it is impossible to travel with a young family. It has become a kind of unwritten law that a holiday *must* be spent at the seaside, and yet, surely, the country possesses many obvious advantages.

Country life has most beneficial effects on little ones, not only as regards their

health of body but also of mind. They learn to love animals and to be kind to them, also to derive pleasure from simple enjoyments which do not necessitate much additional outlay. They acquire tastes for natural history and plant-life; and there can be no doubt that food, cooking and accommodation are infinitely superior to those usually obtained at an overcrowded seaside resort.

It is true that the merits of sea-bathing must not be overlooked, for, apart from the benefits it confers, many youngsters revel in this form of amusement. Paddling, too, in strict moderation is good, but a child should never be allowed to continue this diversion too long, as directly the feet become chilled the foundations of pneumonia may be laid, and illness, if no worse calamity, is the result.

Parents need Holidays.

Parents, in their anxiety for the health of their little ones, are sometimes apt to forget their own needs, and if the only holiday of the year is taken *en masse*, both father and mother ought to be consulted. After all, if the bread-winner and organiser of the household break down, what is to become of the children? In whatever direction the tastes of the father lie—in fishing, golf, or boating—they must be consulted, and a wife should try to arrange her affairs so that she is enabled to share, as far as possible, her husband's pursuits, and to obtain the much-needed rest and change for herself.

How to Leave the Home.

And now, having apportioned the amount of money available for the purpose and selected the place where the holiday is to be, the next question is: What is to become of the home during the absence of the family? There are three alternatives from which to choose:—

1. To shut up the house.
2. To leave the servants in charge.
3. To give the servants a holiday, or take them away, and to instal a caretaker.

Each of these alternatives requires a certain amount of preparation, although these are in many particulars the same for each case. For instance, whether the house is left vacant or with occupants, the same precautions concerning silver, plants, moths, etc., are necessary, also a special burglary insurance policy should be taken out, and the police informed of the arrangements made.

All valuables, such as silver, jewellery, and important papers, should be despatched to the bank, and the plants sent to a florist. His charges are so very small, and the plants arrive home looking so strong and revived after their visit to "hospital," that the slight expense is well repaid.

Birds, cats and dogs may be sent to a "vet.," who for a small sum per week will tend them carefully and prevent the possibility of loss or neglect.

Useful Notions.

A couple of pounds of naphthaline balls (eightpence per pound at any chemist's) is an investment never regretted. Tiny muslin bags containing three or four balls should be hung in every cupboard and wardrobe; they may be laid amongst the folds of winter coats, thick curtains, blankets and bedding, and one or two pushed down the backs of easy chairs and sofas are a safeguard against the ravages of the destructive clothes-moth. It is important that, in the event of the house being closed, every particle of food that can decompose should be destroyed. A few drops of milk, or one or two potatoes, can make themselves extremely unpleasant in the course of a hot week, and crumbs of bread or cake encourage beetles and mice. Servants left in charge should be reminded to see that the house is properly closed each evening, and they may be provided with a policeman's whistle and rattle with which to summon assistance should it be required.

How to Pack.

Many women—and more men—have been heard to declare that they would rather stay at home than go through the dreadful ordeal of packing, so perhaps a few practical hints on this subject will not be amiss in a holiday article.

In deciding on what to take and what to leave at home, the kind of clothing and the amount must, of course, be regulated by the length of the holiday and the destination of the traveller. It would be as absurd to take a trunk full of fashionable gowns and evening frocks to a country farmhouse as it would be to start out on a walking-tour in high-heeled shoes, but it is always satisfactory to know that one goes away prepared to cope with all contingencies. Having selected a sufficiency of plain sensible garments, the more elaborate ones may be left to the discretion and purse of the holiday-seeker. It is well to remember that wet

days are by no means uncommon both at the seaside and in the country—days on which short skirts, waterproof coats, and strong boots are essential if one wishes to defy the weather and take exercise without disastrous after-effects. The evenings have a habit of turning distinctly chilly, especially on the moors and if there is much water in the vicinity, and a warm cape thrown over a thin blouse or frock is not only comfortable when sauntering to and fro after the evening meal, but it is also useful for driving and motoring.

Country laundries are proverbially bad, especially in the season, when rush of work is the excuse for inferior labour and the non-appearance of that particular blouse you had set your heart on wearing, so it is a good plan to be as independent of them as possible, and to provide plenty of soft shirts and blouses which will not easily crush or soil. Take all the old clothes the children possess, so that a ducking in the sea or a fall in the farmyard is of no consequence. Little people cannot enjoy themselves, nor reap the full benefit of their holiday, if they are constantly reminded to be careful of their last clean frock!

Keep a Note-book Beforehand.

Do not leave all the preparations until the last minute. Start a note-book a clear month before the day fixed for the departure of the family, and in it jot down everything it is proposed to take.

There are certain articles, such as China tea, special brands of infants' foods or tobacco, which are not procurable in small places, and as these little comforts add so much to one's enjoyment it is worth while taking a supply. Picnic requirements, such as Japanese serviettes, compressed paper plates and dishes, should be included, also plenty of luggage labels, both tie-on and sticky, stationery, and a ball of strong string. A few of the children's favourite books and toys may be packed and kept until a wet

day, when they will come out as a surprise and be much appreciated.

For the actual packing an unstinted supply of tissue-paper is invaluable. Its free use in the folds of frocks, blouses, and the children's best clothes ensures these arriving fresh and uncreased; and boot-bags, made of holland or linen, are a great improvement on the old-fashioned wrappings of newspaper.

Suggestions to be Noted.

Everything heavy, boots, books, work-baskets, or tins of food, should be placed at the bottom of the trunk, tightly wedged in with soft woolly garments and stockings. Over these pack underclothing, serge skirts, dressing-gowns and so forth, and finally the lighter skirts and blouses plentifully interspersed with tissue-paper.

A separate hat-box is a great convenience, not only for hats, but also for collars, handkerchiefs, scarves and articles of this description; failing one, however, hats can always be packed in the tray of a trunk, tissue-paper being inserted in the bows of ribbon and wrapped round flowers and feathers. It is a great mistake to pack loosely. The more tightly clothing is packed, provided, of course, that everything heavy is at the bottom, the more satisfactory the result will be—fewer creases and an absence of the jumble of goods which a loosely packed trunk presents at the end of a long journey.

Everything requisite for the first night should be placed as near the top of the trunk as possible. In travelling with children this is a great help, as they are always anxious to view their new surroundings as soon as they arrive, and a run in the fresh air soon disperses the depressing effects which travelling invariably has on little ones; then the bulk of the unpacking can be left until they are in bed, or until father has carried them off for more extensive explorations next morning.



"Come Along!"

A Complete Story.

By MRS. ADAMS ACTON ("JEANIE HERING").

"NOW then, sir! be you a-goin' to keep us here all day waitin' while you folds up that there umbrella o' yourn? Come along!"

It was pouring with rain, and a dreamy-looking man had folded up his soaking umbrella, when the exasperated conductor thus addressed him and gave him and the umbrella an encouraging push inside the omnibus.

And Cassie returned from dreamland and became aware of the fact.

Her life at home was prosaic in the extreme, and she had been born fanciful and artistic. Her father a lawyer with anything but extensive means, her mother conventional and struggling with a large family and small means; and Cassie—the eldest girl—unaccountable and disappointing.

Her mother and all her mother's sisters were fine handsome women with fine handsome daughters, and she had been named Cassandra in anticipation of her carrying out family traditions and a heroic name. The name had degenerated into "Cassie," and she was wayward and given to "sketching." And some two years ago, when a prosperous aunt had taken her for a trip to Holland, she had become absolutely fascinated with the quaint houses and national dress, and had lived in dreamland in the old panelled parlours, with the sunshine pouring through ancient windows, as depicted in old-world Dutch pictures; and such a hold had these scenes on her, that when her mother in despair would say—

"Really, Cassie, I hope you will give up these artistic leanings—positively distressing to me, for they generally tend towards Bohemianism—otherwise failure. You are not a bit like any of us."

"No. I have found out who I am like," Cassie would laugh and say. "It is the Dutch branch through father's great-grandmother—that part of the world and its ways interest me."

And as she looked absolutely pretty when she laughed, she was forgiven.

A bright sunny face, with really pretty blue eyes and a wistful emotional expression, seeking an unknown destiny. And that unceremonious push and the "Come along!" brought her back from the Dutch garden, to a "full inside" omnibus, pouring rain and muddy streets. Opposite to her a vulgar

pushing woman, looking like a pincushion stuffed very hard with sawdust, and with fiery red-brown eyes seeking whom they might devour with reprimand, and an angular maiden lady with four small parcels and hawk-like glances as to their safety, or the encroachment of her and her umbrella's rights of space. In between them a much-sat-upon man, and on the farther side a bulky man both ladies respected because he aggressively appropriated unfair space and kept it without apology.

Thus urged, the dreamy man with his umbrella pointed before him like a bayonet charge—so often practised in omnibuses—crashed in amongst the passengers, disliked and unwanted, up to the end where a grudging place was given.

But on the way the rugged ferrule came with some violence on the face of a young lady, inflicting a severe scratch from between her eyes down her nose, and in an instant blood ran quickly down her face. She started violently back with the shock, and Cassie turned in surprise to note her next neighbour for the first time.

She was a pale-faced, dark-eyed girl. She had on a cheap macintosh and her pockets were covered, but with an exclamation of dismay Cassie had her handkerchief out of her little bag and was offering it to the unfortunate stranger.

There was some commotion in the omnibus. Both ladies exhibited traces of annoyance with everybody else; the much-sat-upon man started, and indignantly looked from the girl to the man who had just sat down sublimely ignorant of what he had done.

"Are you aware, sir," he said, "that you have injured that young lady?"

The unaccountable person, however, merely smiled and replied: "Thank you, thank you; I'm all right."

Then the other man, now irate, rose from his place and went to him and shouted, "You have injured that young lady, sir."

The unaccountable person was, however, extremely deaf, but on having the young lady pointed out, he bent forward and saw her with her face in a handkerchief, and concluded it was no affair of his. Then the maiden lady intimated that she would be obliged if he would sit down, and he returned to his seat;

and the stout lady expressed opinions clearly audible, "that some people were unable to mind their own business."

However, he was still to merit their disapproval, for he very soon became aware that the scratch was a real injury, and he leant forward and addressing Cassie—for the ether was invisible in the handkerchief—said:

"If I may suggest—I think you should go to a chemist and get it attended to."

Cassie mentioned this to her much-suffering neighbour, who acquiesced, and the conductor was told to stop. Then, in sudden impulse—seeing how absolutely helpless the girl was with handkerchief over one eye, and her umbrella in the other hand—she whispered: "I will go with you."

Together they left the omnibus, and in the wet street Cassie said:

"Take hold of my arm, and I'll hold my umbrella over us both."

The next moment the two ladies in the omnibus heard the middle man remonstrate to himself:

"Sth, sth, pair of little fools!" and with the impulse of the moment he darted out, without stopping the omnibus in any way, and disappeared.

There was a drawing-in of mouths and an expressive movement of eyes and heads as the matron remarked: "Wonder how *that* will end!" with a wicked world of suggestion; and the maiden groaned an answer as their eyes met in agreement.

"I beg your pardon, ladies, but you are turning the wrong way."

They looked up and recognised their champion of the omnibus.

"There is a chemist's just behind you—and not another for a considerable distance the way you are going. I could not refrain from coming to tell you," he said. As they turned he hurried on before them to desire someone to be ready to attend to the young lady's injury at once.

Cassie made herself into a resting-post for the stranger's head whilst the wound was dressed, and the man stood waiting at the

street-door, where he enlivened the time by expressing his indignation with the man who had inflicted the injury and his utter indifference. Cassie sympathised with him, but said she fancied the man was very deaf, which might explain it.

At this point the patient exhibited signs of fainting. The champion at the door with one fell swoop rushed amongst the chemist's bottles, and armed with two, forced them into



"Take hold of my arm."

Cassie's hands, saying: "Here—you—hold them under her nose: I am nervous."

Scarcely realising the benefit of two, she nevertheless tried first one and then the other. They propped her corner-wise between the counter and a chair-back, and Cassie fanned her vigorously, while the chemist produced some little restoring drink. Then the dark eyes opened, weakly filled with tears which ran down the pallid cheeks, and Cassie felt very bad, and the champion said to himself—"Overwork, no fresh air, not enough nourishment of any kind."

"I must be going," the young lady said presently. And a poor little object she looked with the addition of the long streak of plaster.

"I don't think you can," said Cassie; "you don't look fit for it."

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"I don't think you can," said Cassie; "you don't look fit for it."

"I must; mother will worry."

"I will see you safe home," said Cassie, "at all events."

She staggered to her feet, and slowly went to the counter, and with a little mouth-quiver muttered to the chemist: "How much?"

"Nothing, miss."

"Nothing?"

"Don't charge for a scrap of plaster like that," he said, moving away with a strange expression on his face, which she looked at doubtfully.

"Come along!"

This was the friend at the door, and all three went out into the mud and the rain, only he was hurrying the patient across the pavement, saying: "Your cab."

"No," and she fell back. "I—haven't my—change."

"It's all settled and all right"—and she was almost lifted in and the address asked. Then he turned to Cassie, and if ever in her life she had hesitated and felt bewildered and uncertain what to do, she felt so now.

"Come along!"

Resistlessly she let herself be hurried into the cab, and in a moment the man stood where girls and driver could both hear, and said:

"Now, cabby, you are settled and paid. I've taken your number—see and take care of these young ladies."

Then he bent towards them bareheaded in the rain and said: "I know you will forgive me, but it was the only thing to do; she is unfit for more omnibus travelling. If I can help in any way, do favour me by letting me know—it would please me, for it may have been caused partly by me."

"Oh no; indeed it was no fault of yours," said Cassie.

"Can't say; I was so sat upon I don't know where my extremities may have been. Possibly he stumbled over my feet; and as somebody *must* take the blame, you must kindly permit me to be the one."

And he laid a card on Cassie's knee, ordered "Glass down!" and the driver to drive off; and with a smile which met with a response from both girls, he stood watching the departure of the hansom, feeling decidedly sorry to see the last of its passengers.

"Gracious!" said Cassie as soon as they had started. "Look here."

She was clutching their two umbrellas, her own parcel, and two large fine bottles of smelling salts. "Gracious! I never remembered I had them!"

"The chemist knew—but—they were paid for."

"He was kind—I never knew anybody so kind," said Cassie.

"Yes—and did it all in such a matter-of-fact way as if there could be no question about it. What is his name?"

"Ah, yes," said Cassie reading: "'Eustace Vanderhourn, 17, St. Peter's Mansions, S.W.' How strange it all is," and she placed the card in her little bag: "all three of us strangers—suddenly mixed up together in a scene—and then to part again. I am afraid your face is very bad!"

"Oh! it hurts horribly. Mother will be frightened to death, and I shan't be able to go to the office."

"Oh! they will excuse you, for such a severe accident."

"But I shall look such a sight, and they won't like it. I am a typist—my name is Juliet Addison."

"My name is Cassandra Jeffries. My father is a lawyer, and I am the eldest girl at home. Oh, do you live here?"

They descended at an entrance to some flats of a not very aspiring kind, and looking round wonderingly as to where she was, Cassie said: "Well, as you are safe home, I will say good-bye."

"No, no—oh no, come up and see mother, if it is only for a few moments."

Yielding to what was evidently much desired, she went "up," and "up further" went both, till an unpretentious door was reached and a key applied, and Cassie, thinking it the strangest adventure that had ever happened, followed into a narrow little hall, and then into a little long room, where a thin little woman sprang up, then fell back with a suppressed scream at her daughter's appearance.

"Juliet, Juliet! what has happened to you, child?"

And they all stood in a group whilst the entire story was told; and when things calmed down, Cassie was invited to sit down, and it was further insisted that she must take tea with them.

Cassie gazed with amazement at the little long room—the furniture was simply beautiful and ancient.

"All that was left us," said little Mrs. Addison, with the anxious face of long suffering. "Everything went. We lost home and property, my husband died, my son went to America. What I had was something, but not enough; but, supplemented with Juliet's typewriting, enough to keep body and soul together—that was all."

"Please excuse my staring at your pretty things," said Cassie. "My father is fairly well

off, but we have nothing half so artistic and pretty as your furniture."

"Just a few things I kept, so as not to have to live in 'furnished apartments.' Yes, it is a strange piece—it is an old Dutch dresser."

"Is it really? I never saw anything so quaint—and what pretty old red china in it—one gets perfectly sick of blue china!"

Mrs. Addison smiled cheerily, and all would have been enjoyable but for the poor wounded face. Mrs. Addison was a bright, chatty little woman, ready in spite of all her sorrows and troubles to be happy and merry on the smallest encouragement, and Cassie felt she had acquired two friends after her own heart, and was strangely drawn to them.

A look at the clock assured her she must depart for home at length. Mrs. Addison was profuse in her thanks, and Juliet would not let her go till she had promised to come again very soon.

Her prolonged absence had raised some vexed questioning, and the results were so disapproved, that the whole story was referred to her father for legal consideration.

"Addison, Addison, Addison?" he said. "Let me see! lost all his money and property. What a fool!" But although it was like a dream to him, that he had heard the name, memory served him no further.

"I'm going again to see them," spoke Cassie bravely; but he shook his head and cleared his throat, saying:

"Just to inquire if she is all right again, some time or other, but the less you have to do with these sort of people the better; it always ends in money wanted."

Eugenie, the second girl, still attending a day-school, hereupon became intensely curious as to all details. She was an impertinent little reproduction of her father, and being exceedingly jealous that she had borne no part in the adventures of the afternoon, it pleased her to be severely sarcastic thereon.

* * * * *

A still more pallid Juliet was being urged down the stairs of the inconsequential flat. It was three weeks since her accident, her face had been very bad indeed, with a doctor in attendance, debts mounting, almost nothing coming in, and her situation in the office filled up and lost.

Cassie had engaged a hansom to drive them about for an hour, Juliet's first outing since her misfortune, and Cassie had done various other small and kind things from her own most meagre little purse. The fresh air and sunshine were good and enjoyable, and they

returned refreshed, but still Juliet did not smile.

Mrs. Addison looked smaller and more pathetic, and it was a poverty-stricken tea they sat down to, although Cassie had brought a little cake.

"Well, dear, it's no use thinking any more about it—the little Dutch dresser must go—the furniture people in the Airdale Road say they will take it."

"It's a perfect sin," broke in Cassie; "it shall not go."

"Needs must," said Juliet huskily, and mechanically she took up a large bottle of smelling salts and sniffed, to hide the quiver of her lips.

The girls had each kept one in memory of that omnibus adventure, and the sight of it at this moment brought it all with the champion back to her memory. Then another idea came along in train, and she opened her purse and took out and read the card: "Eustace Vanderhourn," and she said: "Juliet, I'm going to write to him."

"Never!"

"Needs must," she quoted. "He will know if that man is going to give you the right amount, and if not he may be able to recommend you to another appointment. Father has no idea of girls' work and won't help—let me sit down and write here."

Mrs. Addison was too crushed to take much interest in anything, the tide was persistently against her and she was not a strong swimmer. "Want" was staring at her blatantly in the face.

Cassie nerved herself for the effort. She would not stay to think or to reason—help must be had. She knew one resourceful man, and to him she scrawled off a letter with set lips and flushed cheeks, fled down those endless stairs, and posted it herself; then she went back, and sat in the old rocking-chair and with brilliant cheeks announced: "There! that's done—he will get that to-night."

"What did you say?"

"I don't know, or wish to remember. Never ask me. I don't know what is going to happen, but things will improve. I shall come in the morning to know if he answers or not."

Her friendship with the Addisons had become an accepted fact, and her mother, accompanied by the irrepressible Eugenie, had called to inquire, observe, and take notes. Many questions had been answered, and the result arrived at was they were "all right," but undesirable as being desperately poor, although the furniture was no doubt worth money for those who admired that sort of

thing. Therefore, as Mrs. Jeffries found her hands sufficiently full of other matters, the friendship was allowed to drift, and if Cassie chose to take her afternoon walks in that direction, it was, although deplorable, still inoffensive.

Never had Cassie felt so excited as when she climbed those shabby stairs on the following afternoon. Supposing he had taken no notice of that impetuous little note of hers, how small she would feel, she would——

"Come along!"

She nearly jumped out of her skin—how well she remembered that voice—Eustace Vanderhourn was just leaving the Addisons. They stood in the background, and as he would have gone down he recognised her, and thus greeted her.

"May I come back again for a little while, Mrs. Addison?" he said, holding out his hand and taking Cassie's, as if she required help up the last three steps.

Back they all went into the little long room, which bore an unwonted and gay appearance. Flowers decked every available coign of vantage and diffused sweetest odours.

He had responded to the letter quite early in the morning, and had in less than no time made himself aware of the family history past and present. And he had paid a personal visit to the firm where Juliet had been employed, and the result had been that on the following Monday morning she was to resume her place. All other small pressing troubles had been disposed of.

Mrs. Addison and Juliet, tearfully grateful, kept trying to inform Cassie of all this, but their voices would tremble, and they had had to cease, especially as Mr. Vanderhourn talked them down.

"You see," he added, addressing them now, "I am obliged to find an outlet for a certain amount of money, and the only pleasure I can get out of it is by seeing it is doing some good to somebody. You will sympathise with me when I tell you that I was engaged to be married a year ago, and the young lady cast me off."

"I can't imagine your doing anything bad enough to excuse her doing that," said Cassie.

"Thank you," he said, looking straight at her. "That is real comfort, for I have earned that good opinion somehow, and it replaces the one lost."

And there was a silence, broken by Mrs. Addison's rising to prepare tea; it was too early for it—but bless that cup which can be partaken at any hour and draws gentle sym-

pathy and sociability from all who circle the tea-pot! Round that little common brown vessel they gathered and became confidential and chatty—amongst other things he explained the reason of his desertion.

"My father's only brother died and left me his estate. He was not a modern millionaire, but it brought in a comfortable income. The young lady did not so much object to this, but she objected to the accompanying clause that I had to live there. She said she would not leave London and live in the country for the best man that ever was."

"Implying that you were not that man," laughed Cassie, her sunny piquant face alight and sparkling.

"Implying—and announcing the fact," he added.

"You do not look very broken-hearted," said Juliet.

"Nor do I feel it. You see, in this legacy of my uncle's there is the chief share of some large works two miles away which necessitates constant superintendence, and I manage this as well as my own literary work, so I am a very busy man. I am in London now on business connected with the works."

"And we were so fortunate as to meet on that day," said Cassie.

"I was so fortunate as to meet you on that never-to-be-forgotten day."

"The girl was not worthy of you," said Mrs. Addison. "And the idea of not being able to live in the country! To me it seems the perfection of bliss to live there."

"My new house is a quiet sleepy old place, but to me a paradise in its own way of infinite charm. I was born in London, but it took me a very short time to know I was ready to give it all up. I am a man of quick resolution, I know my own mind in half the time most people take to think about it. I love my home where my ancestors came from, and I am going back to it on Friday. I have been there since I saw you."

"And we shall never see you again," Mrs. Addison said dolefully.

"On the contrary—I come and I go—but we are four friends now, and there is such absolute harmony in this circle, it will not break up again."

"Is it far in the country, your home?" said Mrs. Addison.

"In the dear old Gelderland."

"In—in Holland!" gasped Cassie.

"In Holland, near Arnheim; a sweet, restful old-world spot. The works are in the town, and between two and three miles out—a long a road where beautiful country houses lie,

and there are rivers and woods and hills—
lies Gelderrooze."

Cassie fell back in her chair as if in a dream.
The room seemed to fairly sway round her
vision.

"Cassie's ideal," spoke Juliet; "she is
always painting pictures of Holland."

Then she found words and said: "And
the insides of those houses panelled wood,

"But describe the girl who gives life to the
picture."

"Oh!—any girl."

"No—by no means—but leave that to
me."

Cassie joined no further in the conversation;
but the spring was very early yet and day
began to close in, and Cassie rose, saying she
must hurry home, as it would never do to be



"I am obliged to find an outlet for a certain amount of money."

and window recesses looking into formal
Dutch gardens, shelves with blue china, a ray
of sunshine shining across one corner of the
room; and the girl——"

Vanderhoun had been regarding her with
intense surprise, and then, when in the full tide
of enthusiasm—with brilliant blue eyes, flushed
cheeks, and enthusiasm ringing in her voice—
she came to a sudden pause.

"What is the girl like?" he said. "You
see my uncle's quaint, peaceful old Dutch
home and gardens so plainly, you can describe
the girl who will live there; but she must be
born that way, to find contentment in such
surroundings."

"It is what I sketch and paint I speak of."

late for dinner, or her father would give many
words to the subject.

"What is your father?"

"A lawyer."

"A lawyer! a lawyer,—well now, that's
strange. A matter turned up to-day in which
I said I would take legal steps—it is only a
small affair—will he take it up for me, do
you think?" he said.

"Surely," was her amused reply.

"Come along!"

And he prepared to accompany her along
the streets, asking if her father would object to
business being mentioned at his residence, and
she decided that in unusual circumstances he
would not. And they wandered on into other

subjects, and his mind being full of Gelder-rooze he was enthusiastic, and she lost in sympathy, and the prosaic semi-detached villa was reached before they had said and listened to half they wanted to. He followed her into the house, to the overwhelming amazement of Eugenie, who for once was speechless. The interview came off in the study, and seemed to be satisfactory to each side, and the guest was invited to stay to dinner—for was he not a man of some substance and position?

Eugenie and her mother came down quite smart to dinner, and they both stared at Cassie. She was in a delicate pearl-grey, and there was an extraordinary light shining in her blue eyes, and for the first time she looked absolutely pretty, almost beautiful.

Eustace Vanderhourn—as he said, a man of quick resolve—made up his mind there and then for ever and always. He set his house in order, and a man of such quick action was he that he was back for his bride in the first days of summer. Eugenie and Juliet led the line of bridesmaids, for Eugenie in a long and gorgeous dress was only too delighted to take Cassie's place as "eldest daughter at home," and the bridesmaids had gold bangles with a diamond umbrella on the padlock.

The wondrous sight of the Dutch tulips in

blazing acres of full bloom was over, but the flower borders at Gelder-rooze were a sweet and gracious sight, and the quaint old mansion, inside and out, fresh and fragrant with old-world charm and peace, filled Cassie with almost delirious happiness, and assured Vanderhourn he had found the right one to appreciate his home and himself.

Before the June roses were over, another letter followed the frequent ones to the Addison household:—

"Dear Mrs. Addison,

"There is an absolute doll's house in the park which is too beautifully picturesque and quaint for a workman to live in. Your furniture would make it a perfect dream, and we have decided that you and Juliet are to come and live there, because there will be no rent, and I shall enjoy your society. Eustace has written to father to make all arrangements. Juliet is to continue her typewriting, but for Eustace. Send a line 'Yes' at once, because we are going away for the hot weather—Eustace has a yacht waiting for us on the Zuyder Zee—and Eugenie is coming for the trip.

"Yours,—CASSIE.

"P.S.—'Come along!'"



Seed Thoughts for the Quiet Hour.

At the Plough.

"And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."—LUKE ix. 62.

KEEP me from turning back.
My hand is on the plough, my faltering hand:

But all in front of me is untilled land,
The wilderness and solitary place,
The lonely desert and its interspace.
Dread husbandry—and for the years of pain
What harvest have I? Only this paltry grain,
These dwindling husks, a handful of dry corn,
These poor lean stalks. My courage is outworn.
Keep me from turning back.

The handles of my plough with tears are wet,
The shares with rust are spoiled, and yet—and yet—
My God! my God! keep me from turning back.



SEVEN thousand tons of poisonous gases are discharged every day into the air by the city of London. According to ordinary notions, no vigorous life should be possible in London. And yet vast numbers of the world's most beautiful flowers are grown there; and many of the finest and most vigorous of men and women live there. Many people attribute too much to surroundings, to circumstances. If flowers are to grow in London, they must face the conditions that are there. They have done just that, and have blossomed with their freshness and beauty to the hearts of multitudes.



OUTWARD surroundings and harsh circumstances have a very different effect on different people. A doubting crew, an untamed crew, and an angry Atlantic might well have baffled some men, but they constituted an opportunity for a Columbus to demonstrate his courage and faith, and to make a name for himself among men. The brave flower will industriously sift out the fresh air from the poison, and the man of true valour will compel the winds and the waves to his fortunes—he will not cower and fear before them. We must not cease to make our surroundings better, and to alter, as we can, unfavourable circumstances. But, beyond everything else, we are morally bound to face conditions as they are, and to do a straight, clean, full day's work, whatever the conditions may be. For it is only thus that we can ever be what God intended us to be—men.

JOHAN RUSKIN wrote on Good Friday, 1852: "One day last week I began thinking over my past life and what fruit I had had of the joy of it, which had passed away, and of the hard work of it; and I felt nothing but discomfort, for I saw that I had been always working for myself in one way or another. . . . Then I thought of my investigations of the Bible, and found no comfort in that either—this was about two in the morning: so I considered that I had now neither pleasure in looking to my past life, nor any hope, such as would be my comfort on a sick-bed, of a future one. And I made up my mind that this would never do. So, after thinking, I resolved that, at any rate, I would act as if the Bible were true: that if it were not, at all events I should be no worse off than I was before: that I should believe in Christ and take Him for my Master in whatever I did: that assuredly to disbelieve the Bible was quite as difficult as to believe it: and that the best mystery was that which gave me Christ for a Master—and when I had done this I fell asleep. . . . When I rose in the morning, though I was still unwell, I felt a peace and spirit in me I had never known before."



IF you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbour's faults. Forget the slander you have heard. Forget the temptations. Forget peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write on it only lovely things.



BISHOP BOMPAS, the noble missionary whose Life has just been published by Messrs. Seeley, writing of a clerk's wife who had died in the Rockies, says: "She expressed herself quite happy to the last, and during the last night was often asking for the candles to be put out, for, she said, 'It is all broad daylight with me now.' Her delight was in hearing the Bible read, especially the 14th chapter of St. John. I feel this death rebukes me for having expressed in a letter this spring a fear that our Saviour gathers no lilies from his desert land."

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, the great artist, sifted the fashionable West End of London. One day a titled gentleman brought a great company to his studio to see his new painting. The women in their gay gowns chatted on about the last garden-party, the spring styles, the new music; the men talked even less wisely about the hunt, the shooting season, the new horse. But Watts did not draw back the great curtain before the door of his working studio. An hour passed, and the reception still went on. But there was a fellow-artist there, a man worn with his worship of the vestal of beauty and the angel of ideal loveliness. He was waiting anxiously to see the canvas. At length he whispered to Watts that he must go soon.

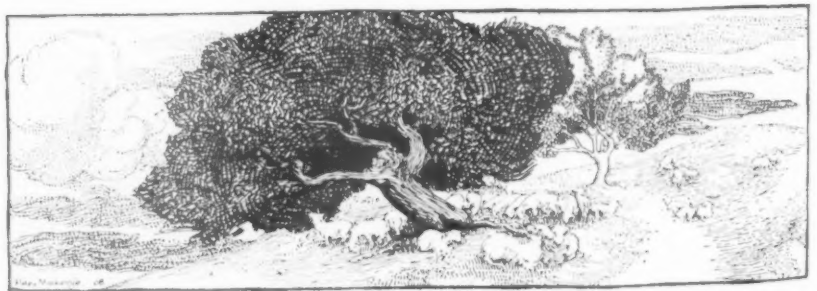


THEN it was that the great artist had his inspiration. Watts turned to his artist-friend and whispered: "I don't want to wear my heart upon my sleeve before this vulgar crowd; but I know how to weed them out." Then he said aloud: "Perhaps some of this company need refreshments; if so, you will find the table spread in the dining-room." At that word two-thirds of the company ran away, like a flock of chickens when called to their scattered feed. To the rest that remained he said: "I have just received a present of a new hunting horse which the groom will show to those whose tastes run to horses." This cleared out the idle multitude, and left only Watts and his artist-friend together. Then the curtain was drawn, and the two old artists looked on his pictures, "Mammon" and "The Rich Young Ruler who went away Sorrowful."

MEN sift one another before they impart themselves and theirs to others; they sift until they reach those who are worthy. That is what Jesus did, and that was natural and necessary. I tell you, my fellow-men, the future of the Kingdom of God depends upon the proper sifting of men; therefore, sift men by your preaching, in the sieve of the full truth, and in the sieve of a complete and full statement of the demands and claims of the Kingdom of God.



ONE of the old Greek myths tells of Tantalus, who, as a punishment for a heinous crime, was condemned to perpetual thirst. He was placed up to the chin in a pool of water, which flowed away whenever he attempted to taste it. Near as the clear, cool liquid was to him, it was ever just beyond his reach. In His wayside talk with the woman of Samaria, Jesus likened the blessings of salvation to the water in Jacob's Well. But that water, seventy feet down in the earth, would have been of no avail without the leathern bucket—its mouth held open by three cross-sticks—and the goat's-hair rope to bring it full to the surface. Nor can we enjoy the "water from the wells of salvation" unless we let down the rope of faith and draw up a supply to satisfy our souls from these unfailing springs. But the faith that seeks the satisfaction of all spiritual longings in the depths of Divine grace will never be disappointed. From these fountains that never fail, millions have slaked their soul thirst, and they are as full and abundant as ever.



Two Heads are Better than One.

A Complete Story.

By CAROLINE MARRIAGE.

"A POUND o' white paint," said Nancy Kearton, "has a terbly smartening effect, if it be put on judgmatically."

And Susan Jim, from the top of his ladder, could not but agree, though the handiwork was his own.

"The smell of it——" continued Nancy, as she peered cautiously through the little casement, "it allus 'minds me o' springtime, an' t' cuckoo, an' sik like. It seems to set t' winter behind one."

"Ay," said Jim, "it has a smell o' the spring wi' it, has a bit o' white paint."

He went on dabbing.

"Tis a pity but what thou couldn't paint t' owd woman an' all, Susan Jim," said Mrs. Kearton with a laugh that, taken at its best, was only half-humorous. "They've learned a deal sin' I was a lass, but they haven't yet found a way o' makin' an owd body lish again. We're nobbut young once, we go but once round."

"Ay," said Jim, putting his brush in the tin and stroking it thoughtfully against the edge, "but ye're lish yet, Nannie. Ye've a gey time ahead o' ye still."

The old woman looked out through the window and watched him working his brush into the top corners.

"Ay," she said slowly, "there's allus most time when there's least doing."

Susan Jim went on painting. Perhaps he understood, perhaps he did not.

"It'll be ten year, come Holyrood, sin' he went away."

"Time goes," said Jim.

"Nor it doesn't gang empty-handed."

"It leaves summat for what it tak's," suggested Jim. "And often's what we could ill spare."

"Ay, for t' young! It's brought thee a wife; it'll mebbly bring ye bairns. But bide a bit!"

"It's bringing your bairn back, onyway," persisted Jim.

"Ay," said the old woman, brightening, "I was 'most forgetting that."

She turned briskly from the window to continue her dusting.

"Does this winda open at t' top?" shouted Jim.

"It should," admitted Nancy, "accordin'

to the man 'et planned it. But it winnot wi'out a deal o' humourin'."

"I've tried humourin'," said Jim, "but whiles a cold chisel is mair to t' purpose."

Leaving his paint pot on the sill he went down to the kitchen, where Nancy produced the required implement.

"An' that 'minds me, I've a bit of a letter I'll get thee to read over to me. It tak's betterh glasses nor mine to mak' out the new-farrant writing they teach i' t' skules nowadays. And we'll get a bite an' a sup to one an' the same time."

It was lucky for Susan Jim that Nancy, busy with preparations for lunch, allowed him to read and re-read the letter without observation. While she buttered a handsome tract of currant loaf and mixed some coffee in a couple of mugs, Jim sat staring at the sheet of paper with knitted brow.

"Well?" said Nancy, at last, and there was a shade of triumph in her tones, "thou doesn't find it ower easy to riddle thyself seemingly. There's not a many can write as twisted and criss-cross as our James."

Jim studied the lines with a troubled face and did not answer.

"Well, well," said the old woman, "get thy coffee down afore it cool, an' t' skule-mistress 'll mebbly read it out for me."

She was clearly not ill pleased that, for all his younger eyes and modern education, Jim seemed to find her son's communication a sealed book.

"The varra one," said Jim, rising hastily. "I'll away to her at once. Ye see," he continued, "if he want an answer there's nobbut an hour or so to post-going, and she and me 'll fix oop matters between us. By what I can mak' out he doesna rightly ken t' train times, and Miss Shore she understands figgas to a nicety."

He caught up his cap as he spoke, and Nancy went back to her preparations with complete assurance that more capable hands than hers were shaping her destiny.

"Mind an' give him my kind luv," she called after him, "an' for t' rest, ye can settle that between ye."

Perhaps it was just as well for her peace of mind that she let Jim go his way unwatched, for when he had made certain of this he struck

a bee-line for home, where he found Jemima ironing.

"I thought thou wast to get thy dinner at Nancy's," she cried, showing the dismay a busy woman feels who sees the man she believed safely provided for until nightfall return to an unprepared home.

"See here, Jemima," he said tragically. "Here's Jim Kearton says he winnot come home."

"Winnot!" cried Jemima. "And thou paintin' t' house and 'siding oop t' gardin' o' purpose!"

The blank ingratitude of the fellow struck Jim afresh.

"He's like t' chap i' the Bible; he's gotten a lass an' therefore he canna coom."

"A lass," reflected Jemima; "then he'll ha'e altered a deal, seemingly. Couldn't look a mile-stone i' the face last time he were i' these parts. She maun ha'e been terble good to him!"

"Mebby," said Jim. "Lasses are."

"Are what?" asked Jemima sharply.

"Good," said Jim, innocent as ever. "And perticular to sik as are least thought of in a general way."

Jemima reddened.

"I'se sure there's naebody mair thought of in all Biggin than thou art, only thou winnot see it."

"Me!" cried Jim. "I thought we were talkin' o' James Kearton?"

"Why, so we are," said Jemima hastily. "And the best thing thou canst do is to sit down an' write to him to bring t' lass along, 'stead o' giving his moother back-word. Tell him he can ha'e fifty sweethearts, if so be he can find 'em fond enough to tak' oop wi' sik a sapskull, but he'll never ha'e but one moother."

"Ay," said Jim, thoughtfully, "that's true enough, but it'll be a hard choosin'—let alone a moother's i' soom sort a necessity, while t' lass is an extra, and mebbie the more considered on that account."

"Jim," interposed Jemima sternly, "it wad never do to write to the lad i' that fashion!"

"Nay, nay, I can see that," answered Jim, looking round the kitchen dolefully and pushing his cap off his forehead.

Jemima fetched a chair, a pen, and a penny bottle of ink.

"Sit down," she said urgently.

"Eh, Jemima, thou kens I'm no hand at a letter."

"Ay," assented his wife. "But Nannie'll be asking if thou's written, and thou can't

say, 'Nay, Jemima did'—it wad give the whole show away. Sit thee doon. I'll tell thee what to put."

Jim drew his chair to the table and sat waiting, his body bent forward to the task and head askew.

"My dear son——"

"He's no son o' mine!"

"Dear son," repeated Jemima firmly, adding, for pity of the man's understanding, "Thou'rt writin' for his moother, and maun speak as she'd speak—I am in receipt of your esteemed favour."

"Nay, now, Jemima! Nancy wad never say that; it's a sight too polished."

"Get on wi' thee, there's a good lad. It'll be post time afore we get done if thou pull me up at every word."

"Esteemed favour," panted Jim.

"Which shall have our earliest attention." Nay, I know that's a right beginning; didn't I see it i' black an' white i' yesterday's paper? In writing a letter," she continued, for Jim's instruction, "ye should never say first-go-off what ye have o' yeer mind. It's varra oon-cooltivated. 'In wishing you every felicitation——,' " she went on, with raised voice.

"Hold hard, Jemima," pleaded Jim. "This pen's a deal too knock-kneed and splutthey for them long words."

"Felicitation on your approaching nuptials," chanted his wife, "'I hasten to put my humble abode at your disposal. Should your affianced bride——'"

"There's one thing I must say, Jemima," interrupted Jim, with desperate determination. "The lad'll not ha'e forgotten the home he was born an' reared in, humble or no—what he doesna ken, *nor cannot wi'out we tell him*, is how smartened oop t' owd spot looks wi' t' fresh paint, an' t' new gate, and a bit o' pink soap to his washstand. It wad fair stagnate him!"

"Tell him yon," said Jemima, her eyes gleaming. "Say till him there's been a bakin' o' haver cake, an' currant bread, an' minsh pies, an' that t' poor owd body has sae bigged on his cooming she'd be shamed to face t' town if it were all to coom to nowt at the last of it."

Jim's pen scratched, his face twitched, his whole soul and body bent to the work, and Jemima, recognising the flow of inspiration, stood aside, as none but a wise woman could, until Jim heaved the sigh of exhausted effort.

"See how it reads," he said, holding the sheet towards her with a mixture of pride and misgiving.

"My dear son," read *Jemima*, "'I am in receipt of your esteemed favour which shall have our earliest attention. In wishing you every felicitation, I hasten to put my humble abode at your disposal should your affianced bride— Though it is none so humble when all's said and done. If you could but see all the white paint and fresh curtains, and the smell of the spring, and the poor old woman so busy and as pleased as a bairn to be having her bairn coming home to her. I could not bring it over my heart to tell her. So bring thy lass here with thee, and no more words about it. We'll find room for ye both and give ye a right friendly welcome, the town of us. As *Jemima* says, we've nobbut one

mother, and she fair hungering for a sight of thee. So let no more be said

"Yours fathfully,

"JIM ATKINSON."

"Will it do, thinksta?" he asked timidly.

"It doesna read just all of a picce," admitted *Jemima*, "but there's few could ha'e put it in a more takin' fashion."

Their eyes met, full of shy pride; hers of him, and his at her pleased approval. And when the telegram came to say young *Kearton* was really coming on Saturday, what struck *Biggin* and old *Nancy* as a sinful waste of money only proved over again to *Jemima* (and who would weary of such a refrain?) that her man was one in a thousand.



Famous Barns of the Church.

By T. W. WILKINSON.

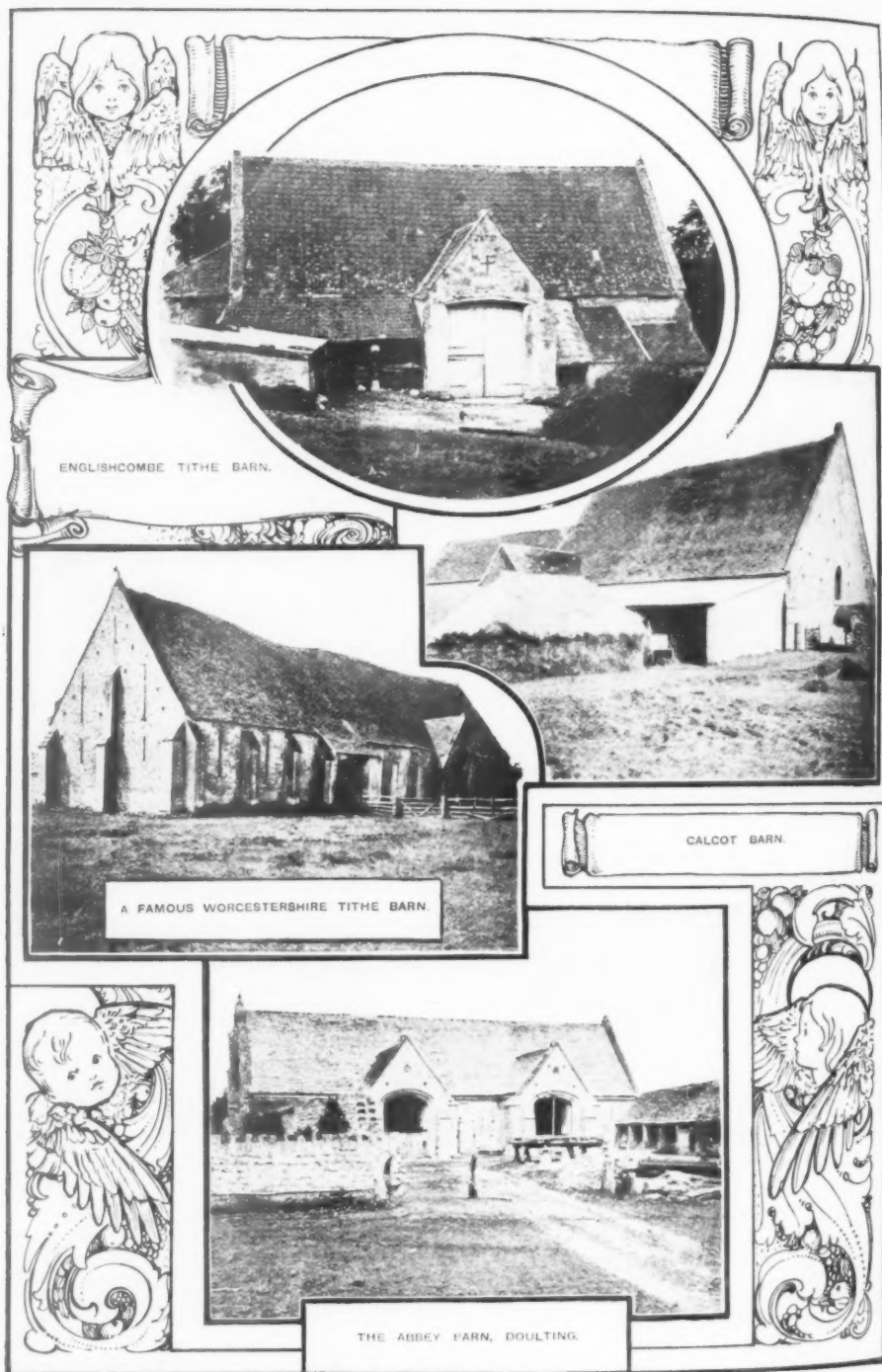
MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE used to tell of having seen a cottager's tenth child christened with a sprig of myrtle in its cap to mark it as a tithe child, and of having heard of a rector recognising such a child and sending it to school. The custom was one of many which obtained in the days when tithe was paid in kind, and when it had a significance which it has largely lost since it has been commuted. By the Act of 1836 the payment of dues to the Church was practically lumped with the payment of the gas bill, of the rates, and of any other liability. Long previously the bulk of the tithes had been commuted; but the statute completed and legalised the practice, and finished the process of sweeping away usages representing the slow growth of centuries, as well as popular customs of long standing.

Distant though pre-commutation times may sometimes appear, they are brought very close, in a sense, by the huge barns in which tithe was stored—granaries so vast that it seems unlikely there could ever have been for miles around them such shortness of accommodation as was once experienced in a certain part of *Essex*. The non-resident incumbent of a parish came into the neighbourhood and expressed a wish to hold service in the church. This

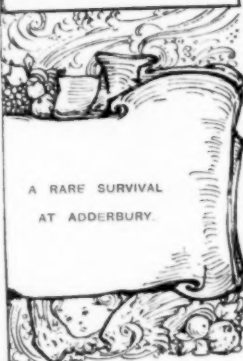
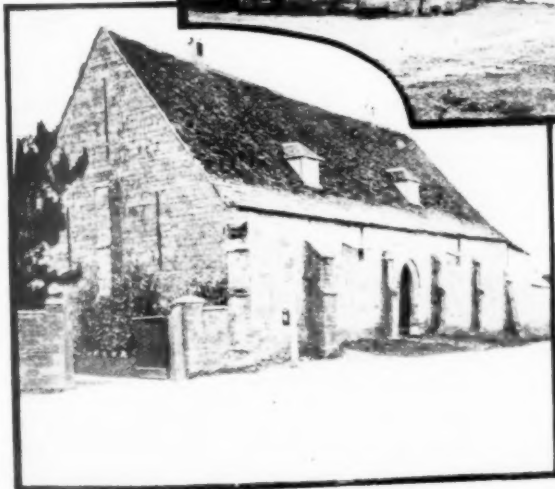
staggered the churchwarden, who at length made shift to remark that such a thing was impossible, as the harvest had just been gathered and the church was full of wheat! Notwithstanding the number and size of the barns for tithe, however, it was occasionally collected in church.

Fine relics of old Church days, and, in a lesser degree, of a bygone agricultural age, are the still surviving barns in which tithe was stored. In size they are enormous, especially when the tithe owner was the abbot of some monastery; in general character they are semi-ecclesiastical throughout. They run east and west, like the churches they are always near; they are sometimes adorned with carvings emblematic of the Christian faith; and they are constructed with the ingenuity, skill, and solidity characteristic of the golden era of church-building—an era when men grudged neither time nor materials.

Several noble barns are among the evidences that remain of the rule of the Abbots of *Glastonbury*. In *Glastonbury* itself there is one—a cruciform building said to have been erected by *Nicholas Fromond* about 1420, and with numerous interesting figures and architectural details. Another stands at *Pilton*. This is of a little later date, perhaps, than the *Glastonbury* barn, and has



(Photo: E. W. Blandford.)



certainly more ornament. To still more recent times belongs a third which is still standing at Doultling. Each of these picturesque structures has an open timber roof—oak, of course—and is locally known as the "Abbey Barn."

Round Bath is a number of barns of the Church having more varied interest. Englishcombe possesses one in which is contained all that remains of its castle. The village was the seat of the De Gournays, one of whom took part in the murder of Edward II. He was eventually captured in Spain—whither he had fled to escape justice—taken on board an English ship, and executed; and afterwards his castle at Englishcombe was levelled. The stones from it, or some of them, were used to build the tithe barn, which was the property of the Prior and Convent of Bath.

The Law of Building Dove-cots.

A barn of the same class is the special glory of South Stoke, as another was that of North Stoke, but it has been modernised and spoilt. At one end of the South Stoke barn is a round house in which a horse formerly furnished the motive power for driving a somewhat primitive machine, while the other contains a dove-cot, that mediæval token of manorial rights.

This possession was, and, to a certain extent, still is, hedged about with fearful pains and penalties. In England the privilege of erecting a dove-cot was enjoyed exclusively by lords of the manor, while to this day in Scotland nobody may legally build a cot either in town or country unless he own land yielding about 960 imperial bushels of produce per annum, nor even then unless such land be within two miles of the cot. It is further enacted that not more than one cot may be built on the foregoing conditions. English law prescribes, moreover, that "doves in a dove-house, young or old, shall go to the heir, and not to the executor."

De-pite the legislative restrictions on the erection of dove-cots, these structures seem to have been numerous at one time, for an authority on husbandry estimated in 1628 that there were 26,000 in England. But it is possible to travel many miles nowadays without seeing one, while the conjunction at South Stoke is very rare indeed.

Still grander a relic is the famous Barton Barn at Bradford-on-Avon. Generally called Early English, and built about 1300 to

1350, it may be likened to a long nave with double transepts. Its bold designer is not known, but it may have been planned by Gilbert de Middleton, who was virtually rector of Bradford at the date of its erection, and who, as he held prebends in the cathedrals of St. Paul's, Chichester, Hereford, Wells, and Sarum, is conjectured to have been well able to afford to build such a structure. On the surface of the stones in the interior can still be discerned the various masons' marks, those designs by which the master masons distinguished their work, as such craftsmen still distinguish it, only that the marks are now on the side of the stone that is embedded in the wall, whereas of old they were on the surface.

There is another group of fine barns in Oxfordshire. Examples at Adderbury, Swadcliffe, and Upper Heyford are all of the same type, and were probably built about 1380 by New College, who own the property, and under the direction, it may be, of William of Wykeham. Enstone also retains its tithe, or, as it is locally called, its "rectory" barn; but it is of different origin, having been built, as a Latin inscription on it records, by "Walter of Wynyforton, Abbot of Wynchcombe, in 1282, at the petition of Robert Mason, bailiff of this place." Enstone belonged to the Abbey of Winchcombe.

Holborn in Cambridgeshire.

Gloucestershire and Worcestershire are particularly rich in barns of the Church. Frocester, in the former county, has a splendid specimen, erected by John de Gamage, Abbot of Gloucester, between 1284 and 1306, and having a length of 70 yards. A few miles away is Calcot Barn, a mute witness of the sway exercised by the monks of King-wood. Till recent years Kingswood itself plainly indicated that it had been an abbatial possession, since it was a part of Wiltshire, notwithstanding that it is seven miles from that county, as Ely Place, Holborn, is in Cambridgeshire, and not in Middlesex. By its detachment from the county to which it belonged it proclaimed its former ecclesiastical ownership. Legislation, however, has annexed it to Gloucestershire, and only a gatehouse of fifteenth-century work at King-wood and the barn on Calcot Farm remain to show the glories of the abbey.

The relic at Calcot is smaller than the Frocester Barn, being 140 ft. long and 37 ft. 6 in. wide, but is a good example of

medieval workmanship. The date, MCCC, is cut on a coign stone inside the south porch, where there is also an inscription stating that it was destroyed by lightning in 1728 and rebuilt in 1729. Other monastic barns in the county are at Bredon, Stanway (where there is an interesting storehouse which belonged to the Abbey of Tewkesbury), Ashelworth, and Hartpury.

Naseby Tithe Barn.

In Worcestershire is one of the most remarkable tithe barns we still possess, that at Middle Littleton. It was probably built by John de Omberley, Abbot of Evesham from 1367 to 1377, and has a length of 130 ft. and a breadth of 42 ft. Its walls are said to be 4 ft. thick. The structural peculiarity of this grand old relic is the exceptional width. A team of four horses, with a waggon load of corn or hay, can be taken in, turned round, and brought out again through the same door. Though the well-known barn at Abbotsbury, Dorset, is longer, it is 11 ft. narrower. Both these huge structures were doubtless used, not only to store tithe, but to provide shelter during inclement weather for the flocks and herds, and must at times have contained an enormous quantity of grain and live stock.

Besides these groups, there are still a good many isolated tithe barns scattered up and down the country. Naseby has one which is a striking contrast to the monastic type, since it has mud walls and a thatch roof. It is much stronger, however, than it looks at a distance, closer inspection revealing that in it there is a lot of oak. Over the main doorway of the picturesque structure is carved the date, 1601, with the initials "E. S.," probably those of Edward Shuckburgh, whose grave-stone is in the chancel of the church.

Oliver Cromwell's Barn.

A tithe barn of brick remains opposite what is accounted the most interesting village church in Bedfordshire, that at Felmersham. In it corn used to be threshed by being trodden under foot. Similar is a fourteenth-century example at Green End, St. Ives, which is known all over the countryside as "Oliver Cromwell's Barn," because of a tradition that the Protector, during the time (from 1631 to 1636) he "stocked a grazing farm in the skirts of the town," drilled his soldiers in the structure. This is not the only building of its class with Cromwellian associations, the huge

brick barn opposite Basing House being linked in folklore with the great commoner. While the Roundheads were besieging that Royalist stronghold, their horses, so the story goes, were stabled in the great granary over the way, still a sound, massive edifice, with walls which are in places 6 ft. thick. Truly, they built better than they knew!

Stories innumerable, however, cling to such relics. It is told of one—and the truth of this is beyond dispute—that an extremely conscientious farmer once brought straight to it his own tithe, and for his pains was sued for trespass. He pleaded necessity, stating that had he not carted the corn to the parson's barn it would have been spoiled; but his defence was invalid, and he paid the penalty of meddling with the rights of another person.

Connected with another barn there is a curious story of obduracy. The purchaser of an estate of 500 acres, after being worsted in a lawsuit, refused to take possession or exercise any right of ownership, with the result that nearly the whole became derelict. Trees were destroyed; the farm buildings reduced to ruins; gipsies camped unchecked on the land, blackening it everywhere with their fires, and converting parts into offensive rubbish heaps. Ultimately, indeed, the whole estate was a melancholy spectacle of decay and neglect, with the exception of one field, which was cultivated by the vicar to secure his tithe. For a number of years this remarkable state of things continued; but now the farm is worked as of old.

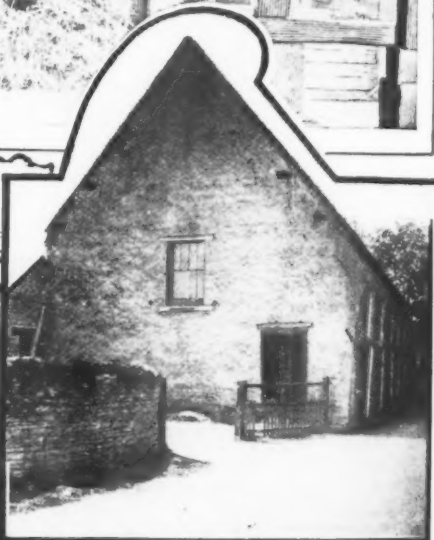
Feats with the Flail.

Perhaps the most notable of the barns which are outside the territories generally recognised as having once been under monastic rule is that at Harmondsworth, Middlesex. Built by an obscure priory established here, and known as the "Gothic Barn," it ranks high among the largest storehouses of its class in the whole country, scoring as it does 191 ft. by 38 ft. Big as it is, too, it was formerly much larger, for it had a projecting wing at the north end. This was taken down about the year 1775, and portions of it were used in constructing another tithe barn, still standing, at Heath Row, about a mile and a half from Harmondsworth Church.

The walls of the old structure are built of a conglomerate known as "pudding stone"—a name bestowed on it because the flints and pebbles dotted here and there in the rock are suggestive to an extremely



INTERIOR OF THE GOTHIC BARN AT
HARMONDSWORTH



FELMERSHAM BARN: A RELIC
OF OLD CHURCH DAYS.

A GATEWAY OF BARTON BARN,
BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

vivid imagination of the currants and raisins in plum pudding—while the interior is a long vista of oak in splendid preservation. It is divided into nave and aisles by two rows of heavy pillars, above which is an open roof. As is not uncommon in mediæval work, the joints are everywhere pinned, not a bolt or nail having a place in the construction. There is nothing to rust.

One of the curiosities of the grand, cathedral-like interior is an agricultural implement now seldom seen and still more rarely used—a flail. It was a "tool of trade" that often figured in competitions on the village green, and with it old farm hands can still show the townsman, as well as the fledgling agriculturist, many a trick not even to be attempted by the wise novice except in private. That way humiliation lies. A feat the "gaffers" sometimes perform calls for much skill. In a thick deal board is cut a nick, into which a farthing is pressed edgewise until it will just remain upright. The board is then placed on the ground. Stepping back, the performer swings the flail over his head. Bang! The swiple has descended with a crash, and has driven the farthing clean into the wood. There is the usual retort to the usual jeerer: "Try it!"

Gone now are the days of the flail, and

gone, too, the days of the big barns. When they were built and till long afterwards nearly all corn was stored immediately after it was cut, and threshed in winter at such times as open-air farming operations were virtually impossible. If men were kept off the land by storm and flood, there was still work for them to do: they could take a turn at the flail. But with the advent of the travelling threshing machine began the present custom of ricking sheaves—a custom which has become so general that comparatively little storage is required for unbeaten grain.

Big barns, in fact, have outlasted their utility as stores; they are no longer wanted. And, as a result, of those built for tithe that yet survive, some are used partly for other than storage purposes, while a few have been wholly adapted to different ends. Portions of some of the ancient structures are stables, coach-houses, and the like, one is a dairy, and another—that at Charlton, near Evesham—has been turned into a commodious church.

Whatever the future may hold in store for our tithe barns, it is to be hoped that they will, at least, be spared from destruction, since they form monumental links with the past, and are alike of architectural, ecclesiastical, and historical interest.



"Inasmuch—"

A Complete Story.

By DOROTHY OWEN.

"A WOMAN with a heart of gold and a treasury of sympathy that is inexhaustible!" was what my brother, a hard-working vicar in the East-end of London, called her.

I confessed to some curiosity as to this paragon.

"Who and what is she?" I asked.

"Only a poor little dressmaker," replied my brother, "but one of Nature's truest gentlewomen for all that. I wish you would go and see her, Truda. It would be such a pleasure to her."

"Very well," I replied, "I will go this afternoon, if you like."

I was staying for a fortnight with my brother,

the Reverend Noel Carter, before returning to my home in the country; and very often, in the afternoon, he would ask me to call on some of his poor parishioners—a work, truly, after my own heart, for had I been my own mistress I should have made my home then and there with Noel.

Punctually, therefore, at three o'clock I started off. It was a raw, damp, November afternoon, and the streets looked grey and cheerless. Number 3, Angel Court was the address that Noel had given me, and I had little difficulty in finding my destination.

But what a name for such a place! It seemed a very mockery to think of *angels* in such a locality! Then I chid myself sharply for my

unchristian thoughts, and knocked at the open and somewhat dilapidated door of Number 3.

"Who's there?" came in loud, strident tones from what I imagined to be the back kitchen.

"It is I, Miss Carter," I replied to my unseen interlocutor.

"It's a lidy, mother," said a small and much-bedraggled child of about seven, who had emerged into the narrow passage and stood scanning me gravely from head to foot with much curiosity.

"Oh, one o' them religious, I reckon!" said the voice from the remote regions. "Say I'm engaged, 'Tilda!"

"Please, miss, mother's engaged," repeated the infant obediently. Then—a light seeming to break in upon her—"Maybe it warn't mother yer wanted?"

"I wanted to see Miss Marsh," I replied. "Does she live here?"

What a smile lit up the tiny features!

"Why, it's the Little Auntie yer lookin' fur! Yus. She lives 'ere. Top back. I'll show yer. Come on."

So saying, my tiny guide escorted me up the first flight of stairs. I followed obediently, taking care meanwhile to hold my skirts as high as I conveniently could, for the stairs looked as if they had not been swept or washed for a twelvemonth! I wondered incidentally whether 'Tilda's mother was responsible for them! Up we went—one flight—two—three. At last we reached the "top back." 'Tilda knocked at the door.

"Come in," replied a pleasant voice, such a contrast to the one below. "Why, it's 'Tilda, I do declare!"

"Oh, Little Auntie," cried the child, "here's a lidy to see yer!"

Miss Marsh rose from her chair, sewing in hand, and my first impressions of her remain as clear and distinct as if it had all happened yesterday.

A slight, pale, little woman in black, with intelligent brown eyes, surrounded by a group of dirty, ill-fed, neglected-looking children, ranging from the ages of two to eight. This picture flashed like lightning through my brain as I advanced into the room, and said cordially:

"Good afternoon, Miss Marsh. My brother, Mr. Carter, asked me to come and see you. I hope I am not disturbing you in any way?"

One of the youngest children set up a howl at this unexpected interruption, and Miss Marsh, laying aside her needlework to take up the baby, replied brightly:

"Not at all, Miss Carter. How kind of you to come! Bobbie, bring the lidy a chair."

Bobbie, a freckle-faced, red-haired laddie of

about six, trotted across the room to do her bidding.

"Sh-sh, Jessie. Sh-sh-sh," said the Little Auntie, as she rocked the fractious infant to and fro in a motherly way that went to my heart. "Jessie, be a good girl—that's right. There's a de-ar!"

To my surprise the baby had ceased its wailing, and, thumb in mouth, was placidly regarding me with large, luminous blue eyes.

"Yes, it *is* good of you to come," continued Miss Marsh, taking no notice of this little interruption. "I very rarely go out, and it is indeed a treat to see a fresh face. And Mr. Carter's sister, too!"

A smile lit up her face as she spoke of Noel, and from that moment I knew I should like the Little Auntie.

"But tell me," I said impulsively, curiosity for the moment getting the better of my manners, "who are all these children? Where do they come from?"

Miss Marsh looked tenderly at the little group and then turned to me.

"I call them *my* children," she said softly, and the tenderness of her tone was reflected in her brown eyes. "They really belong to the other people in the house. You see, Miss Carter, their mothers are busy washing, cooking, or cleaning, while I have only my sewing to do. So the children come and sit with me, and I talk to them, and they tell me all their little joys and sorrows—and—well, we understand one another," she finished with a happy little laugh.

"Yus, and the Little Auntie allus 'as a fire, come cold days," put in 'Tilda, as she warmed her hands at the cheerful blaze. "We allus comes 'ere if we wants a warm. don't us, Clara?" to another child on the opposite side of the hearth.

"Yus," said the other, "and she never scolds nor 'its us, neither."

I glanced at the child. She had a sweet, delicate little face, but the left eye was black and badly bruised, from which I concluded that Clara's mother (or father, perhaps) both "scolded" and "it." Poor little Clara!

"Yes," said Miss Marsh, interpreting my glance. "The mother—poor mite!"

Then she turned to another child who was pulling impatiently at her apron.

"Well, Mollie?" she questioned, stroking the fair hair. "What do you want, dear?"

"Sing," said the baby—she was little more—"sing 'There's a Fwend for ickle childwen.'"

"Not now, darling. Some other time perhaps."

But a chorus of voices interrupted her.

"Oh, yes, yes! Sing, Little Auntie, *do!*"

Miss Marsh looked apologetically at me.

"If you don't mind," she began. "It does please them so!"

I assured her that I did not mind in the least; and then she began in a clear, rich contralto:

"There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die;
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears."

The children listened entranced, their eyes on the Little Auntie, their whole soul riveted on the music. When she reached the last verse, their pent-up enthusiasm burst forth, and they all joined in lustily, yet with the greatest reverence:

"There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Oh, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own."

"Thank you!" I said, when the children had finished. "How well they sing! Has my brother ever heard them?"

"Yes, once," replied Miss Marsh. "He came in during that very hymn, and then he explained so nicely to them about the 'Friend for little children.'"

"Little Auntie tells us 'bout Jesus, too," put in Bobbie of the red hair and freckles; "and sometimes, when her's not too busy, her reads us lovely stories out of the Bible."

Miss Marsh looked across at me with a deprecating smile.

"I'm afraid I don't do it very well," she said, "but the children like it, and there's no one else to tell them, poor mites!"

"Can't they go to Sunday-school?" I suggested.

The tears rose in the little woman's eyes.

"They can't," she murmured. "Look at their clothes, their boots—*everything!* I do what I can, though that's not much, but I can't keep them in boot-leather!"

"Little Auntie, that ain't true!" put in Tilda, who had been listening intently. "You know you mends up our clothes, and sometimes our boots, when they ain't too bad!"

Miss Marsh's pale face flushed.

"Oh, hush, Tilda," she said.

At that moment the door opened, and in toddled a tiny mite of a child holding a head-

less doll which she stretched pathetically towards the Little Auntie.

"Oh, she's deaded! She's deaded!" she sobbed. "Oh, Little Auntie, she's kite, kite deaded!"

The tears were streaming down the tiny face, the little eyes were red and swollen, but with unerring instinct the baby sufferer ran swiftly towards her kind friend, and sobbed out all her childish woes upon that loving breast. Gently the tears were dried, softly the words of comfort spoken, and before very long Baby May lifted an April face, and, smiling through her tears, condescended to give me a kiss.

Miss Marsh returned to her work, at which (except during the last few minutes) she had been working steadily ever since my arrival; and Baby May, forgetting her sorrows, proceeded to hush-a-bye the headless doll which had been the cause of so much solicitude.

But time was passing, and I had promised Noel to be back to give him a cup of tea before he started off to the Band of Hope. So, drawing on my gloves, I shook hands with the Little Auntie, who made me promise to come and see her once more before I went home, said good-bye to the children, and, accompanied by Tilda, groped my way downstairs again.

As I left the house, I heard the harsh tones from the remote regions:

"Now, Tilda, you tiresome child! And where to goodness 'ave you bin all this time, I'd like ter know!"

"Poor little Tilda!" I murmured. "Poor little child!"

When I reached home, I found Noel waiting for me.

"Well, Truda," he said, as I took off my hat and coat, "and have you had a pleasant afternoon?"

"Oh, Noel," I said eagerly, "I think Miss Marsh is just splendid! You ought to have seen her this afternoon." And then I gave him a graphic account of the whole scene.

"Yes," he said musingly, when I had finished, "she is certainly a noble woman. And that court, Truda, is one of the worst in the parish! I tremble to think of the influences at work on the children, but Miss Marsh is the one bright spot there. She is a veritable sunbeam. Do you know that one day when I went there she was giving away her last crust to some tiny mite! And I believe that often and often she goes supperless to bed rather than refuse some hungry little one; and I know for a fact that she barely earns enough to keep body and soul together. 'Inasmuch as ye have done

it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me," finished Noel softly, as he thought of the brave little woman stitching away in the "top back" and mothering the poor neglected waifs and strays that came to her.

I paid one more visit to the Little Auntie before my return, and found her, as usual, surrounded by her children. She greeted me with her bright smile, and we spent a very pleasant time together. Shortly afterwards I returned to my own home.

It must have been about a year later that I received the following letter from Noel:—

"My dear Truda,

"You will, I know, be sorry to hear that our little friend, Miss Marsh, passed away last Friday. I was with her at the time, and she sent her love to you.

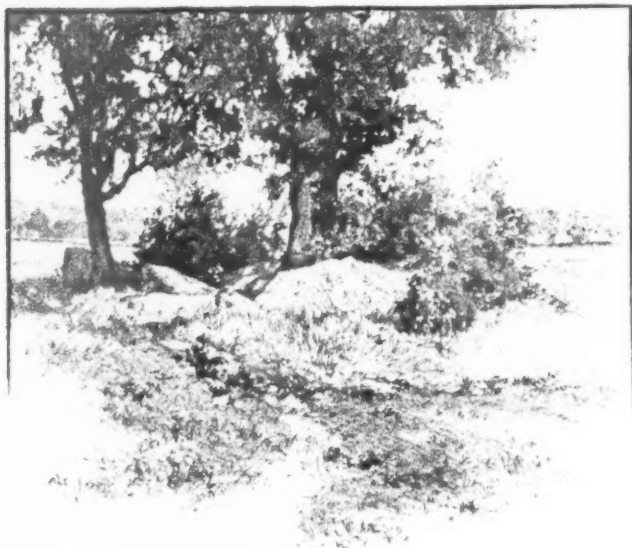
"We have had an epidemic of diphtheria in the parish, but, with the help of the sanitary inspectors, we thought we had succeeded in stamping it out. Last Monday a number of fresh cases were notified, among them being two children from Number 3,

Angel Court. It seems that Miss Marsh had been up with them for two or three nights before they were taken away, and she must have contracted the disease herself. Unfortunately, in her case, it was attended with some sort of complication, and there was little hope from the first. The children are both doing well.

"She sent a message asking me to come to her, and though she was in great pain, she was wonderfully brave and patient. Her childlike faith, too, was beautiful to see. Her last words were: 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' and then, very peacefully and very quietly, she fell asleep."

As I read, a lump rose in my throat, and the tears started to my eyes. Dear Little Auntie! She had gone to her rest in Paradise, and surely her works would follow her.

And then, somehow, I found myself repeating the words that Noel had used that grey November afternoon nearly a year ago: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."



The Children's Pages.

Conducted by "MR. ANON."

DEAR CHILDREN,—Many of you are thinking of the holidays. Will you remember there are many sick and poor children who will have no pleasant time at the seaside? Will you send a little gift to the fund we are raising for the Radiography Apparatus in the Hospital for Sick Children? Send it to The Editor, *THE QUIVER*, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. MR. ANON.

LORD MACAULAY IN ANECDOTE.

BY J. A. MANSON.

LORD MACAULAY'S fame rests so largely on his "History," "Essays," and "Lays," that we are apt to forget that he was also a sagacious statesman and a speaker who, though his voice is said to have been unmusical, won triumphs which the most polished orator might have envied. But these things, mighty as they are, do not sum up all his gifts. He was an affectionate son, a good uncle, a firm friend, and if he were a strong hater, too, this was because he hated malice, meanness, falsehood, and uncharitableness. Men of his time complained that in conversation he always took the lion's share. Yet what if he did? He was a brilliant talker, and there is no finer enjoyment than to listen to a flow of wise and witty speech.

Once, when he and Charles Austin were visiting Lord Lansdowne at Bowood, the two young fellows discussed college affairs at breakfast, and continued their debate after the meal was over, one sitting at one side of the hearth, the other at the other. The rest of the company—grave politicians, fashionable ladies, artists—became so absorbed in the duel that, forgetting their own programme for the day, they formed a circle round the disputants and, save for a brief interval for luncheon, did not break it till the bell told them it was time to dress for dinner.

Of Macaulay it was quite true that "the child is father of the man." From the age of three he read without ceasing. His favourite attitude then was to lie before the fire, with a book on the floor and "a piece" in his hand. Or, seated at the table whilst the maid cleaned the silver plate, he would talk to her from a book nearly as large as himself. For toys he did not care at all, but he loved walking.

He could remember everything, and as he went along he kept his companion—mother, maid, or whoever it might be—attentive by stories invented at the moment, or by recitals, in language far beyond his years, of what he had learned from his most recent volumes.

Hannah More, calling one day at the house near "The Plough" in Clapham, was received by a pretty, fair-haired child of four, who said his parents were out, but that if she would come in he would bring her a glass of old spirits. When she inquired of him what he knew of old spirits, she was told that Robinson Crusoe often had some.

On a visit to Lady Waldegrave's at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, a servant, while handing round coffee, accidentally upset some over the wee fellow's legs. The hostess anxiously asked by-and-by how he felt. Looking up into her face, he answered with politeness, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated."

Little Tom Macaulay's quaint, old-fashioned speech and ways were sometimes very startling. At the age of seven he filled twenty-four sheets of paper with a history of the world from the Creation to the time of writing. Another time he wrote an essay giving the reasons for accepting the Christian religion, which was to be translated, he hoped, into the Malabarese tongue for the benefit of the people of Travancore in South India. He knew Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" by heart, and nearly all "Marmion," and, fired with a desire to copy his favourite poet, began a poem on the "Battle of Cheviot." He wrote three cantos of about 120 lines each in two days, when, unfortunately, the plan of a larger work on "Olaus the Great, or the Conquest of Mona"—in which he was to see as in vision and describe the fortunes of the Macaulays—seized him, and the older and lighter plan was at once abandoned.

At Cambridge Macaulay became famous in the debates among the students. His father, Zachary Macaulay, the philanthropist, had already more than once rebuked him for being too "loud," over-confident, and overbearing in argument; but father and son were not able always to see eye to eye together, and there is little doubt but that young Tom was a favourite with his fellow-students. Though Macaulay's knowledge was vast and varied, he never boasted of it, and most men loved to hear him. His temper was good, his spirits and courage were high, he was fond of fun, and thoroughly loyal and honest. His father, though sincere and earnest, was rather narrow in his views. Even when he was delighted with the brilliant speech which he heard his son deliver at an anti-slavery meeting, when H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester presided, almost his only reference to it was to say that "it was ungracious in so young a man to speak with folded arms in the presence of royalty."

Though short and stout and homely-looking, Macaulay had a massive head and powerful features. His sisters' writing-master described him as "a lump of good humour." Thomas Carlyle met him when a young man at Lord Ashburton's, and took stock of him on the quiet. "Anyone," he thought, "can see that you are an honest sort of fellow, made out of oatmeal." He was extremely awkward with his hands, and once, owing to injury, had to send for a barber to shave him. When he asked the man what he had to pay, the barber said, "What you usually give the person that shaves you." "Well," answered Macaulay, "that would be a great gash on each cheek."

He knew nothing of athletics, and when told at Windsor Castle, when he was in attendance as a Cabinet Minister, that a horse was ready for him, he said that if "her Majesty wished to see him ride, she must order out an elephant."

To his younger brother and sisters, as later to his nephews and nieces, Tom was as sunshine in the home. When his father's business declined, Tom quietly put aside every thought of himself and worked hard for the family until the future of all his dear ones was assured; and the idea of his having made any sacrifice was probably wholly absent from his mind. His appointment to the Commission of Bankruptcy in 1828—a post worth about £1,000 a year—brought him very welcome relief, yet, four years later, as a matter of conscience, he voted for the Bill which abolished his office without any compensation. He made up his mind never to have the millstone of debt

round his neck. Keeping a brave heart, he overcame his trials and troubles, though he was once so hard pressed for ready money that he had to sell the gold medals he had won at Cambridge. He cut his coat according to his cloth without murmur. After sitting in the House of Commons for a dozen hours or more, he used to walk home to his chambers and sup off bread and cheese.

The happiest hours of his life were spent among children. He made chums of them, and by them he was idolised. He joined in all their games, and was as noisy as the noisiest. His people were very alert at "capping verses," and a kind of "last touch" was almost always played when he visited them. As he left the room to go home he would utter a line of verse that capped one just recited by another of the party. Then he was chased to the door, and ere he could close it someone shouted out a rival line. Standing at the open door, hand on handle, he yelled back another line and rushed off victorious. He once told his sister that he could make two hundred puns in an evening, and finished his task in two hours.

He was a great favourite with his nieces. It was pretty to see him, when in India, driving away from little "Baba" (Margaret) the crows which hovered impudently about her, whilst the wee lady took her uncle an early cup of tea and toast. Very often he played robber or tiger, hiding in a den which he built out of newspapers at the end of the sofa. The nieces shrieked with terror, but begged him to do it all over again.

When his nephew, George Otto Trevelyan (who afterwards wrote his biography), was at Harrow, he had many letters from his uncle. These were sealed with a big lump of red wax which often contained, in flagrant breach of Post Office rules, a piece of gold. "It is said," once wrote Macaulay to the boy, "that the best part of a lady's letter is the postscript. The best part of an uncle's is under the seal."

Perhaps he was never so happy as when he took his nephews and nieces sightseeing. Then he was in his element. He told them stories of the streets and squares through which they passed; he treated them to a grand banquet, prefaced by oysters, caviare, and other uncommon things, some of which he ordered so that he might enjoy the disgust with which they were refused. Then away the merry party went to the Zoo, Madame Tussaud's, the Tower, the British Museum, or the National Gallery. In the National Gallery he amused himself by watching the critical airs which some of the youngsters put on in front of examples of the old masters. On one occasion

Georgia said wearily, "Let us go; there is nothing here that I care for at all"—a sentiment which the lad repeated later, half sulkily: "I do not call this seeing sights; I have seen no sight to-day." Macaulay was quite sympathetic. "Many a man," he said, "who has laid out thirty thousand pounds on paintings would, if he spoke the truth, own that he cared as little for the art as poor Georgie."

Fame came to him in various guises. Thackeray told him of one triumph, of which the novelist had been the eye and ear witness. Two girls were about to enter the hippopotamus house at the Zoo, when someone directed their attention to Macaulay. "Mr. Macaulay!" said the girls. "Is that Mr. Macaulay? Never mind the hippopotamus." And though they had paid a shilling to see the huge, ugly creature, they left it in order to fix their gaze on the great historian. And yet such was his bearing in the family circle that for years after he had become a celebrated man his "own folk" hardly realised what the world thought of him. His nephew George once told his schoolmates that an uncle of his was going to publish a History of England in two volumes, each 650 pages long, as if the length of the work were its outstanding merit.

When he grew rich, Macaulay's generosity was boundless, and usually he did good by stealth. He sent £25 a year to a clergyman to assist him in supporting his brother's orphan daughters. He paid three guineas a year for a young fellow's library subscription, and reckoned that by doing so he kept him out of a great deal of harm and did him a great deal of good. To save a woman's husband from prison for debt he sent her various sums that totalled in a few months £130, refraining at last only because he felt that, as a matter of discipline, the time had come when the husband must be made to realise the results of his own acts.

"My mind to me a kingdom is," he might have sung with the sixteenth-century poet, Sir Edward Dyer. Could aught be more charming than the words he wrote to his little niece Margaret on September 15th, 1842?—"Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books. For when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts, and cakes, and toys, and plays, and sights in the world. If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners and wine and coaches and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that

I would not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."



"MY CUP."

BY THE REV. A. AVERELL RAMSEY.

A CUP may be of glass, china, stone, pewter, silver, gold. When made of precious metal, the goldsmith engraves on it beautiful figures, or covers it with jewels. A ring of rubies to adorn the lip of the cup, a belt of emerald stones to deck its body, pillars of glittering sapphire to enrich the fluted stem, ropes of pearls and diamonds to grace the handle. Such a magnificent cup may be seen among the spoils taken from an Oriental palace and treasured in some royal museum. It is to be *looked at* only: never used, not so much as handled or touched.

In many of our homes there are cups, less splendid and costly, which we greatly value—birthday gifts, bearing the letters of a name, with a few loving words; prizes gained at school, in the cricket and football fields, or in athletic sports, for running, leaping, wrestling, swimming.

A prize cup generally has an inscription telling how it was won, and to whom it belongs. I have seen a glass case, full of silver-plated cups, of various shapes and sizes; and every one of them was proudly claimed by a sprightly youth as "My cup."

Not very long ago, tens of thousands of excited people keenly watched the sailing of two yachts on the American coast. It was a race—a trial of skill between boat-builders in Great Britain and in America. Some newspapers said that nearly a million pounds was spent in that contest for a cup which, if melted down, would not have been worth a hundred pounds. But the cup was much more than a drinking vessel. It was a token of distinction awarded to the swifter yacht: a trophy to represent superior workmanship or more skilful navigation.

So a cup has many uses, many meanings. From the earliest times a king's cup was guarded as if it were sacred. When the silver cup of Egypt's ruler was found in Benjamin's corn sack, although the lad had not stolen it, it might have cost him his life.

Egyptian soothsayers used to fill a cup with

pure water, on which sunshine was allowed to play; and then they told fortunes from the figures which their fancy saw in the sparkling liquid.

In our Bible the word "cup" is frequently used in a figurative sense. We read of "the cup of trembling," "the cup of His fury," "the cup of consolation," "the cup of salvation," "the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils." How terrible are the Psalmist's words, "Upon the wicked He shall rain snares: fire and brimstone and burning wind shall be the portion of their cup" (Psalm xi. 6, *R.V.*). Jesus speaks of His sorrows and sufferings thus: "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" (John xviii. 11); "Are ye able to drink the cup that I am about to drink?" (Matt. xx. 22, *R.V.*). David joyfully sings, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup," "My cup runneth over" (Psalm xvi. 5, xxiii. 5).

Everywhere in the East a full cup is a token of goodwill. When Captain James Wilson travelled in India, the natives who welcomed him poured perfume on his arms, and placed in his hands a golden cup filled to overflowing with wine. If we offer tea to our visitor, we are careful not to fill the cup too full, lest it should spill over; but in some countries there is no better understood sign of welcome than to make the guest's cup overflow—it is a pledge of kindly feeling, a promise of abundance.

Our God is a bountiful host. There is no scarcity at His table. He has a large family, and, opening His hand, feeds them all. The returning prodigal finds "bread enough and to spare." The lowliest shepherd has cause gratefully to sing, "My cup runneth over."

The Gospel of Christ offers to all peoples "a feast of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." This is the Old Testament picture of such New Testament blessings as pardon, peace, love, joy, life eternal. If these be in our cup, happy indeed are we.

In "Aurora Leigh," that fine poetic story of her early days, Elizabeth Barrett Browning says:

"I held
The whole creation in my little cup,
And smiled, with thirsty lips, before I drank.

I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God."

Look into your little cup to-day. See what it holds. I can tell some of the good things

that are there. You have youth, health, strength, pleasures, friendships. Have you GOD, CHRIST, HOPE, SALVATION? Is the Lord Himself "the portion of your cup"? If so, you will need an ever-enlarging cup wherein to receive all that He is and all that He gives.

In Russia, when winter is over and the ice broken up, the Czar goes in state to drink of the River Neva. Long ago, it was his Majesty's usage, after he had drunk, to hand back to his attendant the cup filled with gold. This is no longer done. Year by year it was noticed that the Imperial cup grew larger and larger, until it took an immense number of gold coins to fill it. Now a fixed sum is given as a gratuity.

However large the cup which we bring to God, He is able and willing to fill it immeasurably full. Every year, as our capacity increases, our heart should enlarge, that we may take in more and more of His fulness, Who filleth all in all. Then, when our cup is running over, surely other lips should taste, other lives be blessed, through ours!

There is sadly too much selfishness in the world, even among young people who think themselves amiable and generous. At a children's party, when a dish of rosy apples was passing round, one smiling little girl anxiously eyed the fruit until it reached her, and then, seizing the largest apple, put it on her plate. Instantly the face of the girl next to her clouded with disappointment, and she angrily exclaimed, "You nasty, selfish thing! I was just going to take that apple for myself."

Is it not too commonly thus? We are disposed to allow others to have the second best, if we have secured for ourselves the best of everything. They may have the surplus of our good things, the crumbs that fall from our table, the drops that spill over the brim of our full cup. After we have drunk the cream and the cordial, they may have the rinsings of our cup.

It should not, and must not, be so. Let us learn to be generous, not only when our cup runs over, but when it is not nearly full. If we have only half a loaf, share it. If we have only half a cupful—the bottom half—let other lips taste and be refreshed. True charity has not begun when we only give out of our plenty. It begins when giving costs us something: when, out of a scanty store, we spare, be it ever so little, to help, gladden, and save those who have less than we have.

The Virtue of a Name.

By the Rev. ALEXANDER SMELLIE, M.A., D.D.

(Author of "In the Hour of Silence," "In the Secret Place," Etc.)

THE name "Christian," which is so familiar to us, occurs three times only in the entire New Testament. It was not a name by which the followers of Jesus were accustomed to designate themselves. It was given to them by those outside, men and women who did not share their secret nor walk their road. Within the charmed circle of the household, the children greeted each other in ways of their own. We find their favourite titles preserved on many a page of Gospel and Epistle; and an aroma haunts them still, as the dried leaves in the jar keep for us a suggestion of the sweet and subtle perfume of roses that flowered before we were born. "The Disciples": it was one of the phrases by which, in that dawn, the friends of Christ depicted their kinsfolk and themselves. "The Believers": there is another of their home-words. "The Brethren" was a third of the ancient and pregnant salutations. And "the Saints" was a fourth, with which St. Paul, among the greatest of their teachers, made them specially conversant. Disciples, Believers, Brethren, Saints: it is a queenly quartette. As a fine scholar of a generation ago has written, it "offers an instructive study of the original conception of the Gospel." And it is a touchstone and test to which we may bring ourselves; for how good it will be if we wear the four significant names as constantly and as impressively as the Lord's redeemed and dedicated servants did when His Church was young!

The Sobriquet of "The Christians."

But meanwhile we are not concerned with those more intimate terms by which souls loyal to Jesus of Nazareth delineated the comrades to whom they were grappled by hoops of steel. We wish to look at these souls rather through the eyes of those who did not hold their creed and did not copy their life. It was the great world round the little flock, and frequently hostile to it, whose citizens coined the *sobriquet* of "the Christians" for the members of the new sect that was so surprising, so perplexing, so unlike anything the wise world had seen before. That is why the title recurs so seldom in the sacred writings. It was not devised by the believing society itself.

It was extorted from the enemy. When we read the three verses that enshrine it, we have three glimpses into the infant Church as it appeared to the men who were its critics—critics always observant and keen and outspoken, generally unsympathising and prejudiced, sometimes bitter and resolute in their rancour and dislike. It may well be worth our while to ask whether the same verdicts would be passed on us, who represent Christ's Church now. Let us put the question to ourselves: does my history leave upon onlookers the impression left by the histories of the early saints?

I.

AND, first, we learn something about a Christian's wealth.

His heart is at rest and at home. It is full to overflowing. It holds a treasure which is inestimable and peerless. He is satisfied. He can crave nothing richer, nothing sublimer, nothing better, than the gift of gifts which already is his. There is a peace as of a quiet and unruffled morning on his face—a morning which will not be surprised and saddened by tempest and disappointment in the later hours of the day. There is a testimony on his lips, a glad and unequivocal testimony, to One Who has altered all his memories of the past, all his experiences in the present, all his prospects and expectations for the future. Very probably he is poor in outward estate. He counts for exceedingly little in the big world's reckoning. He may be a slave, the chattel of a heathen master, who can do with him whatever he pleases. But, morning and noon and night, his Christ supplies every one of his needs. And, morning and noon and night, he glories in his Christ and sets Him above his chiefest joy.

That was what they discovered in a disciple of Jesus in the great city of Antioch long ago—a man, a woman, whose watchword, whose talisman, whose first and last and midst, was the Christ (Acts xi. 26). When John Duncan was in Buda-Pesth, he was told of a famous theological scholar, old now and forgetful of all his researches and attainments, who went about the streets of the

town laying his hand gently on the children's heads, and pronouncing over them one supreme name alone, Ἰησοῦς Χριστός, Ἰησοῦς Χριστός, Ἰησοῦς Χριστός. It was a consummation of life which "Rabbi" Duncan was disposed to covet for himself. And it was how the believers of Antioch lived week in and week out, in the far-off first century, making it so manifest that the one Name of Christ fed them, and comforted them, and armed them with strength, that everybody who knew them said, "These are the Christians, the people to whom Christ is indispensable, and who find in Him meat and drink, sunshine and dew, melody and fragrance, a very universe of supply." I suppose the townsfolk laughed as they said it. It was a clever nickname which they were inventing for these eccentric Nazarenes, who were for ever extolling their "Christus," and maintaining that there was none to compare with Him. But more than once a nickname has turned out to be a diadem of honour; and it was pre-eminently so in this case. Cicero calls Antioch "nobilissima urbs," the noblest of cities; but it never rose to a nobler height than when it garlanded the bondmen of Jesus with this jest. The jest was like the prophecy of Caiaphas, "It is expedient that One Man should die for the people"; or it was like the title of King, which Pilate wrote in Greek and Latin and Hebrew above the Saviour's Cross. It was no taunt. It was a dignity. It was a splendid truth. It was a wreath for the brows of men and women and children whom God loved—a wreath of more enduring leaves than laurel or ivy or oak.

Is Christ our Wealth

But about ourselves. Does our wealth lie so evidently and so unmistakably in Christ that our fellows cannot but notice it, and talk about it, and single us out for their banter, and perhaps their pity because of it? If it does, we can well face the banter, and we have no need of the pity; those who lavish it on us had better retain it for themselves. But it may be feared that Christ is not All in all to us, as He was to His friends in the Church's blossoming spring. Take our belief. We should not be so anxious to be orthodox as to be Christ-centred and Christ-captivated. Not of atonement in the abstract should we speak so much, but rather of Him Who loved us and gave Himself for us; not of faith, but of Him Whom we have believed, and Who is able to keep that which we have committed to Him; not of sancti-

fication, but of Him Whose life beats in us, as the life of the vine pulses and throbs in the branch; not of immortality, but of Him Who will come again to receive us to Himself, that where He is we may be also. Or take our practice. It is not to be a compliance with a dead code, a careful reverencing of this commandment and that, a painstaking discharge of duty. It is to be quickened and made delightful, because it is a daily cleaving to Christ, a daily walk where we see His footmarks going before us, a daily sensitiveness lest we grieve His gracious heart, a daily fellowship in secret and within the family and at our tasks with One Who is all our Salvation and all our Desire. Or take our union with one another. What should be the tie which binds us most unbreakably and tenderly to others? Not worldly interest, or a common occupation, or political partisanship, or even association in the external worship of the same house of prayer. It should be, as it was in the primitive years, nothing but this: "One is our Master, and all we who belong to Him are brethren." None who slights our dearest Lord ought to be our soul's friend; but to every one whose heart thrills at the recollection of Him our heart should travel in affection and prayer.

Are you not afraid that the picture is more fanciful than real? Can we affirm that Christ has been our wealth? And can those who have watched us, in friendliness or in unfriendliness, affirm it too?

II.

BUT, next, we learn something about a Christian's hunger.

He is, himself, well content. He has all, and abounds. Since Christ is his, he drinks of an inexhaustible fountain, and sits at a royal banquet. But he cannot close his eyes or his ears to the necessity of those beside him, who are not so favoured as he is. He yearns over them. He longs to have them participants with himself in the loving-kindness of his Lord. Have you never, when you were walking alone through the grandeurs of a Highland glen, or were sailing over summer seas, or were gazing enraptured at the buildings of a city round which a hundred unforgettable stories cluster—have you never felt that it was scarcely right to enjoy such marvels in solitude, and that you wanted your friends to come and witness them too? There is no genuine Christian who is not possessed by a similar feeling. The

thought pursues him of the poverty and famine of men unacquainted with his feast of fat things—the thought, also, of the Bridgroom, with room and to spare at His marriage-supper for a multitude that cannot be numbered. He understands Samuel Rutherford's intensity of desire, when they banished him from Anwoth: "O, if I might but speak to three or four herdboys of my worthy Master, I would be satisfied to be the meanest of all the pastors of this land, and to live in any of the basest of Christ's outhouses." He is of one mind with Richard Baxter, when the Act of Uniformity thrust him and many more out of their parishes: "Could we but go among Turks and heathens, and speak their languages, I should be but little troubled for the silencing of eighteen hundred ministers at once in England; there being no employment in the world so desirable in my eyes as to labour for the winning of miserable souls."

Christianity Sluggish and Dumb.

Or here is Paul before Agrippa. The king is ill at ease. He is trying to ward off the apostle's earnestness with a light and flippant word: "Do you imagine that in so short a time, and with such flimsy arguments, you will coax me into becoming a Christian, one of a community that has no attractions for the wise and the mighty, an adherent of a sect everywhere spoken against?" (Acts xxvi. 28, R.V.). Agrippa is half-frightened that he will be conquered by the preacher, who is so impassioned and so eager. He shelters himself behind a sneer. Under covert of sarcasm and irony, he hastens to escape from a missionary of Jesus who looks as if he will take no denial, and in whose company it is dangerous to linger.

You see the lesson for you and me. A Christian is on fire with the resolve to gain others for Christianity and for Christ. He knows the heart's penury and peril without the Saviour—how, even when it regards itself as rich, it is starving in a land of sand and thorns; how it is journeying on to darkness and the second death. From his own experience he is convinced that Jesus Christ is what the heart requires; that the two, the sin-destroyed soul and the seeking and redeeming Shepherd, are made for one another; that only when it falls into His kind arms will it be safe and well. He burns at a white heat to commend the Lord, Who is his Alpha and Omega, his Prophet and Priest and King. He is conscious that the time for speech and labour

is passing quickly, that men who need the Gospel and the Healer are dying hour by hour, and that on those who tarry a thousand influences are at work to harden and sour and alienate. How can he sit still? Necessity is laid on him. By his conversation, by his character, by his prayers, he must persuade his brothers and sisters to become what he is.

That is the Christian, as Agrippa encountered him in the judgment hall of Festus in Caesarea—a Christian thirsting for Agrippa's conversion; a Christian who, when he saw the folk, "bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings," heard the trumpet-call shiver throughout him, "O, to save these, to perish for their saving! die for their life, be offered for them all!" But is that the Christian whom we have been? I doubt it much. We are too otiose, too selfish and cold, too easily alarmed by the rebuffs we meet, too prudent and precise, to be lovers of enthusiasm and aggressiveness. Philanthropy is active. Socialism is zealous in propagating its tenets, and in sounding the praise of its remedies for the ills of men. But Christianity, although its lips alone can publish the good news of great joy, is sluggish and laggard and dumb. Ah! let us be ashamed for our inert and fruitless past. Let us cry one by one, "Quicken Thou me, for my soul cleaves to the dust."

III.

FINALLY, we learn something about a Christian's cross.

In proportion as he is true to Christ, Whose Name is woven into the title which portrays himself, he is certain to be subjected to suffering. Christ—is not the very word a synonym for misunderstanding and slander, for contempt and rejection, for shame and sorrow? And "Christian" must carry some of the same meaning. It is enough for the disciple that he be as the Master, although no disciple will be "battered with the shocks of doom" so fiercely and awfully as the Master was: in this, as in everything else, He transcends those who follow in His train.

By the time that St. Peter wrote his Epistle, the name, which had been given half-jestingly by the wits of Antioch, was being uttered more roughly and malignantly. The world was waking up to the conviction that, if Jesus was to have His way, much which it prized and wished to preserve would be undermined and overthrown. It ceased to look on so easily and so tolerantly. Judaism

began to comprehend that its forms and traditions were tottering to their fall. Paganism saw its idolatries, its pleasures, and its revenues threatened by the new faith. Both grew angry and resentful. They laughed no longer at the devotees of Christ; they raged against them. They commenced to thwart, to annoy, to persecute the sheep and lambs of the flock. These were the days when a man might "suffer as a Christian" (1 Peter iv. 16). And soon the enemies would be girding Simon himself and dragging him to crucifixion; would lead Paul from his Mamertine dungeon to die under the headsmen's axe on the road to Ostia; would fling Ignatius to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre; would send white-haired Polycarp to the flames of Smyrna. He who will wear the hated designation of Christian in such surroundings will need to be strong and of a good courage. Rather let us say, he must lean on Christ in simplest faith. The Lord, Whose cross was so much heavier, will enable him to lift his lesser cross, and to kiss its wood and nails and ignominy and pain.

The Thorny and Blessed Path.

But does anybody suffer as a Christian nowadays? Yes, in Madagascar and in Uganda, when there is a heathen ruler on the throne. In China too, where the last few years have added many names to the long and glorious roll of martyrs. But, nearer home, and among ourselves, is it possible to suffer so? Surely it is, although the furnace may not be heated to the sevenfold glow into which these others were cast. If I refuse to conduct the business of life as many do, because their methods infringe and even contradict the laws and principles of my Lord, and if they deride me as a fool for my scrupulosity, I am bearing the Christian's reproach. If I cannot join in all the levities and false delights which are common around me, and they call me morose and hypocritical, I am taking up the Christian's

yoke. If I must defend my Master when others are defaming Him, and they scorn me for my witness, I am walking the Christian's thorny and blessed path.

And nothing is here for shame; no, nor anything to diminish that wealth of which we thought a little ago. We ought to glory, Peter tells us, if we suffer as Christians. It is a proof that the foe has no other charge to level against us; he can only find fault with us, as he found fault with Daniel, on the ground of our fidelity to our God. Moreover, our griefs are embraced for the worthiest cause, under the most inspiring flag, and in the campaigns of a Captain Who stands unmatched and alone. And strange glad succours and supplies, cordials and comforts, come to us from above. Do you remember the martyr's epitaph on the rude tablet in the catacombs?—

"I was born sickly, poor, and mean,
A slave. No misery could screen
The holders of the Pearl of price
From Caesar's envy; therefore twice
I fought with beasts, and three times saw
My children suffer by his law.
At length my own release was earned;
I was some time in being burned;
But at the close a hand came through
The fire above my head, and drew
My soul to Christ, Whom now I see,
Sergius, a brother, writes for me
This testimony on the wall,
For me, I had forgot it all.

Yes, yes! We forget it all—the unkindness, the cruelty, the conflict; for our Lord Jesus Christ sends wonderful compensations to those who suffer as Christians.

So let us mourn that we have known too imperfectly the wealth, the hunger, and the cross. Let us promise our Master that we shall welcome each of them in larger measure and degree. And if we are still in uncertainty whether those outside the Kingdom, who study us, and form their own opinion of us, will instinctively and inevitably call us Christians, let us terminate the uncertainty, and find in Christ now, beyond all doubt, our God, our Life, our Cure



His Affair.

A Complete Story.

By KATE MELLERSH.

"CRYING for the moon is a most reprehensible habit," said Christabel, "even if no one hears me sniff or sees me pull my handkerchief out of my pocket to dry my eyes."

Christabel gave herself a mental shake, left the window, and turned resolutely to her work. The rider she had been watching was far down the road by now, and the sounds of his horse's hoofs grew fainter and fainter in the distance. Christabel picked up the bulky German pamphlet and glanced over it in a business-like manner.

"Dry as dust!" she said. "It will take me at least three mornings to make a good abstract. There is all that French one, too, to digest. I have got my work cut out this week."

Christabel Sale's friends talked of her as a much-to-be-envied girl. She certainly had a good post, if good pay and comfortable quarters could make it so. Her employer, Sir Fergus Maxwell, had not previously patronised a female secretary; but he and her late father had been schoolfellows, so he had decided to give her a trial.

Mr. Sale died a poor man, after years of hard and conscientious work in a Government office; but Fergus Maxwell had come in for the family property, had been knighted for diplomatic services, and was a big man in his old schoolfellow's eyes as well as in his own. Christabel had heard a comment on her position soon after she took up her duties.

"What made you go in for a woman-secretary, Maxwell?" one of the habitués of the house had remarked.

"Oh, I knew her father, and she applied when I advertised for a secretary. She does her work very well, and she isn't a fool."

"No," said Christabel to herself, "I do not believe I am a fool. I take too much after dear father for that. I am merely a very useful machine."

That was the one drawback to Christabel's luxurious quarters and good pay. She was not a machine, but a very loving, sensitive girl, with plenty of pluck and a fund of devotion stored up in her warm heart. There was no demand for any of these qualities in her present life, and she was not free to find an outlet for them beyond the precincts of this correct and aristocratic street.

"I shall require your undivided services," Sir Fergus had said when he engaged her; "and though, of course, you will take a drive or walk every day, I must have you constantly at hand at other hours to attend to your duties."

"You will have a holiday by-and-by, and the salary is ample. What have you to grumble at, you ungrateful little wretch?" Christabel said to herself to-day; and it was the habitually bright and alert face that appeared before Sir Fergus, as his bell summoned her to his sanctum.

"Take these letters and attend to them," he said, "and you can take down one or two notes in shorthand. Did you type those I gave you yesterday?"

"Yes, here they are."

She laid the papers at his elbow and took her place at her own little table in the corner. A busy half-hour followed. Then she went back to her room and to the abstract until luncheon time.

Many clever people came and went in Maxwell House. Christabel's intelligent mind fully appreciated the conversation she heard there. Few of the talkers noticed the quiet little secretary. Christabel was not beautiful, and there was nothing in her face and ways to attract their attention. They were all very polite to her; they could see she was a lady, if they gave her a thought at all in the midst of their conversation.

Christabel had been used to mixing with intellectual people all her life—her father was no ordinary man—but she had shared in the society and borne her part in the discussions in the old days at home.

"One does get tired of being always an outsider," she thought sometimes.

There was one man, however, who, coming at long intervals to dine with Sir Fergus, did notice "the little secretary girl," as he called her in his own mind. He was younger than most of the rest, and his character and opinions were still being fused and had not run into a mould and cooled, as most of the other men's had. He liked the look of Christabel's bright eyes and the changing expressions of her intelligent face.

"You must have a precious dull time of it here!" he had once remarked to her.

The casual, sympathetic words had filled Christabel's heart with gratitude to this big, strong man at her side, who had spared a moment's thought for her in the midst of a vigorous political discussion.

"Oh, I am a good listener," she said, smiling, "and I get very much interested in some of the arguments here. Besides, I could not do my work properly unless I were well up in the latest political news."

"No, of course you couldn't. Your post must be no sinecure. You must be clever!"

"No, I am not," said Christabel sincerely, "but I have been well educated, and my father was a clever man."

"Did he die young?"

"No, he was a clerk in Somerset House nearly all his life. He never did anything to show the world what he was," she answered wistfully, "but I think that was because he thought so very little of his talents and of himself in every way."

"Uncommon type," said Geoffrey Manners, smiling down on her in his cordial way; "I should like to have known him."

Christabel blushed with delight. She had never before been able to speak about her father to a soul in this big house, although her thoughts were constantly full of him, and the example of his life was one of the chief inspirations of her own.

She could not exist without some object of affection. Unconsciously at first, her thoughts went after this kindly, clever man, whose opinions were received with such marked attention, even in Sir Fergus Maxwell's circle of acquaintance.

It was some time before Christabel could glean any scraps of Geoffrey Manners' history. He was Member for Selford, she knew, and he wrote for the Press, she inferred; but whether he had a mother or sisters, or where he lived, she had no idea. He must have means, she conjectured, from his general air of prosperity; but he was not often at dinner, and only occasionally did she sit next to him or have a chance of receiving the few kind words of recognition she had learned to value so much. If she could only be of some service to him! She wondered what lucky creature had the typing of his notes, and wished it had been her happy lot.

"I shall have to work hard all my life for other people, but I shall never get the chance of doing anything for him," she said to herself sadly one day, as she changed her gown for the evening, and smoothed her soft, brown hair over her little ears. She had heard that he was to be amongst the guests, and she

looked down a little discontentedly at her dress.

"I should have liked a new one, but that poor Fanny Elstree looked so worried last time I saw her I really could not help giving her the money."

Christabel forgot all about her dress in her pleasure at finding she was to sit next to her hero at table. The old gentleman who took her down was so buried in his plate that he had no attention to spare for her; and the dowager, on Mr. Manners' other side, did not seem much more inclined for conversation. Politics cropped up as usual, and the talk became general. Christabel loved to hear her friend speak. To-night, it seemed to her, he was unusually brilliant. In one of the breaks in the conversation, he laughingly told her the subject under discussion was remarkably handy for him, as he had promised an article on Montenegro.

"Oh," said Christabel, "I am quite 'up' in Montenegrin affairs, but, do you know, you made a mis-statement to Professor Cray just now? There have been some private advices on the matter, which have evidently not come under your eye. I must not reveal their nature, but I am sure Sir Fergus will let me supply you with the notes, if you ask him."

"Is it really so, Miss Sale? How can I thank you enough for the hint! The notes would be simply invaluable to me, if I could get them to-night."

"Ask Sir Fergus," Christabel said earnestly, as she rose from her seat with the other ladies, and hurried away to her own study.

A tap at the door a few minutes later made her look up. Mr. Manners came in eagerly.

"Yes, Miss Sale, I may have them. Sir Fergus says you will get them done for me to-morrow; but do you think I could just get some inkling of their contents to-night? It is a matter of such vital importance to me."

Christabel's flushed and smiling face looked up at him, and her little hand held towards him a number of type-written papers.

"I have just done them for you," she said; "I knew Sir Fergus would let you have them."

He thanked her warmly. Then he lingered and talked to her by the fire for a little time. Christabel's quick sympathy drew him on to talk of himself and his career, of his dear old mother's pride in her only son, the crippled sister at home in Hertfordshire, and of many other things that made up the interest of his life.

"That he should have told me—little me—all this!" Christabel said, as she laid her



"'You must have a precious dull time of it here!'"—p. 321.

happy face down on the bed, when she knelt to say her evening prayers. Geoffrey's name was always whispered in them now.

II.

"SIR FERGUS MAXWELL regrets being unable any longer to dispense with the services of a resident secretary; and, as Miss Sale is still unable to resume her duties, he has been compelled to engage a suitable candidate, and will not require her to return to Maxwell House."

Christabel lay back on her pillow, holding the thick white note in her hand. A look of dismay crept into her eyes. She had not thought her accident and illness would so soon entail the loss of her post. Sir Fergus had been her father's friend; unconsciously, she had counted on that fact; but the friendship of a man of Sir Fergus's character was a brittle reed on which to lean.

Christabel had fallen on evil days. It all seemed to have happened so suddenly.

Pay-day had come round. She had hastened away, with kindly intent, to the poor lodging of an early friend, to share with her, as usual, her good things. Fanny Elstree had made a miserable marriage, and had come to almost utter destitution when her old schoolmate had discovered her and saved her from despair. She gained a poor living now by blouse-making for a shop or for any customers Christabel could find for her. The house where she lived looked extra grimy and forbidding to Christabel's eyes this bright day, as she ran lightly up the stairs and knocked at her room door. Fanny's face of welcome was beautiful to see, and, hastily brushing aside the grateful thanks for the little parcel in her hand, Christabel ran out of the room. The stairs were worn and steep. In her haste to get back to her work, she slipped and fell to the bottom.

It was Fanny's turn now to play the Good Samaritan, and lovingly she cared for her.

"Only a sprained wrist and ankle," the doctor said; but what that meant to Christabel! Then the shock seemed to have made her delicate, and she caught a bad chill, so that weeks went by and still she stayed on in Fanny's poor little room. Perhaps if she had been in better surroundings and had had better food, things would have righted themselves sooner; but Fanny's ideas of sufficient nourishment were of a different standard altogether from that to which Christabel was accustomed, and she needed delicacies to tempt her failing appetite—

delicacies she dared not buy in face of the slowly dwindling store in the purse under her pillow.

Now this note had come from Sir Fergus, and she knew that she must look facts in the face and devise some means of getting work.

A week later saw her sitting by Fanny's side under the window, trying to help with the sewing; but Christabel had no gift in that way, and she became miserably conscious of it before a week was over.

"You will get on as soon as you have some fresh air, darling," said Fanny. "When I have finished this batch, you are going to take my arm and get as far as the recreation ground at the corner. You can sit there till I come back—it is such a mild day—and then I will fetch you home."

So Christabel was deposited on a seat, and Fanny hurried away. The short walk even had been too much for her, and she sat back barely conscious of the busy throng passing and repassing. The recreation ground offered a short cut between two busy thoroughfares, and the stream of people seemed endless. The soft air touched her face and she leant her cheek on her hand and looked at nothing.

How tired she was! How hopeless it all seemed! This morning she had broken into her last sovereign, and there was no one to whom she could apply for help, even if her pride would have let her do such a thing. She had only had one brother. He had died just before she lost her father. A sort of sick-faintness crept over her, and she leant more heavily against the arm of the seat. Fanny had not even reached her destination yet, and she would have to wait her turn for attention and might be delayed in getting the materials for more work.

Presently Christabel's head swayed, and she would have fallen sideways off the seat, if a passer-by had not stopped suddenly and caught her round the shoulders.

"Good heavens!" a man's voice said, "if it is not my little friend, Miss Sale! Whatever is the matter to make you look so ill as this?"

Christabel's brain began to work again. She looked up into his face.

It was—yes, it was—Mr. Manners! She was so weak she could not help it—the tears began to run down the thin, white cheeks, and the trembling little hand could not find the handkerchief to wipe them away. Geoffrey did it for her.

"There, there," he said, "let me get you home and give you something. This is my

affair," he answered to some deprecatory murmur from Christabel.

Soon she was in a cab. He would not hear of her walking the short distance. She did not know exactly how she got up the stairs; it seemed as if she were lifted up them.

When she was laid on the sofa, Mr. Manners asked to be allowed to run away for a few minutes; but soon he was back again with wine and some sponge rusks, and Christabel was being fed like "an obedient baby," as Geoffrey said. It was no use opening her mouth to protest,—it was only to have it re-filled with rusk soaked in wine, and to be met with the same kind smile and the same determined "This is my affair!"

"There, little woman," he said at last, laughing, "you begin to look a bit better. Now you ought to have some bread-and-milk or something, I know; but I shall have to wait for feminine assistance for that, though I can feed you with it. I am awfully good at spoon-feeding. Mother says she never saw anyone beat me for neatness at that."

"My friend, Mrs. Elstree, will soon be in," said Christabel, "but I don't think I could eat a scrap more at present. I feel so different."

"I should hope you do. Now lie still and shut your eyes. I am used to invalids' ways, and they must on no account be allowed to talk. You can tell me all about it another time, and what that old brute, Sir Fergus, means by it."

"Oh," began Christabel, "it was not his fault,"—but a warning finger went up, so she shut her eyes and lay in happy silence till

Fanny came hurrying anxiously into the room.

"Oh, my darling, here you are quite safe!" she exclaimed, then stopped, seeing the stranger.

He soon told her all about it; and, when Mrs. Elstree saw him down to the door, he somehow made her feel that it was "his affair," so that she took the money he gave her for Christabel's use without a single protest.

What days they were that followed! Fanny could not get on with her blouses, she said, by reason of the knocks at the door.

"We shall have to keep a page, dearie," she said, laughing. "This time it is some grapes, and we have not half finished the last."

"That is because you will not take your fair share," said Christabel. "Oh, Fanny, why is it I *like* to have all these things showered upon me? Why do not I feel any proper pride?"

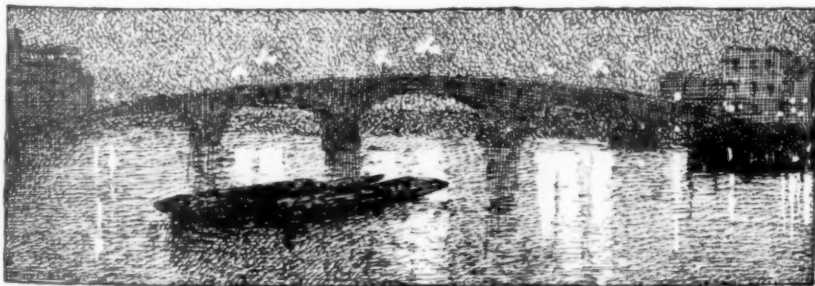
Fanny thought she knew, but discreetly only joined in with "I wonder?"

They saw no more of Geoffrey for several days; and then it was not Geoffrey, but a grey-haired old lady, who mounted the dismal staircase and came smiling into the shabby little room.

"Geoffrey brought me up to town to-day, my dear," she said, as she took the trembling girl into her motherly arms. "He is waiting in the carriage outside, but I said I wanted you all to myself for a little while."

So Christabel put her head down on the old lady's shoulder and told her all her story.

"You do love my boy, dearie?" she said at the end. "This is really and truly 'his affair'!"



What Insurance can do for a Woman.

By ELLA G. GRUNDY.

INSURANCE plays a very small part in the lives of most girls and women. This is not because it can do nothing for them, but that most of them are quite ignorant of the benefits which they can gain from it. Suggest that a woman should insure! She immediately thinks that you want her to pay so much a year in order to benefit another person at her death. Even to an unselfish woman this does not sound a very inviting way of investing her money, unless she has some loved ones to provide for.

Now there are many ways in which insurance can be of great personal advantage to a woman during her lifetime.

In the first place it can give her a start in life.

Take a girl of eighteen for example. £100 would be of untold value to fit her for some profession, to start her in business, or to serve as a dowry. Lack of ready money prevents many a girl from taking up the work for which she longs, or marrying the man with whom she is in love.

£100 at Eighteen Years of Age.

The forethought of a father can prepare for this situation.

All he need do is to insure his daughter while she is young (the younger the better), so that she will receive a certain sum of money, payable at whatever age he thinks will be most useful to her.

As soon as a daughter is born her parents should take out what is called a "fixed term" insurance policy in some reliable office. "Fixed term" means that the sum of money insured for is paid or falls due at the end of any number of years "fixed" upon by the person who takes out the policy. A premium of £3 7s. 8d., paid every year for twenty-one years, secures a child £100; £4 2s. 11d. a year secures the same amount at the end of eighteen years.

Some fathers or mothers hold back from insuring their children because they are afraid that they may not be able to keep up the regular payment of the premiums. Or again, the unhappy thought enters their mind that their child might die at an early age, and their forethought be useless. The policy quoted above provides for both these contingencies. Should the parents wish to cease payment, or should the child die

before the £100 falls due, all the money that has been paid (except the first year's premium) is returned, with the addition of 2 per cent. compound interest.

The following arrangement is excellent for those parents who can afford to devote a larger sum yearly to providing for their daughter's future. A yearly premium of £13 12s. 1d. insures a girl for £500. When she is twenty-five she has the option of taking £200 in cash, and exchanging the remaining £300 for an annuity of £64 3s. 3d., to begin at the age of fifty-five. By this means both her start in life and her old age are, to some extent, provided for. No more premiums are required after she is twenty-five. If the payment of the premiums cannot be kept up, a parent may take a fully paid-up policy for an amount in proportion to the number of premiums he has paid. For example, if he pay during only half the number of years agreed upon, he will receive half the total sum assured, with a proportionate option.

Another method of providing for a girl is for the father to insure *himself* for a sum payable at the end of a certain number of years, or at his death, should that unfortunately occur before the end of the term.

£140 in Twenty Years.

Suppose a man of thirty undertakes to pay an annual premium of £5 6s. 8d. He may thus assure to his daughter the sum of £100 at the end of twenty years. This premium is for what is known as an "Endowment assurance, guaranteed bonus system." That is to say, in addition to £100, there is a certain bonus at the rate of 40s. per cent. per annum for every premium paid.

For example, a policy of £100 is increased to £102 on payment of the first premium. Therefore at the end of twenty years the girl would get £140, instead of the mere £100 insured for.

From a daughter's point of view this plan seems in every way the most advantageous. For, besides the bonus, there is the fact that should she be left an orphan before the twenty years are up, and money be scarce, the insurance is paid at once, and there are no more premiums to worry about. When, however, the state of health or the age of

the father renders this system out of the question, or too expensive, the scheme previously mentioned will be found to work excellently.

There is another method akin to insurance which, though well known, is not often undertaken for the benefit of a daughter. It is, however, a plan to be thoroughly recommended to a parent who is anxious to safeguard his child's future. I allude to buying small house property through a reputable building society.

Buying a House.

Any man who has a hundred or so should buy a £350 house. He need only pay £150 down and borrow the rest from the building society. Such a house would let for £30 a year, and out of that £20 a year must be paid to the building society for interest and repayment of the loan. At that rate the house would be unencumbered at the end of fifteen years. The remaining £10 would cover such things as ground rent, about £4, repairs £4, and landlord's rate £1 10s. od. It is not really necessary to have even £100 in order to become a householder. A building society will sometimes advance more than the usual two-thirds value if the property be very good. Thus a £350 house might be bought by paying £50 cash down, and borrowing the remaining £300. In that case the yearly repayment to the society would be £30 for fifteen years and the incidental expenses connected with the house would have to be borne by the parents. This investment is still more satisfactory if the house be occupied by the family during the time of repayment. It should be put in trust for the girl until she comes of age.

These, then, are some of the insurance methods by which parents can help their daughters. Now let us consider how a woman can help herself.

"What if I fall ill?"

It is unhappily a recognised fact that a large number of women have nothing to depend on but what they can earn, and nothing to look to in the future but the fruits of their own exertions. To many of these the thought "What shall I do if I fall ill?" is an ever-present worry. The anxiety of such a situation can be mitigated by insurance, thus making some provision, however small, against sickness, accident, or old age.

Of course some people will raise objections against insuring for a problematical future.

"I may get married—why should I insure or worry about what will happen to me at

sixty?" Or, "I may not be ill." Or, "I may not live to be old."

With regard to the question of marriage, surely it would be a great help to a husband to know that his wife was in some measure provided for. He need not insure himself so heavily then. She might, however, prefer to realise the surrender value of her policy, *i.e.*, take a sum down in proportion to the number of premiums already paid. By this means she has a little ready money for her trousseau, or to help in furnishing her new home. At any rate a possible marriage does not seem to be a logical argument against insurance. Certainly a woman may not live to be old, but most working women seem to be long-lived. At any rate there are numbers who are in dire straits because they neglected to make any provision for the time when they are no longer capable of earning money.

Convenient Weekly Payments.

Insurance can be effected in two ways, either in a friendly society or with an insurance company. Friendly societies will appeal to those who are earning small incomes, for the payments can be made monthly, or even weekly, which is more convenient to many people. Then, too, in friendly societies the policy can combine sick pay and insurance.

There are nine large friendly societies, and many smaller ones, which admit women members. The Hearts of Oak is the only important society which does not admit them.

The premiums, of course, vary in different societies, and also according to the age at which a woman begins to pay premiums, and the benefits for which she insures.

The following is an average example of sickness insurance. Suppose a woman of twenty-five pays 1s. 6d. per month. If she be ill, she will receive 10s. a week sick pay for twenty-six weeks, and then 5s. a week for another twenty-six weeks, should she be ill so long; and £10 would be paid at her death—this is known as "funeral allowance."

If a woman of twenty-five begins to pay 2s. 1d. per month and continues until she is sixty-five, she will then receive an annuity of 5s. a week. Should she die before sixty-five the whole of the contributions which she has paid together with 2½ per cent. compound interest will be paid to her beneficiary, *i.e.*, the person whom she has chosen to receive it. An additional payment of 5d. a month assures her 5s. a week when she is ill.

It is better to insure for a larger sum if

possible, but even 5s. a week is better than nothing. Indeed, it is often the means of gaining for a woman some further grant from some special society, for which she would otherwise have been ineligible.

Those who really object to insuring against sickness should enter a friendly society where the member's contributions are paid to her separate account. She receives sick pay if needful, and on reaching the age of sixty-five she receives back all her accumulated capital with compound interest. If she prefers, she can take it in the form of an annuity. If she dies before sixty-five, the capital and interest are paid to whomsoever she has appointed.

Risk of Losing Money.

A woman with a fairly good income cannot do better than take out a policy in any well-known insurance company. This should not be done in a haphazard way. A careful comparison should be made of the many kinds of policies and their terms, and special attention should be paid to the following conditions. The policy to choose is one that gives a woman the option of taking a cash payment instead of the annuity, or *vice versa*, also the choice of, at any time, surrendering the policy for a sum in proportion to the amount of premiums which she has paid. This is most important, for should she be unable to keep up her payments, she then does not lose her money. A company should be selected in which days of grace are allowed for the payment of premiums, and reinstatement privileges granted in the case of a lapse or omission to pay the premium on the proper day. It is just as well, too, to take out a policy on the "with profit" system, so that one receives a share of the profits made by the company. These shares or bonuses can be allowed to accumulate, and thus increase the amount of the insurance,

or they can be used to pay part of the premium should ready money be scarce.

It is obviously impossible to quote the various terms offered by different companies. The following are typical cases. A yearly payment of £13 19s. od. from the age of twenty-five secures a pension of £1 a week at the age of fifty-five, or it may be exchanged for a cash payment of £807. If a woman, who will be twenty-seven next birthday, pay £10 a year, she will be entitled to an annuity of £43 17s. 6d. at the age of sixty. When she reaches that age she is not obliged to take the pension, if her circumstances make it unnecessary. She can draw what is known as the "guaranteed cash value." Thus, if she has paid regularly, she will get £566 13s. 4d., which is equal to the accumulated amount of the premiums with compound interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum. Surely this is a good investment! If she does not pay regularly she does not lose all the annuity; the amount she draws will vary according to what she has paid. Each £10 yearly premium is quite independent of the other year's payments, and secures a separate amount of annuity or cash value just as if it were a separate policy.

Don't Wait to grow Older.

Every time she pays £10 she assures herself an annuity of £2 17s. 6d. at sixty-five, or £28 2s. 6d. in cash. She can take the fully paid-up surrender value of her policy whenever she wishes. The premiums may be paid in any multiple of £1, and just when a woman finds most convenient.

Insurance companies vie with each other to meet the needs of policy-holders, in fact there is no reasonable excuse for anyone not to insure. To hesitate is not only to be lost but to lose money. One is always growing older, and the longer one waits the more one will have to pay.



Sunday School Pages.

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

JULY 5th. ISRAEL ASKS FOR A KING.

1 Samuel viii.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The nation's rejection of God. (2) The prophet's warning. (3) The people's choice.

THERE is such a thing as striving after something which God does not desire us to have. He knows it is not for our good; we persist, and the coveted possession, given to us, becomes a curse. That was the case with Israel. They wanted to be like the nations round about them, and have a king. God gave them a king in His anger, and took him away in His wrath.

Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, relates the following: "I once heard an aged minister, whose memory, now that he has been many years in glory, is still fragrant in our land, relate an impressive incident. A child in his congregation was very ill—dying, as the doctor thought. Kneeling by the little bed, the minister prayed the Lord to spare him, if it were His holy will; and the anguished mother broke in, 'O Lord, spare him, whether it be Thy will or not.' Contrary to expectation, the child recovered. An only son, he was fondly indulged, and in early manhood he plunged into extravagance and dissoluteness. Detected in embezzlement, he took his own life. Again the minister visited that home to comfort the mother concerning her son, but she was inconsolable. Her sorrow had a sore aggravation. She remembered her passionate cry twenty years before. 'Oh,' she said, 'how much better if the Lord's will and not mine had been done, and I had laid my boy in his grave, a sweet, innocent child!'

"Surely," adds Dr. Whyte, "she was needlessly reproaching herself and wronging the good Lord. It was not to punish the rebelliousness of her agonised heart that her child was spared. Yet there is here a lesson which we should consider well. God knows, and we are ignorant, and we should acquiesce in His dispensations—His withholdings and His withholdings."

JULY 12th. SAUL CHOSEN KING.

1 Samuel ix. 25 to x. 27.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The signs of God's presence. (2) Samuel's reminder to the people. (3) The nation pleased with their king.

God gave Saul another heart, and that is what is needed before there can be any radical or permanent change in a life. When Mr. Spurgeon was only fifteen years old he believed in the Lord Jesus, was baptised, and joined the Church of Christ. "And I have never

been sorry for what I did then," he said many years afterwards. "I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course; and if I had been deceived or made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and I would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion. The day I gave myself up to Jesus to be His servant was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy; then I found out the secret of living, and had a worthy object for life's exertions, and unfailing comfort for life's troubles."

"Every Inch a King."

As the people of Israel looked for the first time on their king, they must have been proud of him. He seemed a king among men. But they were judging him entirely by outward standards, by appearances, and mistakes are often made in that way. When King Edward and Queen Alexandra were in Naples, not long ago, they were anxious to visit the church of Santa Chiara, which was founded in 1310 by Robert the Wise. The church was closed, as the monks who were entrusted with its keeping were taking their midday meal. The Royal party knocked at the door, and the sacristan behind it, thinking that they were beggars, replied: "Go in peace; there is nothing for you."

Another illustration of the deceitfulness of appearances is furnished by an experience of the Bishop of St. Albans during a recent visit to the United States. One day, with a book under his arm, he called on a gentleman, and the servant, mistaking him for a book canvasser, slammed the door in his face. Luckily the girl's mistake was observed from one of the windows of the house, and the Bishop was brought back.

JULY 19th. SAMUEL WARNS SAUL AND THE PEOPLE.

1 Samuel xii.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The prophet's statement of God's past goodness. (2) The two paths and their issues.

ONE of the commonest sins is that of ingratitude. Samuel recalled to the remembrance of the people of Israel some of the things that God had done for them, but they had short memories and they readily forgot their blessings. Many of us are just like that. A passenger in a stage-coach, a sea-captain, told how in a dreadful storm his vessel had been wrecked, and all on board except himself and two sailors had been lost. He had saved his life by holding on to a plank, and was for a

time at the mercy of the waves. The company pitied the unfortunate captain, who was returning home to his family destitute; but they wondered that a man telling of an escape almost miraculous should end almost every sentence with an oath. "Forgive me," said one of the passengers, "for asking you one question. When on that plank, did you not vow to God that if He would spare you, you would lead a very different kind of life?" "None of your business," said the captain angrily. The journey was continued in silence, but the next morning the passenger who had asked the question was surprised to hear someone rap at his door. He opened it and saw the captain standing before him in tears. The captain took his hand, pressed it, and said: "Sir, I have not slept a wink since I saw you. I was angry with you yesterday. I am now come to ask your pardon. I did, while on that plank, vow to God that I would live differently from what I ever had done, and by God's help from this time forward I am determined to do so."

The Great Choice.

Samuel put plainly before the assembled multitude the rewards and punishments of obedience and disobedience to God. The choice of paths comes to all of us. Happy are those who choose the right. Dr. Tucker, the Bishop of Uganda, was at one time a young artist, and as he painted the picture of a homeless woman struggling against sleet and wind, the subject seemed to become a reality, and the question arose in his mind, "Why don't I go to lost people themselves instead of painting pictures of them?" Then and there he consecrated himself to God and the service of man. He went to Oxford University, and in due course he entered the ministry, working first in the slums at home and subsequently going out to Africa to bear the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ. He saw the right path and followed it.

JULY 26th. SAUL REJECTED BY THE LORD.

1 Samuel xv.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The king's disobedience. (2) Saul's confession of guilt. (3) The Lord's judgment.

SAUL failed to learn the great lesson of obedience and he had to pay the penalty. It is recorded of a certain great philosopher that a friend who went to visit him met the philosopher's little daughter before he met the philosopher himself. Knowing that the father was such a deeply learned man, he thought that the little girl must have learned something very grave and very deep from such a parent, and he said to her: "What is your father teaching you?" The little maid looked at him with her clear blue eyes and just said: "Obedience."

The Seeing Eye.

Israel's new king forgot that the eye of the Lord was on him. A story from Ceylon tells of a tea-planter who wished to leave his workpeople for a day, but he knew that as soon as the natives employed on the plantation heard that he was gone they would not do a stroke of work. After wondering what he should do, he went up to the men and thus addressed them: "Although I myself will be absent, yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work." Much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives, he took out his glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree, then started on his journey. For some time the men worked industriously, but at last one of them, seizing the tin can in which he carried his food, approached the tree and gently placed it over the eye. This done, they all lay down and slept sweetly until sunset.

Is not this a satire on the folly of the man who refuses to obey God? He thinks that he is secure from Divine observation, but all the time the eye of the Master is on him as it was on unhappy Saul. "Thou God seest me."



More about our New Competition.

By THE EDITOR.

First Prize: A "Monarch" Gramophone.

Ten Prizes of Half-a-Guinea each.

Ten Prizes of "Onoto" Fountain Pens.

Ten Prizes of Five Shillings each.

I AM pleased to note that there are many signs that the new Competition which I mentioned in *THE QUIVER* a month or two ago is rapidly taking hold of our readers, and I have every confidence that it will be quite as successful as the Bazaar Competition which I established last year. It is evident that *QUIVER* readers have an abundance of benevolence, and they are not above turning it to practical account for the relief of the helpless and suffering. By nearly every post I get letters on the subject, but I can see from some of them that a few of my correspondents do not grasp the true scope and significance of the Competition. Furthermore, there may be some who have not noticed what I said in the May and June issues, and for their sake, chiefly, I will point out the principal features of the Competition.

The idea I have in my mind is, in the first place, to offer my readers some relief for their accumulation of Christmas cards and picture postcards, which year by year grows greater, and to turn these same cards into a means whereby they may give pleasure to the sick and suffering. I would see these thousands of dainty cards—which too often are a burden to the owner—turned into albums which I may send to various hospitals throughout the country.

Follow your own Ideas.

The Competition, as you will see, is one that offers plenty of scope for taste, skill, and originality. It is the easiest thing in the world to paste the cards in an album without any fixed idea or purpose, but what I want is for my readers to turn out the best possible albums in point of decoration and design. They may, if they like, write or paint texts or verses of poetry round the margins of the leaves. They may make pen-and-ink drawings, or in other ways decorate the pages as their fancy dictates. All this I leave to them, and

in proportion as they exercise their taste and skill in these directions they will stand a better chance of winning one or other of the valuable prizes which I am offering.

The first prize is a beautiful "Monarch" Gramophone, which has been placed at my disposal by the generosity of the Gramophone Company. When one remembers the delight which a gramophone can give, not only in the home, but as a method of entertaining an audience, I am quite sure there will be a great desire on the part of each of my readers to become the fortunate possessor of this first prize. If, by any chance, the winner of the first prize already has a gramophone, I shall be willing to substitute a set of twenty-five records for the instrument.

Prizes and Consolation.

In addition to the gramophone, which will be awarded to the maker of the most original and beautiful album, I am offering ten other prizes of Half-a-Guinea each, which will go to those who make the ten next best albums sent in. This, however, does not exhaust the list of prizes. By the kindness of Messrs. Thomas De la Rue & Co. I am able to offer no fewer than ten "Onoto" Fountain Pens, which will go to the makers of the albums in what I may call the "third grade" of beauty and originality. The fourth set of prizes will consist of ten sums of Five Shillings each.

When the judges were considering the thousands of articles received in our Bazaar Competition last year they were embarrassed by the large number which were worthy of a prize. I feel quite certain that in our new Competition there will be a determined effort on the part of our readers to come first. As it is obvious, however, that a prize cannot go to everyone, the non-successful competitors will still have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done something

to add to the happiness of those who are spending weary days in our hospitals all over the country.

As I mentioned before, I am constantly receiving letters on different points of the Competition, and I think perhaps it will be well if I deal with these in the form of question and answer.

Q. Who may participate in the Competition?

A. Only Members of the League of Loving Hearts.

Q. How may I enter the League of Loving Hearts?

A. You may join by filling up the coupon which will be found among our advertisement pages.

Q. Is there any membership fee?

A. Yes. A fee of One Shilling, which should be sent, in the form of a postal order or postage stamps, to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Q. Is the fee of one shilling expected from old members of the League?

A. No. Those who already belong to the League as original members or as ordinary members are entitled to enter the Competition without further payment.

Q. Is there any age limit?

A. No.

Q. Is there any geographical limit?

A. No. You may send from whatever part of the world you may happen to reside in. In the Bazaar Competition last year we had contributions from New Zealand, Syria, Labrador, British Columbia, Rhodesia, China, and other far-away parts.

Q. Is there any limit to the cost of the albums or cards?

A. None whatever. But the judges in awarding the prizes will take into consideration the cleverness with which cheap albums are made to look pretty, as I wish to encourage ingenuity on the part of competitors.

Q. Is there a limit to the size of the albums?

A. Yes. As the albums are for the use of the sick, they should be light and handy, not more than sixteen inches long and fourteen inches wide. It would be even better if they were smaller, for patients soon get tired of holding a book, however fascinating it may be, when it is at all heavy.

Q. May old picture postcards be used?

A. Yes, certainly. One of the principal objects of the Competition is to relieve our readers of their vast accumulation of picture postcards and Christmas cards. In many cases, I think, there will be no need to purchase new cards.

Q. Will the albums be distributed to London hospitals only?

A. No. London will have its share, of course, but from the large number which I expect to receive I shall, I hope, be able to send some to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Cardiff, Bristol, and other leading cities in the United Kingdom. In this way QUIVER readers will spread a ray of sunshine over the whole country.

Q. What is the latest date for sending in the albums?

A. September 30th, 1908.

SOCIETIES WHICH MEMBERS WILL HELP:

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.

CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.

SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.

NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.

LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.

ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS, Savoy Street, W.C.

BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.



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CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.

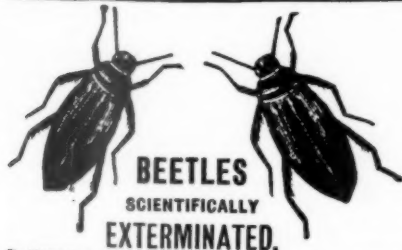


Neither Scratch
nor Spurt.

Attention is
also drawn to the
**NEW PATENT
ANTI-BLOTTING
PENS.** Sample Box of
either series, 7d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.



The **UNION COCKROACH PASTE** is a scientific poison for
beetles, cockroaches, crickets. Used by E. Howarth, Esq., F.Z.S., Curator
of the Sheffield Museum, to clear the Beetle Plague at the Sheffield Workhouse
after all other traps and powders had failed. Post free, 1/3, 2/3, 4/6.

J. P. HEWITT, Wholesale and Retail Chemist,
66 & 68, Division Street, Sheffield.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

C-July, 1908.]

The LIGHTNING ICE CREAM FREEZER.

A Simple Device with Triple Motion Principle.
PRODUCES LIGHT, VELVETY ICE CREAM.

The Quickest, Easiest,
and most Economical Freezer on
the Market.

A Booklet entitled "Dainty Dishes"
given away with each Freezer.

Obtainable at all
Ironmongers, Stores, &c.

**NORTH BROS.
MANUFACTURING CO.,
6, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.**



INDIGESTION

is the primary cause of most of the ills to which
we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimu-
lates the digestive organs will relieve quite a
number of complaints.

WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of
gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system.
Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Dis-
orders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while
cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in
due course. **ASK FOR**

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

And remember there is **NO PILL "JUST as GOOD."**
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Box.



Other **PLASMON** preparations :
" Oats. Tea.
" Biscuits.
" Bread.
" Chocolate.
" Arrowroot.
" Blancmange.
" Custard.
" Beef Extract.

THE LANCET says: " Plasmon may be employed with the
greatest advantage for enriching food."

ELEGANT ART METAL BOX of **PLASMON** Foods, Cookery
Book, and "Truth" Booklet, post free, 1/6.

PLASMON, LTD., Dept. B.152, Farringdon St., E.C.

[Face end matter.]

"THE LAUGHTER AND THE SINGING AND THE GOLD."

An Appreciation of "THE NATURE BOOK."

By ARTHUR HARRISON.

SURELY these words are as apt a description of Nature as we shall find, thus wrested from their actual meaning and context. Thus do we think of Nature, though oftentimes, when the thunder rages or the winter storm-wrath shrieks, she is "terrible as an army with banners."



"HOW PRODIGAL OF HER GIFTS . . . IS NATURE."

How prodigal of her gifts of sunshine and flowers, of her gifts of laughter, singing, and gold, is Nature, but properly to appreciate and enjoy, to become one with all of these, we must know something about them.

Believe me, you will love all natural things more sincerely, more pleasurably, if you have a little exact knowledge of some of them. Some things you will be unable to study at all unless you are a specialist. For instance, the field-mice are very difficult to come at, for, apart from their nocturnal habits and small size, their breeding places are invariably quite hidden. The following note by Mr. Douglas English on their characteristics is taken from Part I of "THE NATURE BOOK."

"Having discovered an animal's nest, one's natural impulse is to examine its contents. This impulse must be checked. However gently you disclose the babies, however gingerly you handle them, however neatly you replace them, the mother scents intrusion. She takes the first clear chance of moving. I have had this baffling experience with Hedgehogs, Moles, Shrew Mice, Dormice, and Meadow Mice. In the last case I witnessed the move. The youngsters were nipped by the scruff of the neck and dragged off one by one. This, I believe, is the usual method of transport, the choice between carrying and dragging being only limited by the size of the babies. There are records of it in connection with nearly all our animals, which are corroborated by the behaviour of one of my Field Mice in captivity—a shy, wild thing, who produced her litter within a few hours of capture. I took the young from her (there were five in all) very shortly after their birth, and handed them back singly. She took each in her mouth in turn (her eyes were wonderful) and carried it back to the nest. A few hours later she had shifted family and nest from the south-west corner of the cage to its north-east corner. She had done her best."



THE RED TYPE OF LONG-TAILED FIELD MOUSE

Continued on page 20.

Antipon Regd Trade Mark

Of Chemists &c
Price 2/6
& 4/6

ANTIPON

THE
**Unfailing
Cure for Over-Stoutness.**

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.

If any of our stout friends are in despair of ever getting thin again, let them follow a short course of the famous Antipon treatment, the one remedy which has solved the riddle of the permanent cure of corpulence. The success of this simple, easy, pleasant, and entirely harmless treatment has been triumphant. There is nothing to place on a par with it, not only because of its wonderful fat-eliminating properties and its power of lastingly overcoming the dreaded tendency to put on flesh, but because of its exceptional tonic virtues. It promotes appetite and assists digestion. It requires the help of good food, and gives the necessary appetite for it. Thus, after a course of Antipon, the patient is much better in health, muscularly stronger, more energetic, and, in a word, a new being, both in personal appearance and in physical and mental "fitness." There are no vexatious dietary rules to follow. Antipon is an agreeable liquid of purely herbal ingredients, and can be taken without any second person being aware that a treatment for obesity is being followed. Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a reduction of 8 oz. to 3 lb., and this is always followed by a steady daily decrease until final restoration of one's normal weight, with renewed physical beauty. The doses may then cease without fear of the fat redeveloping. For all who value personal appearance and sound health Antipon is a veritable gift of the gods.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or should difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount) carriage free, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Colonial readers of "THE QUIVER" will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, etc., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemist or Stores.

"THE DISH OF THE DAY"

Bird's Custard with Stewed Gooseberries



BIRD'S CUSTARD is the one thing needed with all Stewed, Canned, or Bottled Fruits. It enhances their flavor, adds to their Nutriment, and imparts to them a grateful mellowness.

In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.

Again, how fascinating to read the clouds. The ever-changing kaleidoscope of cloud and storm is a world of wonder within the knowledge of all, and Mr. William J. S. Lockyer's article, illustrated from photographs of his own taking, will be a revelation to those who allow the meteorological report of the newspaper to take the place of intelligent observation.

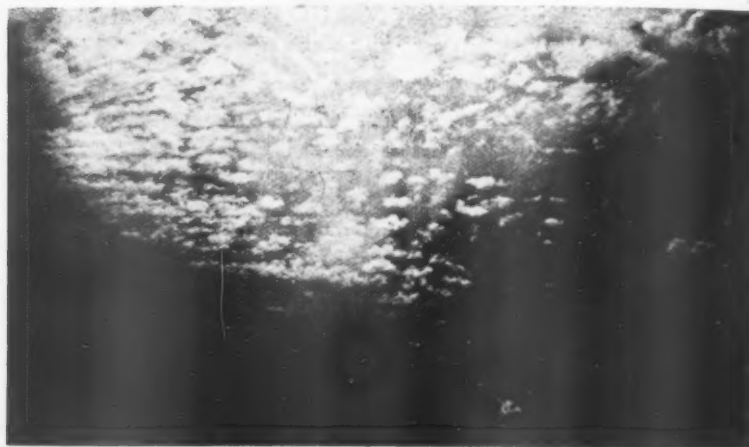


Photo: W. J. S. Lockyer, M.A.

CIRRO-STRATUS CLOUDS.

And so we might go on taking each aspect of Nature, each bird, animal, or flower, and giving illustrations of its treatment as so fascinatingly described and portrayed in "THE NATURE BOOK." In photographs of extraordinary vividness, and through description of a really intimate nature, you can observe and learn to understand the habits of



Photo: John J. Ward.

FEMALE ORANGE-TIP BUTTERFLY
ON FLOWERS OF LADY'S
SMOCK.

An Illustrated Prospectus will be sent post free on application to the publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

caterpillars, butterflies, moths, birds, mice, flowers, trees and the sea-shore life, while your appreciation of clouds, the scenery of rock, mountain, river, lake, and stream, and the joys of the garden will be intensified a thousandfold. Thus will the laughter, the singing, and the gold that is so lavishly displayed in the country be brought home to your heart as never before in this exquisite production. "THE NATURE BOOK" will be completed in 24 Fortnightly Parts, 7d. net each. The first Three Parts are now ready, and are obtainable at all Booksellers and Newsagents and the Bookstalls.



Photo: Richard & Cherry Kearton.

RED-BACKED SHRIKE ON NEST.

The Story of Fortune-Making.

How the great Gold Hunt in which our ancestors fought and braved many a peril by land and sea has, through the course of the centuries, developed into a complicated science.

THE ONE SAFE GUIDE TO FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

The Simplicity of the Olden Days.

IN the olden days, money-making was quite a simple business; and so it is to-day amongst more primitive peoples.

The South Sea Islander, who exchanges his strings of glass beads or cowries for fish and flesh and wives and coracles, has few financial difficulties to contend with. The natives of the Cassiterides, who in the olden days gave the produce of their tin-mines for the purple dye-stuffs and barbaric ornaments of the Tyrian trader, had no complicated rules and regulations to guide them or to confuse. They liked a thing; they gave so much for it. There was a little haggling and doubtless more than a little cheating, but after the bargain was fixed, in the generality of cases, both parties to it were contented with the result.

The Complicated Machinery of Modern Finance.

But to-day it is another matter. The machinery of money-making has become complicated. There are wheels within wheels,

and cylinders, pistons, cranks, dials—of which one must take particular notice—belts, cogs, patent gadgets of all kinds, enough to bewilder the inexperienced novice. The machinery, once started, looks easy enough to guide. The expert financier, like a skilful engineer, touches a lever here, consults a dial, turns a wheel there, and lo and behold! the whole machinery is in motion; it runs at its highest speed, but with beautiful ease, the wheels revolve, pistons flash through the guides, nowhere is there any hitch, and with every movement, every revolution, the gold is created, the profits pour in, the long miles are covered on the high road to success. But let the novice—misled by this apparent simplicity—endeavour to meddle with the machinery without a guide, and then there is a whirr and a buzz—and in a moment the unfortunate investor, misled by the golden prospects held out to him, finds himself sitting in the roadway, his money gone, his prospects ruined, and the great automobile of



NATIVES OF THE CASSITERIDES EXCHANGING THEIR TIN AND SKINS FOR THE TYRIAN DYE-STUFFS AND GLASS ORNAMENTS OF THE PHOENICIAN TRADERS. B.C. 450.

his good fortune—which he once thought so simple a thing to drive—vanishing in the far distance.

Rapid Fortune-Making.

Modern finance possesses two qualities which in the olden days were not attached to the machinery of money-making. By following the right methods and the right advice, and thus avoiding the perils and the dangers that beset the unwary, money can be made in vast quantities in very quick time and with very small sums. This power was beyond the reach of anyone in the long-ago years. Then, a moderate profit was all that either patience or proficiency could hope to attain. Few

men, starting with nothing, could hope to earn a fortune before their death. The great fortunes that were made were usually the result of the patient, unceasing energies of three or four generations. To-day it is quite possible for a man or a woman to take a sovereign, or five pounds, or ten pounds, and by following certain safe and reliable plans turn that money into sums of a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, or even twenty thousand pounds. It is quite possible—so perfect is the money-

making machinery of the day, to start life with half-a-crown, and to wind up a multi-millionaire. Indeed, the lives of many present-day magnates of the financial world prove the truth of this fact to the hilt. Money can be made rapidly, easily, and in large sums by those who know the ropes; and fortunes can be made with single sovereigns.

The Dangers of Inexperience.

The second quality is this—that if you *do not* know these very ropes, if you haven't got a reliable guide to show you the many disastrous errors you must avoid, then you will

probably not only lose your opportunities of fortune-making, but lose your original savings into the bargain. The financial ocean, for anyone without a pilot, is the most dangerous of all oceans. It is thick with reefs and shallows and treacherous currents and whirling maelstroms. The credulous investor, determined to earn his 10 and 20 per cent. with the best of them, is lured into all sorts of madcap, hare-brained schemes, at the end of which he will find himself bereft of everything he possesses. To invest without accurate information is to throw your money into the sea. Better do that; better still, save up your money and hoard it in your

home, than invest it thus rashly, especially when there is no need for you to do so, it being quite possible for anyone to earn a large fortune from a small sum without incurring the slightest risk whatever.

Two Birds with One Stone.

Now there is a way by which these two birds can be killed with one stone. There is a way by which every reader of this article may obtain that reliable guide which, as has been shown, is so essential; and at the same time

earn a large fortune, perhaps an enormous fortune—there is no telling—with a very small sum and in very quick time. There is a way by which every lady or gentleman who has any spare money at all, from £1 up to tens and hundreds, or who can save any money from 2s. 6d. a week upwards, can obtain:

1.—That accurate and detailed information, without which it is impossible for anyone to make a fortune rapidly, and with only a small sum to begin with.

2.—That absolute safety, which makes the existence of the perils and dangers of the



WALL STREET, THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, WHERE FORTUNES OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN MADE IN THE COURSE OF A FEW HOURS' BUSINESS.

money market matters of supreme indifference to the one who has received it.

We have recently been reading a most marvellous book. It is marvellous in that from cover to cover it does not contain one word that is superfluous, one sentence that does not hold a truth or a notice of practical interest. It tells the reader definitely and plainly, so that everyone who peruses it can understand exactly what is meant and what has to be done, precisely How to Make Money, and that in large sums.

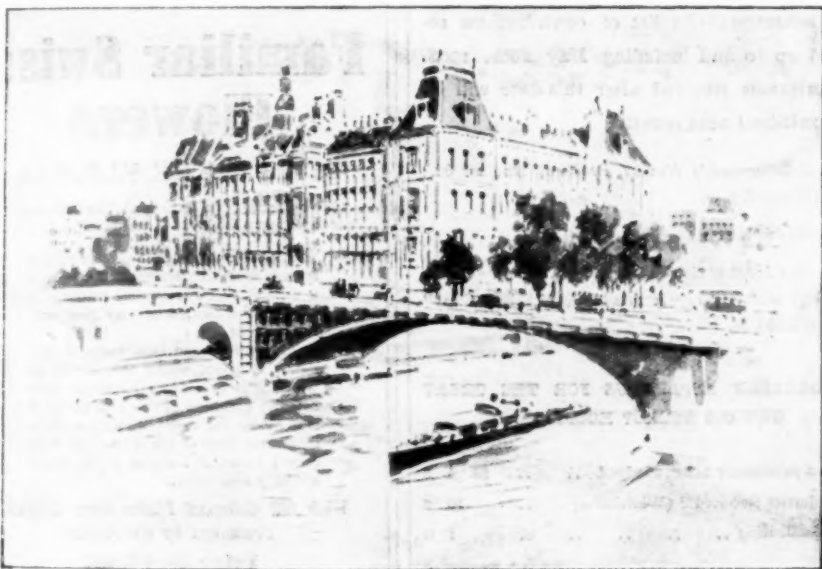
Always Follow the Chart.

This book is a book which charts out, as it

A Practical Guide to Money-Making.

Everyone who wants practical information on money-making should procure a copy of this book. Everyone who wishes to get his savings to work for him night and day, constantly accumulating, rapidly getting bigger and bigger, should read it. Everyone who wishes to make a fortune without risk or worry or special financial ability must have this book in the house to read, to consult, to follow.

Nothing will be charged for this publication, and if he will write for it to the Secretary, International Securities Corpo-



HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS, THE SEAT OF THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF THE SECOND LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD, WHICH GUARANTEES THE SAFETY OF SOME OF THE SECURITIES DESCRIBED IN BOOK WHICH EVERY READER OF THIS ARTICLE MAY OBTAIN WITHOUT CHARGE.

were, the money-making sea. It shows how absolute safety may be obtained—that safety which is guaranteed by Government, and is therefore unquestionable. It shows how any sum of money from £1 upwards may be used, either in cash or instalments, to secure a huge fortune—£5,000, £10,000, £20,000, and other sums of a similar character. It shows how this money may be made in a very short while, perhaps before the close of this year. It shows how you can take a five-pound note and, without risking one single farthing of it, so use it as to give yourself the opportunity of becoming exceedingly wealthy and in full possession of all the joys and pleasures of the world.

ration, Limited, 172, Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W., a presentation copy, fully illustrated, and containing all the aforementioned facts and figures, will be sent to his address post free.

Particulars will also be sent showing how the purchase of £5 worth of the securities referred to in the book entitles the purchaser to free insurance against both accident and illness; in the former case for £500 and £1 a week, and in the latter for £1 a week, whilst the purchase of £20 worth secures the additional privilege of a free Life Insurance Policy for £100 without medical examination. [Advt.]

Have you Chosen your School?

At a time when the question of Education is so prominently before our notice, it may prove of general interest to set forth the claims of a few Schools which provide a good Modern Education for our Sons and Daughters.

On page 25 will be found our Scholastic

section, which we hope may prove useful to parents and guardians in their selection of suitable establishments, either in Town or Country. The schools are adapted to special requirements—i.e., for University and other Examinations, or for Domestic and Home Training for Girls.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including May 28th, 1908. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Bradford, 10s., 2s. 6d.; L. R. (Newcastle), 5s.

For *The Church Army*: M. S. M., 5s.

For *The Church of England Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays*: "A Small Sunday School Class" (South Shields), 2s.

RADIOGRAPHY APPARATUS FOR THE GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	39	4	8
"For Mercies Received" (Whitehaven) ..	10	0	
Marjorie M. King	1	0	
Total	£39	15	8

For Those Who Love Flowers

Familiar Swiss Flowers

By F. E. HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A.

"We can imagine no better book than this for a flower lover to take on a holiday to Switzerland."—*Daily Mail*.

This work does not deal with its subject from a scientific standpoint, but in such a manner that the general reader may identify the flowers he may meet with in his walks.

The popular and local name of each flower is given, whilst the locality in which it is to be found is clearly indicated. The time of the year the plant is in bloom, the shape and texture of the leaves, the form of the stems, and other salient botanical features of the flower are fully dealt with.

With 100 Coloured Plates from Original Drawings by the Author

Price 7s. 6d. net

CASSELL AND CO., LTD.

COUPON.

The League of Loving Hearts.

To the Editor, "The Quiver."

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed)

Address

EDUCATION

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

LONDON A SELECT List of Schools and Colleges for Boys and Girls in Town and Country; Army, University, and Civil Service Tutors; and Special Training Institutions. **COUNTRY**

ADVICE AND INFORMATION as to SCHOOLS
for **GIRLS or BOYS**, at home and abroad, and as to
Tutors for all examinations is supplied free of charge by the
Scholastic Association (Ltd.) (Manager, R. J. Beevor, M.A.), 22,
Craven Street, Strand.

BLACKHEATH

CHRIST'S COLLEGE

FACING THE HEATH.
School for Boys.

Principal: Rev. F. W. Aveling, M.A., B.Sc.
Home Comforts. Public School Training.
Practical Science Teaching. Large
Gymnasium.

The ordinary classes prepare for First-
Class College of Preceptors, London, Matricu-
lation, and Entrance to Oxford or
Cambridge.



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Mr. W. A. YEARSLEY, Avenue Parade,
Accrington.

Expert Authority on speech defects to Municipal Educa-
tion Committees, and awarded Gold Medal for excellency
of treatment. Demonstrator of method before British
Medical Association, and highly commended.

Booklet and official reports free.

QUERNMORE.

ARMY, CIVIL SERVICE, UNIVERSITIES, BAR, Etc.

Rapid and Successful Preparations for all above Examinations. Recent
results include many First and Second Places. Personal and Individual
attention given by the Principal and a large staff of Expert Tutors. JOHN
GIBSON, M.A., 24, CHANCERY LANE, W.C., and Upper Norwood,
S.E. (Resident Branch).
N.B.—Mr. Gibson has achieved a result never before attained, i.e. —
In the last ten months he has taken the FIRST PLACE in all three
departments of the *Consular Service* —
For the *GENERAL SERVICE* in June '09; for *CHINA AND JAPAN* in
Sept. '09; and for *TURKEY AND THE LEVANT* in March, '08.
ALL AT FIRST TRIAL.

SEVENOAKS

(Kent.)

BRADBOURNE College for Girls.

Recognized by the Board of
Education.

Principal: THE MISTRESS
LOVETT (Trained Teachers,
assisted by Resident and
Visiting Teachers.

Healthily situated. Charming Country. Home Care. Physical Training.
Entire charge of Indian and Colonial Pupils. Highest references.



SEVENOAKS

(Kent.)

AVENUE HOUSE SCHOOL.

Principal: Mr. S. J. SYMES,
assisted by an efficient Staff of
Masters.

Boys prepared for Universities
and Public Schools, Professions
and Higher Commercial Life.
Healthily and bracing climate.
Excellent Physical Training.



BOYS AT DRILL.

Entire charge of Indian and Colonial Pupils.

PUTNEY, S.W.

HURST LODGE SCHOOL.

24 UPPER RICHMOND ROAD.
Head Master: —
G. A. P. MOYLES, B.A., R.E.L.
Ex-Mathematical Scholar.

Assisted by an efficient staff.

Special Preparation for the Public
Schools, Army, Navy and Commercial
Life. Modern Languages by Trained Masters. Recent successes include
Two Firsts in Scholarships each at King's College School and Merchant Taylors,
also First Exam., R.M.A., Windsor.



SCHOOLS in ENGLAND or ABROAD for BOYS and GIRLS.

Messrs. J. and J. PATON, having an intimate knowledge of
the BEST SCHOOLS and TUTORS in this country and on
the Continent, will be pleased to aid parents in their
selection by sending (free of charge) prospectuses and full
particulars of reliable and highly recommended establish-
ments. When writing please state the age of pupil, the
district preferred, and give some idea of the fees to be
paid. — J. and J. Paton, Educational Agents, 143, Cannon
Street, London, E.C. Telephone: 9053 Centre

STAFFORD. THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Founded by King Edward VI. 1550; Rebuilt 1862; Reorganised
under a Scheme of the Charity Commissioners, 1877.

Recognised by Board of Education.

Head Master: E. O. POWELL, B.A. (Camb.).
Healthy and bracing situation. 1. N.W. Main Line. Playing field of four
acres. Side use of Town Halls twice weekly in summer. Thorough modern
education. Special attention to Science. Use of Council's Physical and
Chemical Laboratories. Boarders received in Head Master's house.

BOURNEMOUTH DISTRICT

BRANKSOME, NEW MILTON HANTS.

Pure and bracing air—recommended by Doctors. Superior well-dis-
ciplined school, with happy home-life for Girls 6-18. Accomplishments,
Exams, if desired. Outdoor Life and good Physical Training. Near sea.
Bathing. Games. A particularly suitable Home for quite young and
delicate pupils and those whose parents are abroad.

WELLINGTON, SHROPSHIRE.

BROOKLYN HOUSE, High-Class School for Girls.

Principal: Miss ALICE SUGDEN (Lond. & Camb. Unives., etc.), assisted
by Resident English and Foreign Governesses and Visiting Professors.
Old-established. Grounds of 2½ acres, with Tennis-Lawn, Kitchen-Garden,
Orchard, etc. Close to Wrekin Hill. Healthy and Bracing. Careful
moral and physical training. Prospectus on application.

THE NORTH WALES COAST.

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL for HOUSEHOLD TRAINING. INGLESIDE, PRESTATYN. NORTH WALES.

Principal: MISS STORRAR

(First-class Diploma of Cookery; First-class Certificate for Laundry
Work; First-class Certificate for Housewifery.)

Practical and Theoretical Instruction in Cookery, Laundry Work,
Dressmaking, Repair of Clothing, etc., Housework, Marketing, Accounts,
Home Nursing, and care of children.

Individual Training. Dry and Bracing Climate.

RHYL NORTH WALES.

Bracing sea and mountain air.
Very suitable for delicate girls.

BLENCATHRA

Marine Drive (facing sea).

A HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Conducted by Miss Alexander,
assisted by Resident English,
French, and German Mistresses.
Recognised and Recd. by Board of Education. Excellent Physical
Training, Hockey, Drill, gymnastics, Bathing, etc.
Reference: The Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Fitzgerald, The Right
Rev. Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, Sir Charles Cameron, C.B., M.D.,
F.R.C.P., The Vicar of Rhyl, and others.



FINCHLEY, NORTH.

ALEXANDRA LADIES' COLLEGE

ALEXANDRA GROVE, 1420 R. above
sea level.

Principal: —
Mrs. ALFRED HAYSMAN.

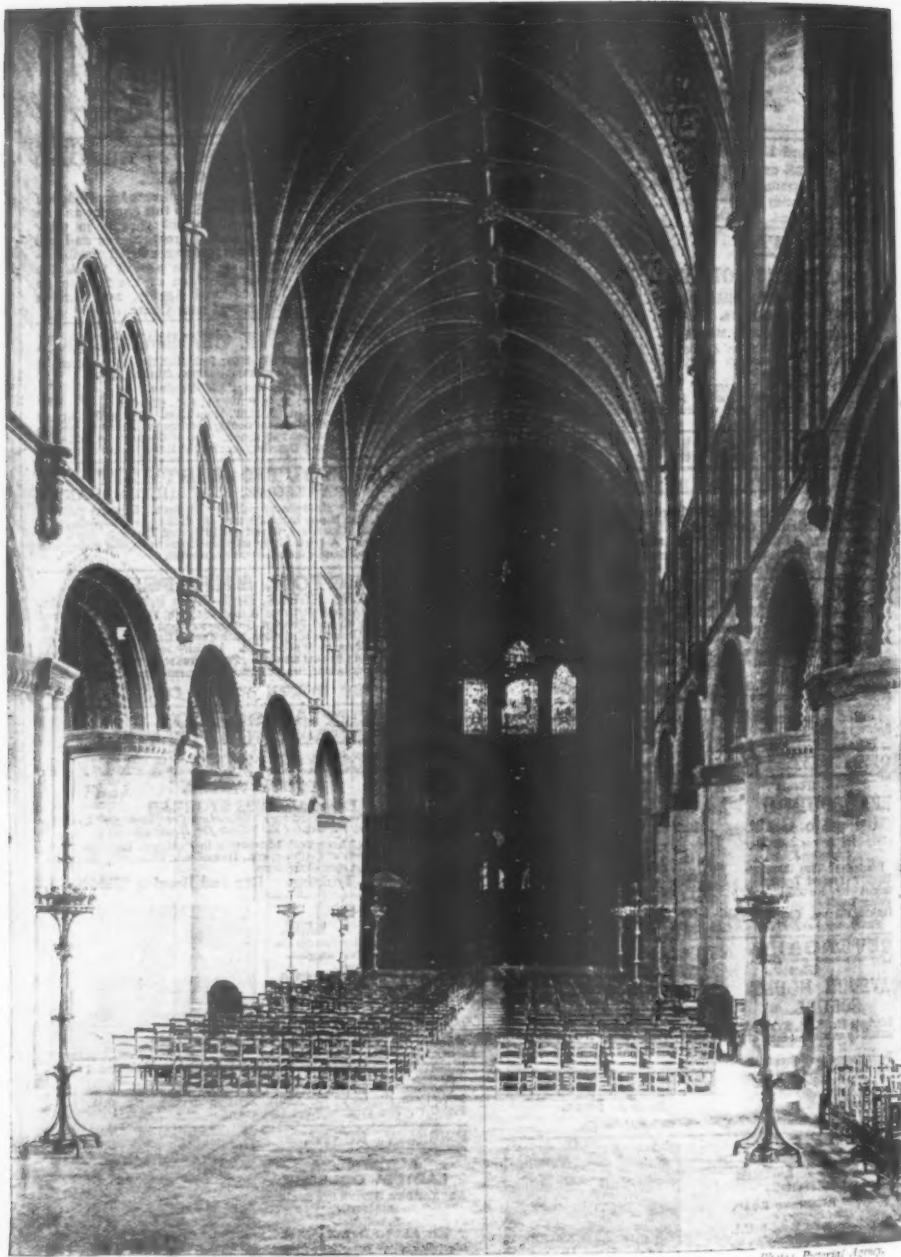
(Certificated 22 Years' Experience.)

Religious, with Country
Surroundings.

Very Healthy and Bracing Locality. Particularly suitable for delicate
girls. Preparation for all Exams, with Shorthand and Typewriting, if
desired. French, German, and Music are special features. Physical
Drill. Entire charge undertaken.



In answering advertisements will readers kindly mention THE QUIVER.



THE NAVE, HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

Photo: Photostat Agency.



No. 1.

Baronet, widower, two young children, £10,000 a year. Confirmed invalid, but finds there is nothing so refreshing as a wash with Vinolia Otto Soap.



No. 2.

Rising young Barrister. Conceited, good looking, quarrelsome. Fair skin, grey eyes. Clever amateur actor. Shaves with Vinolia Shaving Stick.



No. 3.

Youngest Son. Never been a success. Good natured, tall, handsome, popular. Has excellent teeth thanks to the daily use of Vinolia Dentifrice.



No. 4.

Rich Stockbroker. Going bald, brown eyes, bad tempered, excellent golf-player, and says there is nothing like a bath with Vinolia after coming in from the links.



No. 5.

Doctor with lucrative practice. Age 45, bachelor, rather austere. Recommends Vinolia Toilet Preparations to his patients because they are purest and best.

VINOLIA £100 PRIZE COMPETITION

Ending August 31st next.

Would you like to win £100 in August next? There is no reason why you should not. Everyone has an equal chance. Read the following directions carefully, and then enter for the Vinolia Grand Prize Competition straightaway.

Directions.—The five illustrations given above and the five below represent five ladies and five gentlemen of varying virtues and attractions. You are asked to decide which of these, in your opinion, is (a) the most eligible for matrimony, (b) the best looking.

£100 will be paid by the Vinolia Company, Ltd., to the competitor sending in the answer nearest to the choice of all competitors. In addition to this prize, the next 1,000 successful lady competitors will each receive a tablet of Vinolia Otto Soap, and the next 1,000 gentlemen competitors will each be awarded a Vinolia Shaving Stick. In the event of there being a tie, the £100 will be divided.

Send no money or coupons. The Vinolia Competition is open to all. Fill in the following, cut it out on the lines indicated and post it addressed "Competitions," the **VINOLIA COMPANY, LTD., 41a, UPPER THAMES STREET, LONDON, E.C.,** so as to reach them by August 31. Competitors enter on the understanding that the decision of the Vinolia Company shall be binding.

Other Competitions to follow. If you don't win a prize the first time, don't give up trying.

Cut out along this line, and, having filled in the following, post as directed, to the Vinolia Company.

The following is the order of merit in which I arrange the ten illustrations:—

Order for Matrimony.	Order for Good Looks.	Name of Paper
Sketch No. is first.	Sketch No. is first.	I am a user of Vinolia Soap and (or) preparations, and buy my supplies from:—
" " " " second.	" " " " second.	(Signed)
" " " " third.	" " " " third.	(Address)
" " " " fourth.	" " " " fourth.
" " " " fifth.	" " " " fifth.
" " " " sixth.	" " " " sixth.
" " " " seventh.	" " " " seventh.
" " " " eighth.	" " " " eighth.
" " " " ninth.	" " " " ninth.
" " " " tenth.	" " " " tenth.

Cut out along this line.

No. 6.
Rich Widow. No children. Clever. Age 35. Gambles at bridge, but never risks her delicate complexion by using inferior soaps. Finds Vinolia Otto the ideal soap for a lady.

No. 7.
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